

Collier's

JUNE 5, 1948

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Churchill's Version of the "Ugly Truth"
Spurred F.D.R.'s Great War Decision

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

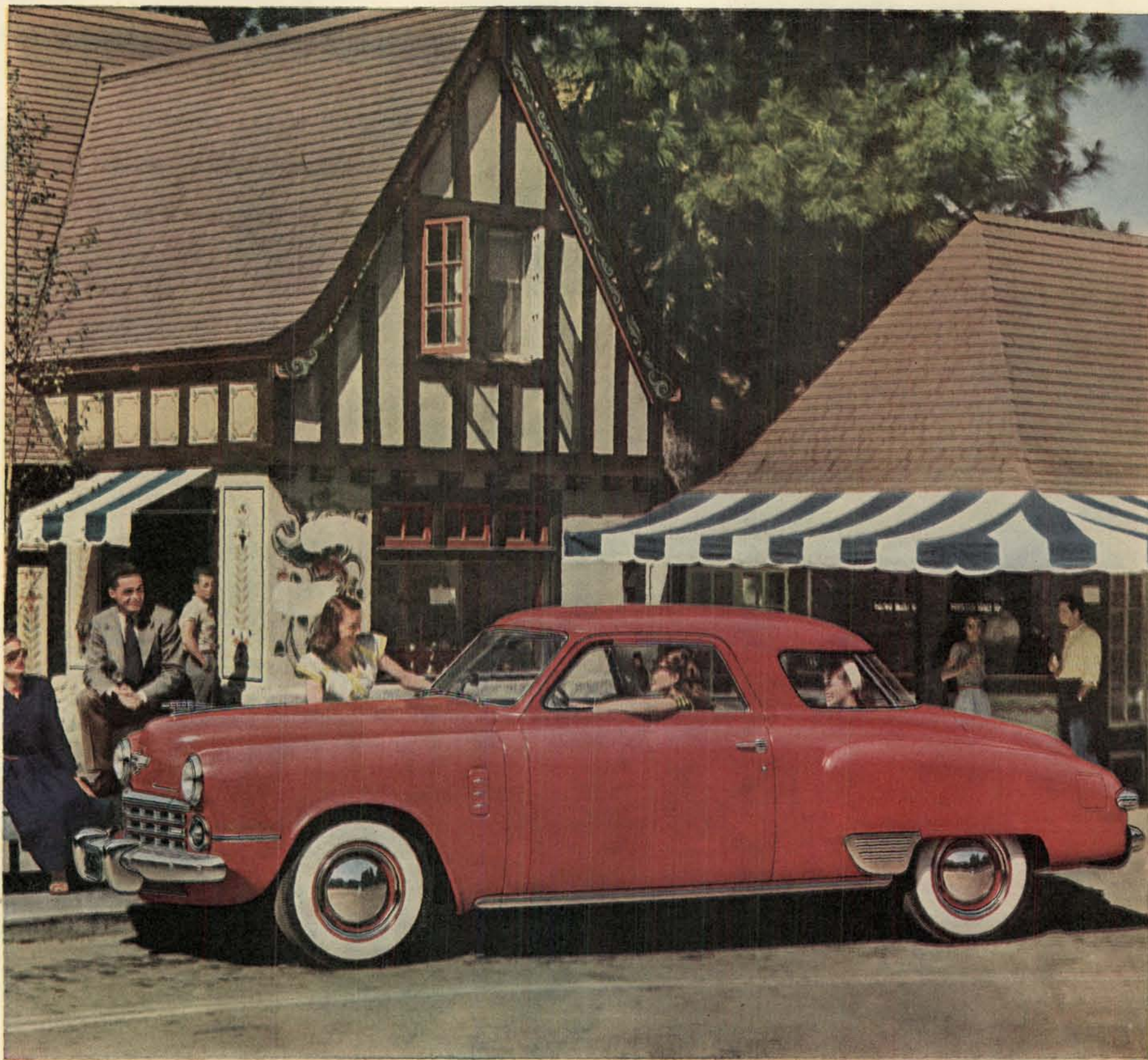
**HEDDA and LOUELLA
STOP FEUDIN'**

PAGE 22



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Styled to be looked at... and looked out of!

ALL OVER AMERICA the word for style is Studebaker. One glance at this dreamlined 5-passenger coupe tells you why.

Look how those big, gleaming windows run clear around the rear of the car! Did you ever see anything as distinctive?

With all that extra glass, you have real open-car vision in this revolutionary closed car every cradled mile that you ride.

This style star is just one of the dramatically different 1948 Studebakers. You'll want to see all the others—they're all thrills!

New 1948 versions of the low-swung new look in cars that Studebaker originated! New Champion and Commander sedans and convertibles as well as coupes! A fabulously fine, new extra-long-wheelbase Land Cruiser—America's tops in a luxury car!

STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in vision...first by far with a postwar car

© 1948, The Studebaker Corporation,
South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

Joan Smith's smile wins her proudest title —

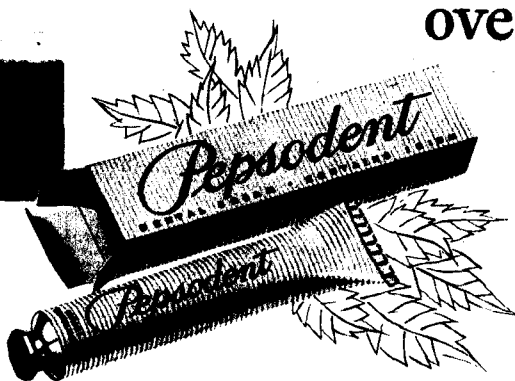
The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Joan Smith, Beauty Winner over 20,000 girls — "America's most photogenic girl" in a recent contest — looks forward to a new title. It's the proud "Mrs." she will add to her name when her Midshipman fiance graduates at Annapolis. Joan started winning beauty honors early . . . in a Baby Beauty Contest. Later she was voted prettiest girl in her Bellmore, L. I. high school class. Joan is reserving her most radiant smile for this year's June-Week festivities at Annapolis. For then, in the traditional Ring-Dance ceremony, she receives her engagement diamond. Her radiant smile will be a Pepsodent Smile! "Pepsodent's my tooth paste always," Joan says. "There's none better!"



Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used you will receive regular professional model fees.



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Wins 3 to 1

over any other tooth paste!

You'll find people all over America agree with Joan Smith, New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE • LANA TURNER ANNE BAXTER • JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING"

Ray COLLINS • Gladys COOPER • Cameron MITCHELL

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Original Story by SIDNEY KINGSLEY

Adaptation by JAN LUSTIG

Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN

Directed by..... MERVYN LeROY

Produced by..... SIDNEY FRANKLIN

In association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT



After previewing this month's prize picture we've come to a simple conclusion: Good people make good pictures. You'll find a good name connected with every department of "Homecoming". Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Sidney Franklin, the producer, collaborated on "Random Harvest". Sidney Kingsley, the author of the story, wrote the play "Dead End". Paul Osborn, who adapted "Homecoming" to the screen, also did the screen play "The Yearling". And Clark Gable and Lana Turner are pretty good names too. So are Anne Baxter and John Hodiak.

As a matter of fact, Clark and Lana prove to be one of the greatest co-starring combinations in the history of screen couplings. That thing which has been called many scientific and breezy names, such as "animal attraction", and "battle of the sexes", is definitely in evidence when Clark and Lana get off their very first insult.

Clark plays at the outset a self-satisfied ostrich who refuses to take his head out of the ground until he comes face to face with reality. As a matter of fact, he comes face to face with Miss Turner, whose very real allure and very positive point of view about life succeed in awakening his dormant human quality. Events themselves prove to be the greatest "heavy" you could possibly have, and when the tumult and the shouting die, Clark goes home. Is he a changed man or is he just himself again?

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak are superb in this picture. So are they all—Ray Collins, Gladys Cooper, Cameron Mitchell. In fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can put this title in the line of plaques that include "Mrs. Miniver", "Random Harvest", and "The Yearling", and all those pictures which are associated with the entertaining initials: M-G-M.

COLLIER'S

June 5, 1948

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By L. WILLINGER

THE WEEK'S MAIL

HOME OF THE BRAVE?

GENTLEMEN: I am a commander of a National Guard company. I have been horrified by the question that is first put to me when I attempt to enlist some of these young fellows that can qualify for enlistment in the Guard: "What will happen to me if we have a war?" We'd have a hell of a country right now if Washington, Lincoln, Frémont and some of the other pioneers of our country had had the same attitude. No wonder we need a compulsory military training law and a temporary draft.

CHESTER G. BRINER, Santa Ana, Cal.

ST. MINNIEPAUL

DEAR EDITOR: The matter of uniting Minneapolis and St. Paul (The Week's Mail, Apr. 24th) has been brought up several times. If residents of beautiful Minnesota take umbrage at Collier's suggestion for a united capital city, they may find comfort in a story my grandparents liked to repeat.

The contiguous towns of Champaign and Urbana, Illinois, talked of becoming one. A newspaper in one of the towns suggested using parts of both names. Shot back the newspaper in the other town, "That gives me Urpaign in my Chambana."

Whether or not due to the editor's pain, the two cities never united.

DOROTHEA E. THAYER,
Long Island City, N. Y.

THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS

DEAR SIR: I feel constrained to applaud you for It's Hard To Be Your Age, by Hannah Lees (Apr. 17th), and also for an article dealing in a popular way with the psychological aspects of overeating—The Fat of the Land (Apr. 10th). These pieces charmed me because they both crystallized so perfectly the opinions I had formed over quite a few years of practice, but never had the wit to put so clearly into words.

I wish that the author had expanded a little, so as not to give the impression that only fat people overeat. They are only a minority. To others, eating is a pastime—due to a sort of mental poverty. They eat because they don't know what else to do, not because their bodies need an excess of calories.

As for Hannah Lees' article, nobody ever really grows up 100 per cent and most of our silly behavior is due to a digression to childish attitudes. My own observation had led me to a somewhat dangerous conclusion: that woman's expectation of life is approximately 5 years more than

(Continued on page 92)

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Spoken words by wire? Amazing! That's how people felt when the telephone was young.

This strange invention grew and grew ...but never so fast as now!

In 1882, when Western Electric joined the Bell System, there were less than one hundred thousand Bell telephones and few cities were interconnected. Today there are 29 million interconnecting Bell telephones—carrying more than 166 million calls a day.

Western Electric has supplied most of the equipment for this tremendous growth. In all, Western Electric has made 50 million Bell telephones—over 10 million since the war.

Think, too, of all the complex equipment in more than 7,700 central offices—the more than 112 million miles of wire in Bell

System circuits—the endless quantities and varieties of other equipment and supplies needed for your service—nearly all manufactured or purchased by Western Electric.

Schedules for production of telephone apparatus and installation of central office equipment in 1948 call for continuing record-breaking performance to help meet unprecedented demands for service. By doing this huge job efficiently and economically, Western Electric helps to make your Bell telephone service the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

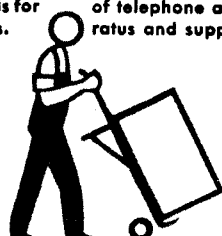
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of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

of telephone apparatus and supplies.

of telephone central office equipment.



Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL  SYSTEM SINCE 1882



SPEEDWAY WHAMMIES

BY BILL FAY



TED HORN walked past three green sedans parked bumper to bumper near Indianapolis Speedway last Memorial Day morning. It was a bad omen. Ted believes green cars are unlucky (worse than meeting a man with a bag of peanuts). Sure enough, Horn's racer started to throw oil midway through the 500-mile grind. Ted had to make two extra pit stops to wipe his goggles. He finished third.

Something always happens to Horn—the best and most superstitious of the big-car drivers—at Indianapolis. When Ted throttled down to nurse his last gallon of gas in 1936, Lou Meyer edged by in the 499th mile. The next year, Lou trailed winner Wilbur Shaw by eight seconds. In nine Indianapolis starts, Ted has been runner-up once, third four times and fourth three times.

Photographers, women, haircuts and shaves rank with peanuts and green cars on Horn's whammy list. Ted was warming up at Hohokus, New Jersey, when a candid cameraman yelled, "Hold it." Ted ducked. Then the fan's girl friend jumped on Ted's lap. She yelled, "Shoot us both, honey." Honey did—and Horn withdrew from the race because the touch of a woman's hand is considered a jinx.

Horn dismisses antijinx talk with

three words: "Explain Swede Smith." Swede violated the taboo on race-day shaves and haircuts. "A shave don't mean a damn to me," Swede declared. He had a shave and a massage. Three hours later, he crashed through the rail at El Centro, California. Horn, who was there, doesn't even trim his blond mustache before racing engagements.

Ted started driving geared-up stock models when he was fourteen (24 years ago) and he still does tricks with conventional engines. Motorcycle patrol personnel might be shocked if they raised the hood of Ted's low-priced sedan. The car has been timed at 120 miles per hour. With a trailer latched on behind, Ted idles along the highway at 80.

Jinx or no jinx, Ted has won the big-car championship the last two years and he hasn't given up on Indianapolis. He grabbed off the prize car in the 1948 field—Cotton Henning's Miserati. Shaw pushed the Miserati to victory in 1939 and 1940 and was leading at 150 miles in 1941 when the left rear wheel folded. Henning's car has traveled only 2,377 miles in competition—all of them at Indianapolis. It's custom-built for 500 miles. Most Indianapolis cars are.

Times and cars have changed since 1930 when Chet Miller challenged the stock-car field in his modified Model

T. A broken spring sent Chet to the pits at 200 miles. He hopped the infield railing, jacked up a spectator's car, removed the front springs and slapped them under his car—in 16 minutes. After the race, Chet replaced the springs before the unsuspecting owner returned from the grandstand.

► Baseball Backtalk

Not all big-league baseball players are loquacious. Walker Cooper suffered a broken finger after the Cardinals sold him to the Giants for \$175,000 in 1945. The injury affected the big catcher's hitting and there was talk that Salesman Sam Breadon had peddled another washed-up star for a whopping profit.

Cooper quieted the talk on his first visit to St. Louis by smashing a ninth-inning homer with three on to beat the Cards, 4 to 3. Afterward, a reporter asked, "Did any of your old teammates—Marion or Kurowski or Schoendienst—yell anything at you when you were trotting around the bases?"

"Why should they?" Cooper asked. "It was just another ball game."

Happily, minor leaguers are less phlegmatic. Frenchy Bordagaray spat in an umpire's eye during his brief tenure as manager of a Brooklyn farm

club. When the league president announced a 60-day suspension, Frenchy said, "Okay, but it's a little more than I expectated."

Another Dodger farm hand, Fresco Thompson, coached one of the teenage teams in the "Brooklyn Against the World" series at Ebbets Field last summer. After batting practice, a youngster asked Thompson, "Did you notice my swing?"

"No," Fresco replied.

"Well, I was swinging under the ball, Mr. Thompson. Wasn't hitting it quite level. Hit more high flies than liners."

"How much under the ball were you hitting?" Fresco wanted to know.

"Not much—just the tiniest fraction of an inch."

"That's easy," Fresco corrected. "Get yourself some inner soles."

► Primo's Golden Grunts

Primo Carnera labored with pick and shovel for the Germans during the war for fifteen cents a day. Now, Primo carries first American citizenship papers, owns a \$25,000 home in Los Angeles, and writes checks on a \$65,000 bank account fattened by two wrestling appearances in Montreal. The former heavyweight boxing champion expects to make a million dollars in the next few years—grunting and grimacing for the wrestling cognoscenti. Not bad, considering there are at least 100 honest amateurs who could throw Da Preem like a beanbag.

► Golf Goes to Sea

Jug McSpaden has switched to knickers, because knickers are comfortable. Ditto other top golf pros: Johnny Palmer, Herman Keiser, Jim Ferrier, Vic Ghezzi, Chick Harbert. Stylish slack cuffs "rattle" on wind-swept greens—a prime putting distraction—and soak up water in wet rough. Gene Sarazen was the only knickered holdover from the Bobby Jones era until Bobby Locke brought back the Old Look by making his sensational American debut in short pants last summer.

There are times, however, when a diving suit would be more practical than slacks or knickers. Consider what happened to James Anderson of San Francisco when he wagered he could break 100 at Pebble Beach—his first time on a golf course.

Accompanied by his friends and bettors, Anderson used 97 swings en route to a deep trap in front of the 18th green. Shot 98 sailed over the flag and into the Pacific Ocean.

Anderson decided to wait for low tide—2:30 A.M. by his calculations. Unfortunately, his tide table was three years old. At 2:30 the ball was deeper in the foam. Low tide (Anderson discovered) was 10 hours distant.

At 1:15 P.M., 25 hours after teeing off, Anderson's ball lay in two inches of ocean. As he wound up for swing 99, a near tidal wave thundered in... and the ball went out to sea.

Anderson paid off—a wetter and wiser man.

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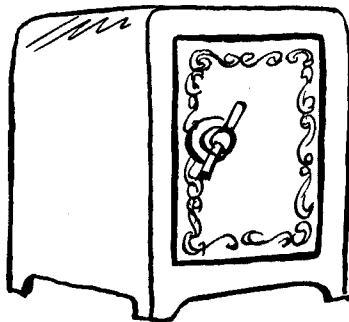
Collier's for June 5, 1948

Best and most superstitious of the big-car drivers is Ted Horn (inset). Below, drivers Roberts, Swanson and Miller in a three-car Speedway smashup

ACME



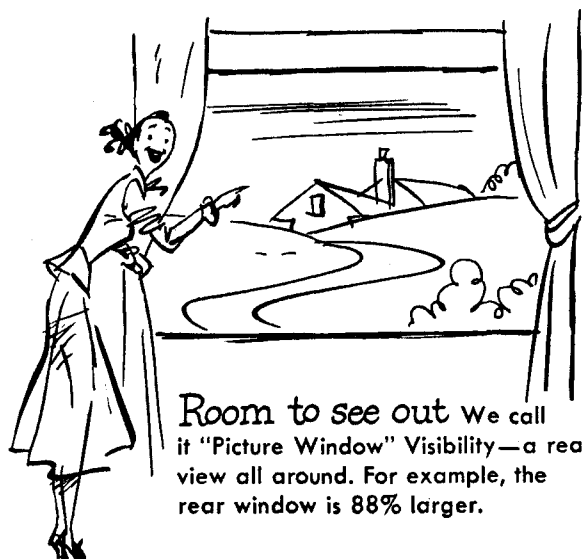
Preview of the '49 Ford



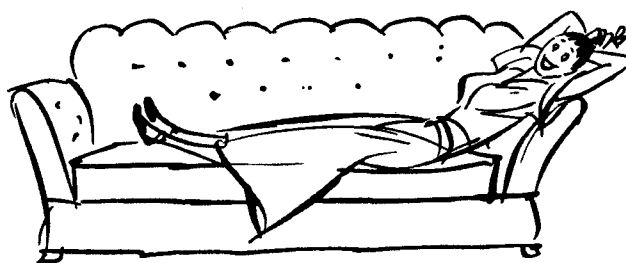
Safe A wonderful new "Lifeguard" Body—59% more rigid! Lower, too, with a "dream car" silhouette!



Comfort You ride relaxed as the miles go by, thanks to the lower, road-hugging center of gravity of the Ford "Forty-Niner."



Room to see out We call it "Picture Window" Visibility—a real view all around. For example, the rear window is 88% larger.



Seats so wide Your living room sofa is the only match for Ford's soft seats. The front seats are actually 57 inches wide; the rear seats are even wider . . . 60 inches!



Brakes so light You'll stop on a dime with these brakes you love to touch. More King-Size than ever, with quick, sure "Magic Action."

New rear springs

Ford's new "Para-Flex" Rear Springs, parallel to the frame, are extra-long, extra-strong to soak up the bumps before they get to you.



'Mid Ship' Ride You travel in the level center section of Ford's "Lounge Car" Interior where the going's smoothest.

'Hydra-coil' springs

Up front, rugged coil springs combine with double-action aircraft-type hydraulic shock absorbers to cradle you in comfort!



Plenty of room overhead You ride in the back seat without knocking your hat off.

63" low And all the looks of the costliest cars! The fine car of the low-priced field.



I can hardly wait myself . . . to show you "The Car of the Year!" Watch for the date!

Cool Off—
Pep up with
MENNEN
skin bracer

It's He-Man Aroma
"WOWS" the Ladies!



MENNEN
SKIN
BRACER
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y. U. S. A.
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than all other brands
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Helps Make Beards
Up to 47% Softer
for Shaving!



*Nationwide surveys
prove it!



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Since the first literature on chess appeared about seven centuries ago, more books and articles have been written on this subject than on any other game in history. Several vast collections of these works have been accumulated, the largest being the John G. White Collection in the Cleveland Public Library which contains nearly 50,000 books, magazines, pamphlets and clippings dealing with chess.

On the morning of December 4, 1894, an insane man entered the New York office of Russell Sage, the financier, demanded \$1,200,000 in cash and, when refused, dropped a satchel of dynamite which heavily damaged the building and killed or injured several clerks. The only clue found by the police was the head of the unknown dynamiter; and the only other object taken from the debris was a metal button which a newspaper reporter picked up and saved, although it appeared to be worthless. But a few weeks later he happened to wash the button and discovered it bore the name of a Boston tailor. Through him, the reporter—Isaac White of the New York World—learned the identity of the demented man and made one of the most sensational scoops in American newspaper history.

A unique animal is New Zealand's tuatara, a 30-inch, lizardlike reptile (*Sphenodon punctatum*). It is the only surviving representative of an order whose numerous genera and species otherwise became extinct millions of years ago. Although the tuatara is an air-breathing animal, it often sleeps at the bottom of a pool for hours at a time without taking a breath.

Despite Japan's numerous postwar democratic reforms, 90 per cent of the 1,200,000 marriages that took place in that country in 1947 were arranged by professional intermediaries or by matrimonial bureaus.

Great Britain used a new and easy method of raising money for a charity in 1937. Each person who wished to contribute simply authorized his bank to deduct from his account, at the close of a certain day, the odd shillings and pence and send the sum to the fund. Within a week, 200,000 individuals had responded and the total collected amounted to \$473,430.

Because so much publicity has been given the seven states that enforce their poll-tax laws, it is not generally known that 24 other states have such laws, but have long disregarded them.

The U.S. marriage rate, or number of marriages taking place annually per 1,000 population, reached its lowest point in history—7.9—in 1932 and its highest point—16.3—in 1946.

Among the ships that have been found adrift and deserted for no apparent reason, the most mysterious was an abandoned schooner discovered in the mid-Atlantic in 1881 by the Ellen Austin, an American vessel. Everything was in order, nothing was missing and no signs of a struggle were visible. Soon after a crew from the Ellen Austin had been put aboard and the two ships had started for port, a squall separated them and, when the schooner was located a few hours later, she was again deserted. Another crew was finally persuaded to go aboard, another squall once more separated the vessels—and the schooner and the men were never seen or heard of again.

About 50 alphabets are now in use, and at least 25 of them form the elements of the languages of India.—By Anna E. Hall, New York City.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address: Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Playing in the street is no fun when it ends in tragedy. One out of four school age children killed or injured as pedestrians, was playing in the roadway, according to The National Safety Council. Teach children to play in yards or public playgrounds. Teach them to play safe . . and watch out for the children when you drive.

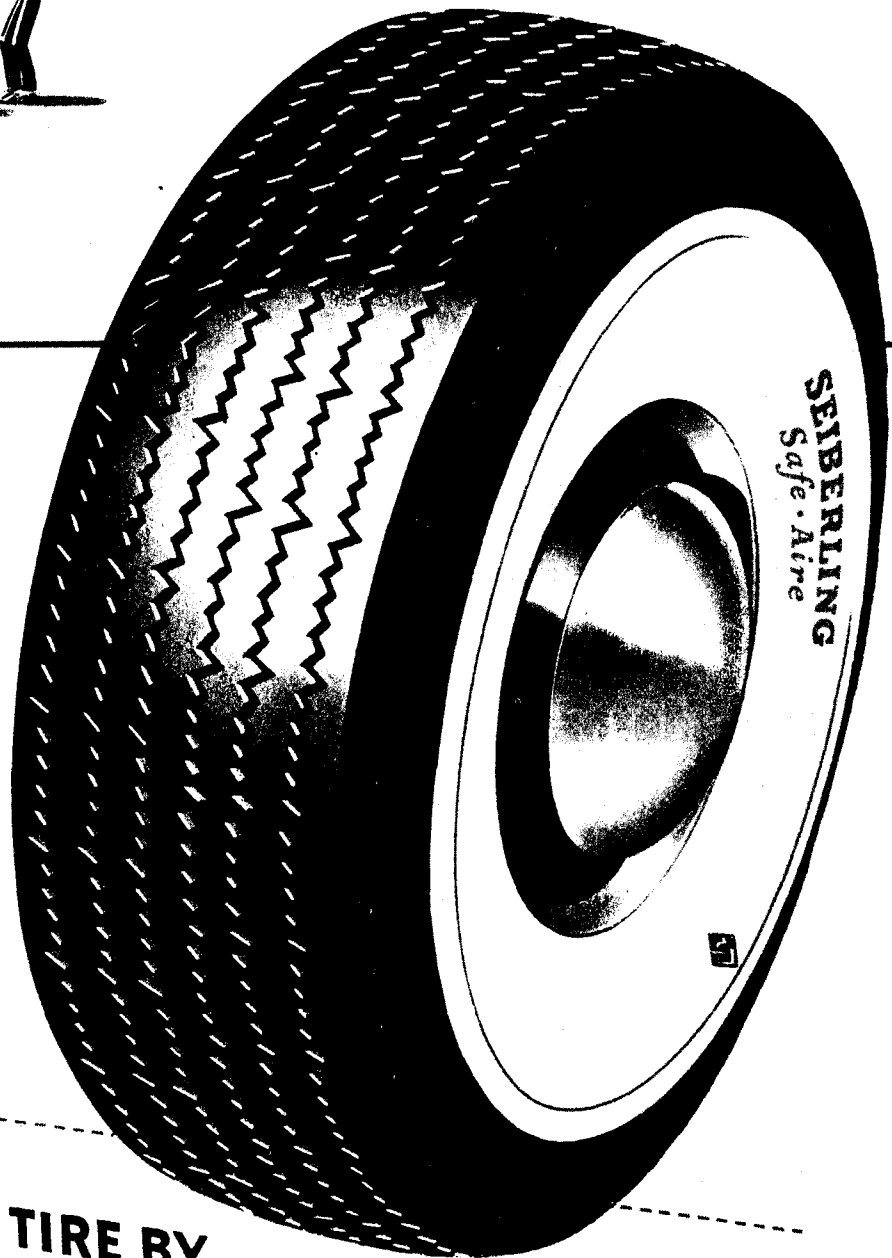
SAFE: Only the extra quality Seiberling SAFE-AIRE Tire gives you the extra safety of:

AMAZING CLAW-GRIP TREAD with 23% more "stopability" than conventional rib treads.

14% LOWER PRESSURE—safely cushions you on more air.

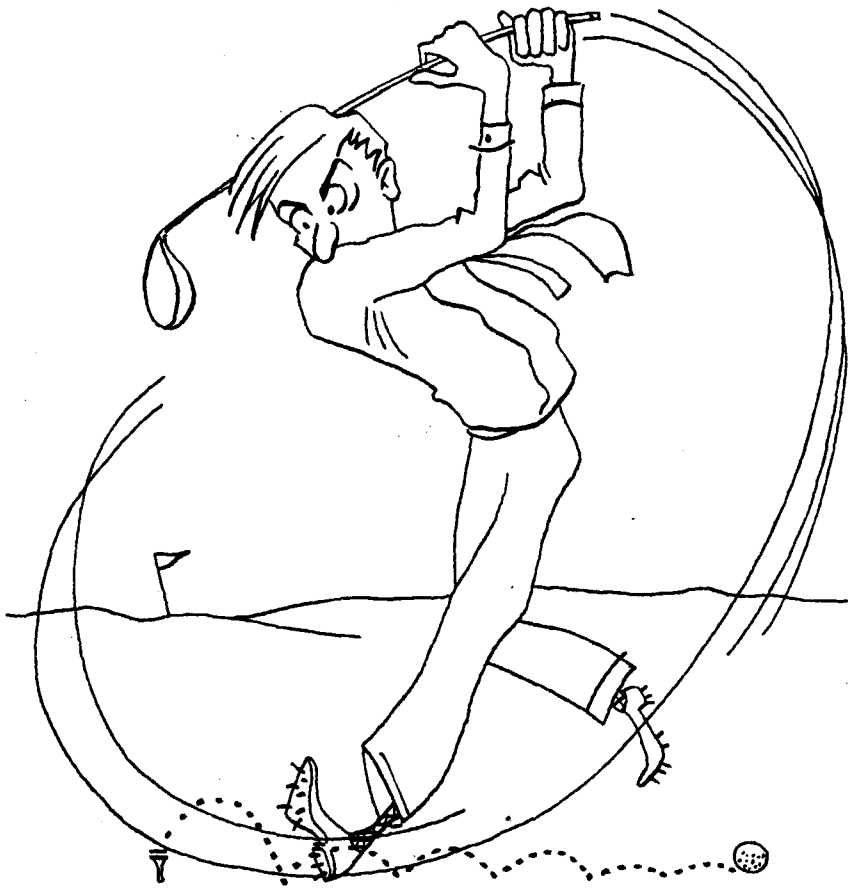
PATENTED HEAT-VENTS that protect you against the danger of internal heat!

Ask your Seiberling Dealer to show you SAFE-AIRE, the safest thing between you and the road!



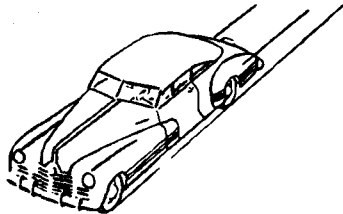
THE NEW *Safe-Aire* TIRE BY
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SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO; TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA



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... You'll drive farther
on less gas ... if you
visit your nearby



United Motors Service station

You can *stretch* your mileage between stops for gasoline—cut your driving costs—with a visit to your friendly United Motors man. He knows what your car needs for economical, efficient operation. He'll check the carburetor setting—inspect ignition points, spark plugs and wiring—make necessary adjustments for dragging brakes and take care of needed lubrication. Your United Motors man uses *original equipment parts, latest service methods*. Stop at the sign of United Motors for automotive service at its best.



Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by
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to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

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AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges
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SAGINAW Joints
DELCO Radio Parts
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Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



NICK DE MORGOLI

THE WEEK'S WORK

Mademoiselle Lise
Bourdin, the Per-
fect Profile of Paris

THE lovely bundle with the legs, pictured on this page (who also can be found adorning Bouquets by the Masters, by Barbara Banks on p. 26), is twenty-one-year-old Lise Bourdin, otherwise Miss Arch of Triumph, of Paris, France.

Mlle. Bourdin is a leading French model and cover girl and recently climaxed her meteoric career as such by being named Mlle. Arc de Triomphe on the 100th anniversary of the rededication of that *édifice magnifique*. She came to *L'Amérique* to attend the world *première* of the movie made from our September, 1945, serial, Arch of Triumph; and to shill for French fashions—all for American Aid to France on behalf of the Crusade for Children. She will tour American cities displaying her not insignificant wares.

Mlle. Lise, who is 5/2 with *yeux* of blue, is from a small town in France, started as a \$12-a-week salesgirl for Balmain, the *couturier*. Now she's Number One French cover girl, has mannequined at Balmain's and toured abroad for the French fashion industry. *Quel parfait profil!* (Some dish!)

WHILE transferring his residence from Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, California, to Stonington, Connecticut, A Slight Case of Connecticut (p. 24) came to Dana Burnet. "Unlike the couple in the story, however," Burnet reveals, "my wife and I remained in the East. We still own a lot in the canyon, and somewhere among my papers are the blueprints of a dream house I was going to build. But my wife likes Connecticut, and I like my wife. . . . and does anybody want to buy a nice lot in California?"

The Burnets are enchanted with their small red Stonington house, with dentils under the eaves and a fine view of the lobster fishermen's wharf. "It lacked details that make for gracious living," admits Mr. Burnet, "such as a cellar, a heating plant, hot water, storm windows and—oh, yes, a kitchen. But we added these touches for only a modest fortune, and are now as gracious as can be. We're also in love with Stonington, which has a fishing fleet, a velvet mill, a public library, a retired lighthouse, a lot of cats, a couple of poets and a muralist, several naval officers, a drama critic and an intellectual. Our immediate neighbors are mostly Portuguese, and everybody is friendly, generally amphibious and not too inhibited, especially from 5 to 7 P.M.

"The ideal way to live in the East is to have a small red house in Connecticut, with a spare room in, say, Florida or Bermuda. Meanwhile I count my blessings, which include a power lawnmower for keeping down the exuberant grass and a sump pump for emptying the cellar of occasional

floods. And Stonington lobsters are the finest I've ever tasted.

"The other day I saw my first mouse in the new kitchen. So I guess we're settled at last."

THE Junoesque Dan Parker (Figur' Frank, p. 52) is from Waterbury, Conn. (July 1, 1893), where he began newspapering on the Republican and the American. He's been sports editor and columnist of the New York Mirror since 1926, working his way up to becoming the most barred sports writer in the business. The Unwelcome sign has been out for Dan on the Madison Square Garden, the N. Y. Giant and Brooklyn Dodger mats at one time or another, and race-track owners would enjoy seeing him behind bars. "People who read my ferocious stuff," remarks Dan of his horrid, crusading habits, "are surprised to find that the author, despite his 6½ feet of 250 pounds, is a mild-mannered, harmless fellow, who wouldn't hurt a rattlesnake if he could run away fast enough."

Dan's professional hobby is collecting sport-world characters. "In my menagerie," he itemizes, "are Foulproof Taylor, who likes to be clouted on the noggin (provided he's wearing his leather helmet); Evil Eye Finkle, the Hex Doctor of the fight racket; Mushky Jackson, wanted by the King for murdering his English; and Broadway Sam, the big plainsman and tourist scalper from the West Forty-fifth Street prairie."

FOR Father's Day let us give credit where credit is due: For helping embellish Henry L. Jackson's most gifted article, Give and Take (p. 84), pictorially, we are grateful (a) to the Valley Upholstery Corporation for supplying Technicolorful background material; (b) to the Belber Trunk & Bag people for the trunk; and (c) to Louis Sherry, who graciously donated the hall and the cake for the wedding picture.

This week's cover: Model Plane. Douglass Morgan and Paula Turner, two rabid members of California's Snafu Club, posed for L. Willinger's color camera. Doug's seventeen, son of writer Byron Morgan, and became a model-plane bug when, during a convalescence from a gunshot wound through the chest administered by a careless playmate, his dad gave him a plane kit. Since then he's graduated to designing and flying his own precision-built, high-speed crates. He plans an engineering career.

Pretty Miss Turner is fifteen, a Los Angeleno, an Immaculate Heart High student, and long a mechanic at heart. "In my estimation model-plane flying is one of the most fascinating of hobbies (except boys)," says Paula. . . .

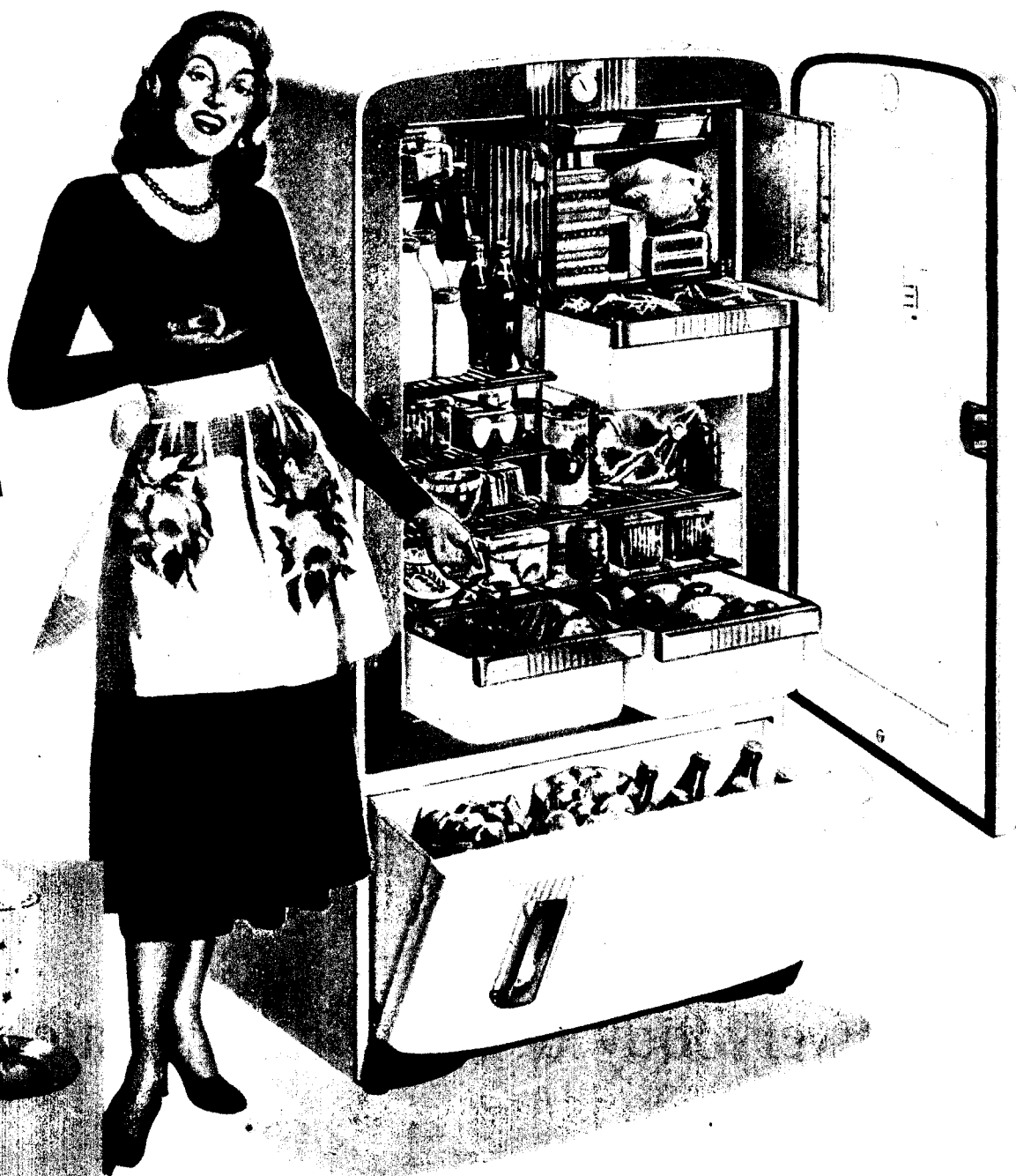
TED SHANE

New!

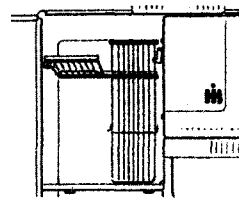
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Refrigerators

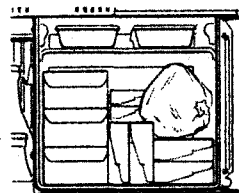
SEE THEM
AND YOU'LL SAY
**room
to spare**
WITH SPARE ROOM
IN YOUR KITCHEN



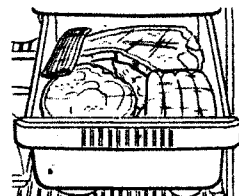
**You'll Marvel
At These Roomy
IH Features**



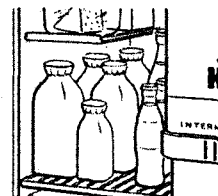
Two "Foldaway" Shelves for
butter, cheese, leftovers



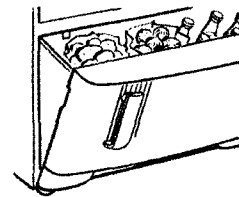
Frozen Food "Stowaway"
holds 35 pounds



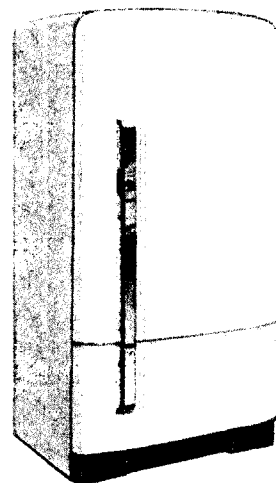
"Frigidrawer" stores 13½ lbs.
of meat, poultry, fish



Even 12 quarts of milk won't
crowd spacious bottle shelf



Super-Storage "Pantry-Bin"
holds more than 1½ bushels



**Snowy-White,
Streamlined Beauty**

Distinctive exterior design
makes the IH Super DeLuxe a
proud possession in any home.



LOOK FOR THE HALLMARK
OF HARVESTER QUALITY

REFRIGERATOR RECIPE

Fruit Parfait

1 cup sugar

1½ cup water

2 eggs, separated

1½ cup maraschino cherries, chopped

1½ cup maraschino cherry juice

2 cups cream, whipped

Boil sugar and water until it reaches a boil (210° F.). Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. Beat until cooled. Stir in fruit and juice. Fold in beaten egg whites and cream. Turn into refrigerator tray. When frozen, test with control; allow to mellow several hours. Yield: 8 servings. NOTE: Other fruits and juices may be substituted for the cherries.

Stop sighing! Start smiling! Here's wonderful news for you! A great, new refrigerator by International Harvester now brings you the important *extra* storage space you need! This Super De Luxe actually has 16.3 square feet of shelf area that you can load with food. Yet it's so streamlined, it takes up no extra room. It's big . . . roomy . . . Super De Luxe in every way!

With all the special features shown at right, *plus* these: 2 Crispers store 3 pecks of food; 4 ice trays make 7.1 pounds of ice; "Tight-Wad" sealed unit for silent, low-cost operation—with 5-year warranty.

Imagine the convenience of storing up to 35 pounds of frozen food, in the freezer locker—the roomy IH "Stow-away"—right in your refrigerator!

See these International Harvester Refrigerators at your dealer's today!
If you don't know who your dealer is, write us for information.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Refrigeration

THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER SYSTEM OF FOOD PRESERVATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everybody needs a resting stick

I WAS BARELY seven when I made my first summer visit to my grandmother's farm. My grandma kept a very large flock of laying hens. And it wasn't long before I was pressed into service to supply those hens with water from Grandma's old-time well.

This well had no pump. You lowered a bucket with a rope. When you heard a gurgling sound from the bottom of the well, you knew the bucket was full. And you started tugging.

With my seven-year-old biceps, I could never quite make the top with a full bucket until Grandma's hired man rigged up for me what he called a resting stick.

He spiked a piece of board about the size of half a bed slat to the side of the well. By taking

a couple of turns with the rope around that stick, when my arms gave out, I could hold what I'd gained while I took time out to rest.

I've thought about that resting stick a lot of times since I've grown up and started raising a family. And mostly I think about it when I pay a premium on my accident insurance.

It seems to me that my accident insurance is a great deal like that resting stick. It's something a man can depend on to keep him from losing what he's gained.

I speak from experience. One time I tumbled off the ladder while I was cleaning leaves out of the gutter. I was in bed with a broken hip, just short of six months. A good deal of what I'd saved — perhaps even the house we were paying for —

could have slipped away then to pay doctor and hospital bills.

But it didn't. Those crisp insurance checks which came every week took care of everything.

It was a lucky day for me when my Travelers man told me about accident insurance.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

THE THIRD ACCIDENT

BY EDWARD RONNS

Two grim accidents could be chance.
A third one would have to be design

"More, please. All the way," the man said. Will looked back; the edge of the cliff was at his heels. Fear reached inside him

ELLEN did the driving. She liked to drive, and he saw no objection to it. She picked him up at the Faculty House, after his ten o'clock Lit. 34 lecture, and in no time at all they were away from the campus and speeding up the highway toward the George Washington Bridge.

It was a fine day in early October, with a warm sun and a breeze that only hinted of cooler weather to come. New York's sky line stood out with sharp edges against the crystalline air.

Will Talmage, associate professor of Medieval English Literature, leaned back beside his wife and sighed with what he hoped sounded like contentment. He was not content, but he wanted Ellen to think he was. He did not glance back to see if they were being followed. He locked his long, thin hands over one knee and slumped, his long legs contorted under the dashboard, his sun-browned face upturned, regarding the universe and, occasionally, Ellen.

"An old-fashioned picnic," he said.

"Yes, Will."

"The last of the summer."

She smiled, but did not look at him. "The very last. I've picked the usual place—where you courted me, Will."

The air was pungent with burning leaves. Ellen was wearing a brown tweed suit that matched one of his own hanging back in the closet. On her dark hair was a new hat, shaped like a green maple leaf. Her tiny ears peeped from under her careful curls, and on the lobe of the right ear, which was all he could see, was a miniature

replica of the hat, in the form of a jade earring. She was beautiful, Will thought, except for the betrayal of her tight mouth and the minute, nervous lines cornering her lips.

He didn't look much like a professor. Lanky and shambling, with thick dark hair that fell awry in a Lincoln-esque lock, on the campus he was often taken for one of the G.I. students who mobbed his classes. He wasn't much older than the average, he reflected—thirty-four; yet he was

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Winston Churchill's remarkable correspondence with F.D.R. brought the President to a fateful decision—strictly on his own—as to our course in the war. Then came political outbursts that made him start writing a refusal of the third-term nomination



When Franklin D. Roosevelt died there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. There were forty large crates of these papers. Months were spent in sorting, relating and studying a huge accumulation of stenographic records, personal observations, letters, official documents and scribbled memoranda. Mr. Sherwood had to bridge gaps by interviews with and letters from men at home and abroad with whom Hopkins had dealt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

PART II. THE FORMER NAVAL PERSON

WHEN the second World War started, the defenses of the United States consisted primarily of a scrap of paper called the Neutrality Act, which the Congress had passed and which President Roosevelt had signed "with reluctance." That piece of legislation, passed in 1936, was carefully designed to prevent us from getting into war in 1917. Like the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment, it was an experiment "noble in motive" but disastrous in result.

During "the phony war" in October, 1939, Harry Hopkins wrote from his sickbed to his brother Emory in Portland, Oregon. He said:

The only interest here, as everywhere, is the war and I believe that we really can keep out of it. Fortunately there is no great sentiment in this country for getting into it although I think almost everyone wants to see England and France win.

In those two sentences Hopkins unconsciously stated the greatest problem that Roosevelt had to face in his entire administration. I believe that Hopkins' tendency was naturally isolationist, he was certainly a pacifist, as were so many other liberals; he had only the vaguest concept of the deadly peril to American security that Roosevelt saw in the world situation.

When war broke out in Europe, Roosevelt had said:

"I hope the United States will keep out of this war. I believe that it will. And I give you assurance and reassurance that every effort of your government will be directed toward that end."

This last may be denounced as, at worst, deliberately misleading or, at best, as wishful thinking. The inescapable fact is that this was what Roosevelt felt compelled to say in order to maintain any influence over public opinion and over Congressional action.

But when the blitzkrieg was hurled into France in the spring of 1940, I am sure he became convinced that if Britain fell, disastrous war for the United States would be inevitable, that Germany would attack the Western Hemisphere, probably at first in Latin America, as soon as she had assembled sufficient naval force and transport and cargo fleet (not too long a process, with all the shipbuilding facilities of Europe at Germany's disposal) and that Japan would concurrently go on the rampage in the Pacific.

One major factor in Roosevelt's thinking as the war began is a matter

of certainty: His greatest fear then and subsequently was of a negotiated peace, another Munich. He communicated his concern to the British government through extraofficial channels (specifically, Lord Beaverbrook) and he started his historic correspondence with Winston Churchill as his foremost British ally in awareness of the folly of any attempt to do business with Hitler. (This correspondence, which continued until the hour of Roosevelt's death, was unique in the annals of intergovernmental communication—and Hopkins played a large part in taking it out of the conventional channels and putting it on an informal, man-to-man basis.)

Roosevelt was on sure ground when he urged that a negotiated peace would give Hitler the one or two years respite that he needed to prepare for conquest of Europe, Africa, the Middle East and the major part of the Atlantic world; but, when the European Allies asked Roosevelt, as France in effect did, "What will you do to back us up?" he could only reply that he had virtually nothing to offer more tangible than his personal good will. He was hog-tied by the prevailing isolationist sentiment.

There was another reason for the weakness of Roosevelt's position during the period of the phony war, and it was probably the most important reason of all: He was in the last year of his second term as President.

If Roosevelt had indicated in 1939 or early 1940 that he would run for a third term, then he would have become a candidate rather than a President; his own party would have been divided into pros and cons and the Republicans would have been united in attacking his every policy, foreign and domestic. If he had indicated he would not run again, then his authority would have become negligible at home and nonexistent abroad. His only solution was to shroud his intentions in mystery; in addition to which, it is apparent that for a long time he himself did not know just what these intentions were.

When the phony war ended and France was invaded, the period of impotence at last came to its overdue conclusion. In the space of six months, Roosevelt made by all odds the most momentous decisions of his career—and he made them, it must be remembered, without previous authorization by Congress and against the earnest advice of most of his associates and friends.

On the day that the Germans hurtled into the Low Countries, Winston Churchill, who had been First Lord of the Admiralty, at last achieved the post of Prime Minister. Roosevelt thereafter addressed his cables to Churchill as the "Former Naval Person." Churchill addressed most of his cables to Roosevelt to

At the height of the 1940 London blitz, Roosevelt shipped over arms and ammunition for British defense

Collier's for June 5, 1948

"POTUS" (President of the United States).

When the blitzkrieg in the west was in its fifth day, Churchill sent Roosevelt an alarming cable stating that Germany might quickly complete the conquest of Europe. He contemplated the possibility of heavy bombing of Britain and of paratroop attacks. He predicted that Mussolini would burst into the war to collect his share of the "loot of civilization." (This was twenty-five days before Mussolini did so.) He asked the President to proclaim a state of nonbelligerency for the United States, which would mean supplying all kinds of aid but no armed action.

The aid that Churchill wanted immediately included the lease of forty or fifty destroyers, several hundred warplanes, antiaircraft guns and steel. He asked for American diplomatic co-operation to persuade the Irish Free State to take measures to prevent German invasion; he asked for co-operation in preventing further Japanese aggression in southeast Asia. In connection with the latter, Churchill suggested the U.S. Navy use Singapore as a base. Most important of all in this cable, Churchill said that, if necessary, Britain would fight on alone.

A Grim Picture of Defeat

In a cable sent five days later (May 20, 1940) Churchill put the matter even more bluntly. He said that if Britain went down, he and his government would perish with it, and he could not be responsible for the terms that his successors, cowed and defenseless as they would be, might have to make with the Germans. They would have no choice but to make abject surrender and Britain would thus become merely another vassal like the European states that Hitler had already conquered. Roosevelt did not discount these and subsequent cabled reports from Churchill as exaggerations.

During these weeks when horror

was piled upon horror, Roosevelt believed that if Churchill erred at all in his estimates he erred on the side of optimism; but Roosevelt would be the last to object to that kind of error.

Just before the French surrender Churchill sent a desperate cable to Roosevelt saying that France might still be saved by a Presidential announcement that the United States would, if necessary, enter the war. Roosevelt replied again that he could make no such commitment, only Congress could make such a commitment. Churchill was well aware of that but, in the moment of catastrophe, he was ready to try anything.

In the days while the venerable defeatist Pétain was negotiating with Hitler, the cables between the White House and Downing Street continued, but now it was Roosevelt who was asking most of the anxious questions. First, the President wanted to know when Churchill expected that the German attack against Britain would start. The answer was: In all probability, immediately. Then Roosevelt asked what would be done with the British home fleet in the event of successful German invasion.

He expressed the hope that the fleet would be disposed among bases such as Newfoundland, Aden, Cape Town and Singapore, stating that the American fleet would assume responsibility for the defense of the Western Hemisphere, including Canada. Roosevelt said, "You and I are naval people. We therefore appreciate that the vital strength of the fleet and command of the seas mean, in the long run, the saving of democracy and the recovery of those suffering temporary reverses."

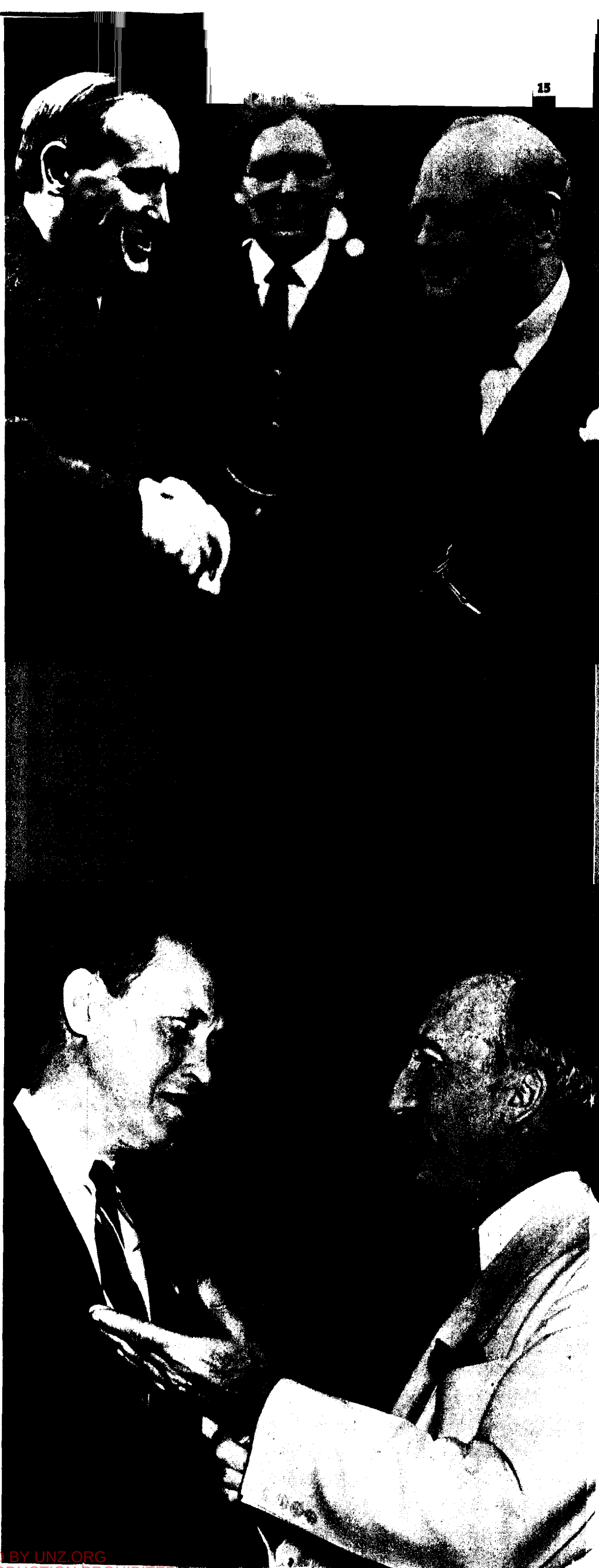
The reply from London contained ugly truths dressed up in immaculate terminology. Roosevelt was informed that of course the Royal Navy or any part of it would never be surrendered to Hitler, and that all surviving units of the home fleet would be disposed in overseas bases as the President suggested; however, it was pointed out,

(Continued on page 93)

The famous "Dear Will" message to Senator Bankhead from Roosevelt read, in part: "I . . . have never had any wish . . . to remain in the office of President or, indeed, anywhere in public office after next January . . ."

Dear Will -
When you speak to the Convention on Monday evening will you say something for which I believe ought to be said with authority?
You and my other close friends have known and understood that I have had no wish to re-appear in the office of President, or indeed anywhere in public office after next January.
You know all my friends have felt this is a simple and sincere fact and I want you to repeat this simple and sincere fact to the Convention.

ERNEST PALINKAS



PERSON-TO-PERSON

BY ROBERT CARSE

HARRY PACEK stood by the stile until the postman had turned his car and started back along the rutted moorland track. He wanted to enter here alone. That was part of the dream.

In the dream, of course, Alison was waiting for him among the heather on the crest beyond the stile. But the postman had given him his own telegram to deliver. She had no way of knowing he was here. He swung the sea bag to his shoulder, picked up the suitcase and walked rapidly toward the crest.

The old longing for Alison held him. He whispered her name, imagined the touch of her hands, the sound of her voice. Then, upon the crest, he stopped and laughed at himself. He was still living in his memories, and there was no more reason for them.

Before him across the moor was Cnoc Breac. Beyond were the little villages of Altagreashan and Melvaig. He was back in Scotland. This was the northwest region he had come to know in the terrible winter of '43 and had studied many times since on the charts at home. Now broad sunlight was over it. The heather was wine-blue beside the path. The plumes of the broom swayed in the sea wind salt and strong from the hills of Skye. Butterflies were on the ragged robin and the asphodel, and out in the gorse a moor hen clucked and a plover cried.

Up the next slope and he would be able to see the headland where his ship had been lost, and past it the lighthouse at Rudha Reidh. Close to them at An Cuaidh was the cottage. Alison was there. He was sure to meet her.

But nerves began to tighten through his body. He was caught in memory again, tricked away from the drowse of the August afternoon. It was the ship in the gale. It was the ship breaking up on the rocks off Rudha Reidh. The chief had called them all up out of the engine room where bunker oil was over the plates and only the last of the emergency lights flickered. Then you were on deck in the snow and the darkness, and the waves took the boats, sent them over, out, onto the rocks. The flare was the color of blood and in it for just a moment you recognized the captain's face like a mask of a man you had once known. Afterward, the water took you, and the cold. Oil was in your mouth; it made a gagging ball in your throat. You swept past the others where they floated dead. You hit the rocks and—naked, slimed with oil—you crawled up away from the sea, toward the snow.

THE bark of the collie returned him to the sun's warmth and the moor path. He stretched out his hands and called, "How are you, Saighear?"

He knelt when the big red and white dog ran down to him; he patted the long skull and nose. But Saighear turned. Alison was at the top of the path. "And how are you?" she called.

"I'm fine, darling!" Harry Pacek went up the slope as fast as the sea bag and suitcase would let him. She waited with the westering sun at her back. There was a shepherd's crook in her hand and her feet were broadly set. The sun flecked her hair, made bright gold out of the dark red, and her slender, strong body was limned

with light. She was absolutely beautiful, he thought. She was his bonnie lassie.

It was only after he had kissed her that he noticed she was barefoot and that there was a rent in her coarse hoddie gray skirt. Her smell was of sweat and peat smoke and sheep. Broad freckles were on her arms, many more than he had remembered, and her feet were heavily callused.

You're proud of her, he thought. She's yours, Harry. He held her close to him as he kissed her, identifying her with the dream. She broke from him, kept him at arm's length, looking into

his face and eyes. "You're not changed, Harry," she said. "You're the same."

"Sure," he said, but he was loosening his tie, opening the top buttons of his shirt. He took out the telegram and gave it to her. "I sent it from Glasgow before I headed north. You should've had it so you'd know I was coming. But the Gairloch postman gave me a ride and he told me it was delayed."

"Aye, that sometimes happens," she said. She opened the telegram and frowned at it. "I'm not yet one for reading much, Harry. Last winter I

was at it, and then the bairns were sick and I had to give it up. But what have you there?"

"Things from the States for you and your mother and the kids," he said. "Dresses and shoes and canned meat and butter, cigarettes and tea and candy."

"Och, Harry, you shouldn't have done it!"

His arm was tight about her waist. "How about all the stuff you gave our bunch after you pulled us out of the sea?"

"That was wartime," she said gravely. "This is different." She



He had come back to An Cuaidh bearing gifts—gifts of food and clothing, and a promise of escape. But for Alison there was no escape, no running away

moved away from him to whistle to Saighear, and out on the moor the collie wheeled barking behind the black-faced sheep.

He stood and looked with an odd kind of dismayed anger at the sea bag and suitcase. A great lot of stuff was in those. The whole crew had helped him smuggle it ashore in Glasgow when he'd left to come north. They had known about the shipwreck up here and they had been glad to help him, a survivor and a guy who was going to marry the girl who had saved his life. But Alison didn't seem to understand the meaning of it. Maybe

he was wrong about her and the place in Florida—about everything.

She returned along the path with Saighear and the sheep. "I'll give you a hand," she said. She put the sea bag on her shoulder. "You have enough with that big, brute suitcase." She searched his eyes for an instant, then she turned and pointed to the high white tower of the lighthouse glittering in the sunlight. "Don't forget how we used to talk to each other on the telephone at Rudha Reidh. Through the years, Harry, since you've been gone, those calls are what kept me close to you. Aye, person-

to-person, and Anra Jamieson, the lighthouse keeper, would send one of his bairns a-running to fetch me. Many's the laugh he's had out of that. But there were many things you and I were able to put straight between us. So now?"

"I want to marry you as soon as I can," he said. "Then take you back to the States. You know about the place I've built for us in Florida."

"I know well," she said. "But there's my mother and the bairns."

"We can work that out, too. I'll help you with the harvest. They'll be in good shape when you leave."

"You," she said, "a ship's engineer, harvesting the oats and barley?"

He laughed. "I was brought up on a farm in Minnesota."

"Och, Harry, we can use you."

They came to the cottage in the first of the dusk. Harry Pacek had remembered it as strong and cheerful; it had sheltered him in that night of storm. Now he saw it as bleak, the dooryard scratched by a few scrawny chickens, the thatch ragged, and a piece of oiled paper in a space where a windowpane should have been. Alison's brothers were at the door. Hugh, the nine-year-old, stood protectingly before younger and smaller Sandy. Behind them was Mrs. MacBain. She was work-bent, brown, as shy in her staring as the children.

"Mother, you know Harry," Alison said.

"Harry Pacek," Mrs. MacBain said. The seamed face took a brief, vague smile. "The lad saved from the ship lost out yon."

Hugh was nudging his brother. "Aye, lost, and Alison brought him here. After, all the way from America, he called her on the telephone. Person-to-person is how they say it. Ask him. He'll tell you." But Sandy's eyes only widened and he swung rapidly back out of sight into the cottage.

AFTER supper, they sat around the hearth by the inglenook. Mrs. MacBain had the chair in the corner. Hugh and Sandy kept their shins forward to the heat of the peats, their glances on Harry Pacek where he and Alison held hands by the door.

The door was open upon the night, and Harry could hear the flight of bats, the sounds of night birds, and from the byre the stirring of the cow, the sheep and a sleepy hen. He wished that someone would speak. But the boys were filled to the point of silence with canned beef and chocolate bars. Mrs. MacBain held across her lap the dress and shoes Harry had brought her from New York. She was distant to all of them there, her face drawn by some secret thought. Alison wore one of her new dresses, a gay cotton print which had made her eyes light when she had first seen it. But the shoes were too small for her, and beside them on the hearthstone she had placed Harry's stack of photographs.

They were scenes of Boca Linda and the house Harry had built. Some were in color and showed the Gulf, the golden-green of the lime trees, the bright rugs and metal furniture of the living room. Harry had talked about the house at supper. He had described in great detail how he had got the furniture through a friend of his in a wholesale place in Chicago, how he had done some difficult repair work for a dealer in Tampa and got the refrigerator and the electric stove when everybody else in town was wild to have them. After a while, though, he had been still.

The idea had come to him with
(Continued on page 80)

John Grashan played Pistol Packin' Mama on the bagpipes, and Harry and the girl danced it through twice before the crowd would let them stop

ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO



Russia's defense circle radiates 2,000 nautical miles from Moscow, the distance air authorities consider the operational limit for existing bombers. At top, dimly seen, are similar United States critical zones of national defense

CIRCLES OF OUR DEFENSE

BY PAUL SCHUBERT

Men charged with our protection are thinking of far-flung arcs which would mean safety or disaster in event of war. Their reasons are explained here in another defense article by a noted military writer

IN WASHINGTON and in Moscow, men are looking at maps again. Not the maps of Germany and Japan. The maps which interest both the political and military leaders of the world's two greatest powers are of Russia and the United States.

These maps have become important to all of us because of the danger of a war that no sane man could want. We may as well get used to the maps; we will be seeing a lot of them during the months and years to come. They are global maps—the kind used in discussing world strategy. The one on the left-hand page centers on Moscow, and has a circle drawn at a radius of 2,000 nautical miles from that city. Everything within that circle is now

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Our Number One problem in World War III would be to keep enemies out of these circles centering on Washington and San Francisco. Faint circle at top, right, shows the relative position of Russia's own defense zone

part of Russia's inner defense zone. Should a hostile power possess air bases within that circle, the Russians are in for an uncomfortable time.

On the right-hand page you will see a global map of the United States. This, too, has inner defense zones, two of them: one centered on Washington, the other on San Francisco. In the unhappy event that any spot inside these defense circles is used for launching an aerial bombardment against us, we can expect ruined cities and factories, and many hurt people.

Our Number One problem is peace. But if that fails, the Number One problem in war, for us as for Russia, would be to keep enemies away, outside those circles. And we cannot shirk the responsibility of planning for any

eventuality. This is why we are as interested in the defense of Canada and Mexico as we are in our own security. This is why we consider Alaska a vital outpost—and Greenland. And this is why Iceland, just outside the 2,000-mile radius, is of great strategic importance to us.

Even the northern coast of South America has to be considered in the defense of our country.

Russia's problem is similar—to keep enemies outside her defense circle. Here we see the reason for Russia's enormous, uneasy interest in western Europe, Scandinavia, the British Isles, the north of Africa, the Middle East—even Iceland and Greenland. All these represent spots from which Russia might be hurt.

The present defense circles are 2,000 nautical miles in radius. That is the distance considered by air authorities to be the operational limit for existing bombers. These circles will grow bigger as planes are improved. They are already twice the radius of the circles at the end of the war. They are four times the radius of the days when our heavy bombers were pounding Germany.

The map of coming warfare is an air map. The war itself, however, will not be exclusively an air war. Let's examine some of the strategy the Russians might use, if they decided to attack us.

The Russians are a land power. They are at home on limitless sweeps of land. Their land army numbers

many millions of men, the largest army in history. It is simply equipped, able to move on foot, endure great hardship on an austere diet. With this army, the Russians have recently proved able to absorb all the punishment the first-class German army was able to dish out, and then come back to win.

Note that the Russians lost virtually all their battles with the Germans, so long as the Germans were able to use modern mechanized warfare backed by air power. Russian survival was based on vast reserves of men, plus vast terrain to fall back upon, plus ability to fight better than the Germans under merciless winter conditions.

(Continued on page 86)

MAPS BY KENNETH THOMPSON



G. A. R.

BY ERIC HATCH

Old Walter was caught between the present and the past. Only when he looked into young Johnny Shiloh's eyes was he able to face the future

THE pavement stretched, hot as melting metal, down the length of the avenue, lined with crowds and bunting. Over the city the sky was that peculiar bright Decoration Day blue. It looked free and open.

The flags, lively in the breeze, looked free too—more free than the endless line of soldiers who marched down the center of the street sweating in dress uniforms under the weight of guns and equipment. More free than the three ancient men in blue uniforms and floppy blue campaign hats who rode in the three open automobiles interspersed between regiments of infantry and marching military bands.

These men, who had won a freedom almost a century ago, did not look now as though they had ever won anything. They looked shriveled and unhappy and a little frightened and very, very tired.

Presently, along the line of parade a whistle blew a sharp signal. For a moment only the shuffle and tramp of heavy-booted feet were audible—thousands and thousands of feet lifting, falling, shuffling in unison. Then simultaneously three regimental bands thundered the opening bars of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

*"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on."*

The three old men sat suddenly erect in their cars; the medals on their chests clinked softly together. They were, after all, soldiers and this was their marching song. The strong vibrant rhythm of it lifted them, exalted them. Sitting stiffly straight in their cars, they rode the waves of the music back through the years so that time and the people who spelled time to them mingled and grew confused.

The man in the first car wept a little as old men are apt to do. The man in the last car sang with his heart and cursed with his lips as old soldiers are apt to do. The man in the middle car stared straight ahead of him and saw that same great avenue as it had been almost eighty years ago to the day—jammed solidly from curbstone to curbstone with soldiers whose long blue coats swung in time to that same timeless music, and whose bayonets, had been washed clean of the blood of their fellow countrymen, who in their own way had also fought for the Union.

He saw these things and he was more frightened than he had ever been in battle because he saw too how time had done what all of Lee's great armies had failed to do. It had eliminated the Grand Army of the Republic.

All thirty thousand of the men he had paraded with on that bright day just after the war had marched on now—until there were left only these three useless old men, taken from their museums once each year to be exhibited.

Walter Banyard knew that he was fighting a battle he had no chance of winning. He was one hun-

dred and three years old, and he was afraid to die. For years now, he had dreaded these parades, and the reminder of the ever-thinning ranks.

Funny, he thought. When little Johnny Shiloh and I were marching off to war together—when Johnny died at Gettysburg—all the boys said he was too young to die. I was too young to die then too and I wasn't scared of it—much. Now I'm too old to live and I'm scared—sick.

*"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on."*

Johnny Shiloh and he had grown up together. He thought about how Johnny had fallen so terribly in love with that girl who lived a few miles outside Gettysburg. Johnny Shiloh'd told him all about it as they lay together behind Cemetery Ridge waiting—for the Rebs to come—waiting to make history.

"Wally, she's the most beautiful doggone girl I ever saw. She's got hair like soft silk, Wally, and cheeks like young roses. I've asked her to marry me when the war's over and she says she will. Wally, I love her like I never thought I could love anything. I saw her yesterday afternoon. She let me kiss her, Wally. It made me feel—well, holy."

Faintly through Walter Banyard's mind came the beat of the drums and the music of the three bands:

*"I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps. . . ."*

By the dim and flaring lamps, he thought. That was how Johnny showed me her picture—a pretty little girl. Not as pretty as he thought—maybe she was, though, if Johnny thought so. Johnny'd gone then, to try to get a pass to visit her that night—the battle wouldn't begin till dawn.

Walter hadn't seen him to speak to again after that. Next morning the Rebs hadn't given anybody much time for speaking about anything.

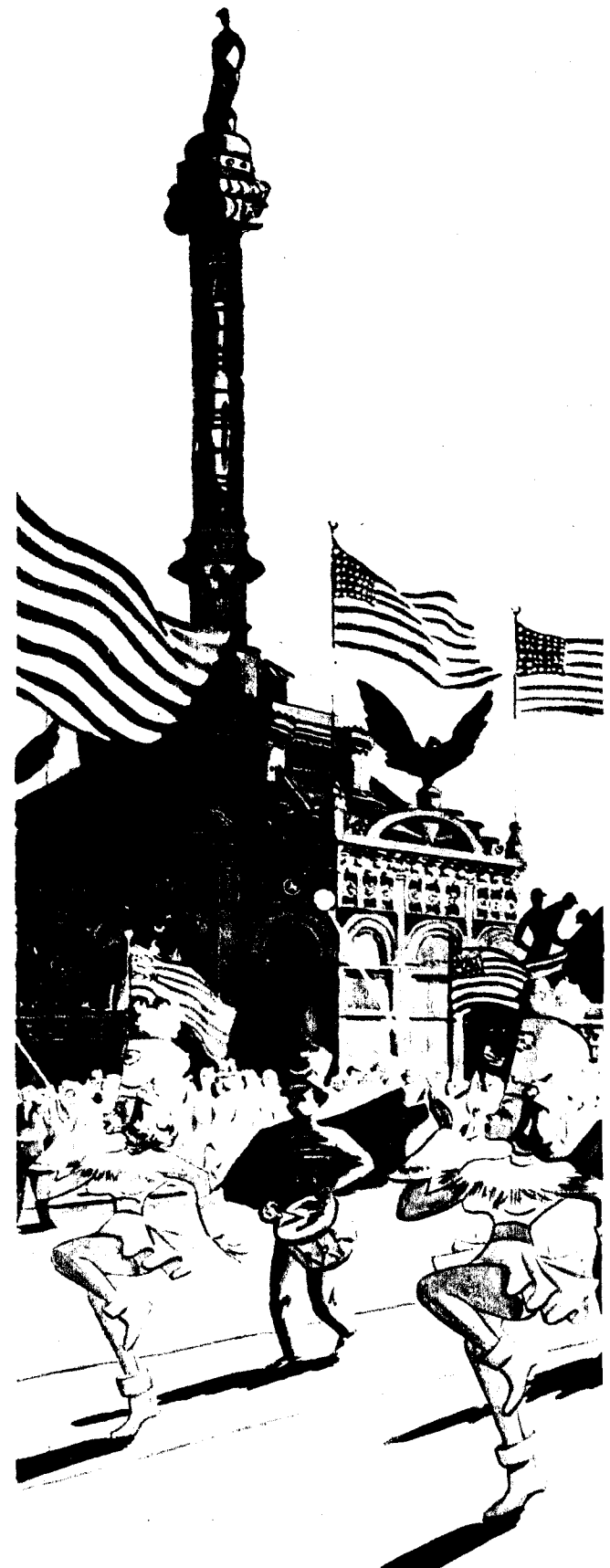
He'd found Johnny the next night, by the dim and flaring lamps of the stretcher-bearers and burial squads—found him in the reeking fog with a Rebel bullet through his heart. And that had been the end of Johnny Shiloh. No marriage—no kids—no life at all. Just death. Walter had found the girl's picture and had sent it to her. He sighed, blinked his eyes, touched them with his heavy blue sleeve. . . .

"Humpaneee—halt! Hahn—two!"

THE parade stopped. The music stopped. Ahead, traffic began to pour across the avenue. The man in a colonel's uniform sitting beside the old man put his hand on his knee.

"Feeling okay, Father?"

"No, Billy, I don't like these things. Take me back too far. I get remembering things—old friends. And then I think how the world is today and I think what the dickens was the use, Billy. Take that tune the band's playin'. Next verse



ends—" In a thin voice, he sang: " 'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!' Who's free, Billy—'cept maybe the black folks we freed? And they don't seem to be as free as they might be and we're mostly all dead. What's the use of it, Billy?"

His son laughed, and patted the old man's knee. "Don't ask me, Father," he said. "I'm just a soldier—like you. A soldier doesn't know the answer to anything. You getting too tired, Father?"

Walter Banyard had been too tired for twenty years—ever since Janie died. Janie'd been a pretty girl too—mighty pretty. He remembered how she'd looked standing on the corner of Euclid Street when that long-ago parade went by—with her eyes sparkling and shining and her cheeks on fire when she recognized him marching past and waved to him and called out, "Hooray, Wally. Hooray!" Walter Banyard didn't want to answer his son because he didn't want to lie. So he changed the subject.

"What regiment's this one right ahead of us, Billy?" he said. "Fine-lookin' outfit."

"Fourteenth Pennsylvania Infantry." His son grinned. "They're the guard of honor today, Pop—

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because they're guarding *you*!" He turned, alarm in his voice. "Father! What's the matter?"

The old man was trembling all over. He turned to his son. "Nothing, son," he said, "only that's *my regiment*!"

"Holy smoke!" said the colonel. "I clean forgot! Wait—come back here! Where are you going?"

Walter Banyard had opened the door and was halfway out of the car.

"I'm going to march with my regiment!" he said. "Where I belong."

The younger man reached out for him, then drew back his hand. The mayor, who had been riding on the other side of the old veteran, looked worried.

"Colonel," he said. "We can't let him do that—march in this heat—why, if he marched a block it might kill him! He's taking an awful risk."

Colonel William Banyard shook his head.

"When you're a hundred and three years old," he said, "there aren't any risks left—except one. And that one doesn't matter any more."

They watched while Walter Banyard crowded past the end of the line of men standing at rest in the street before them. The colonel managed to wave to the company commander, to catch his eye

and to nod. Then the old man walked up to the young captain and saluted.

"Corporal Banyard reporting, sir. I'm looking for the first platoon, H Company."

The young captain, fighting off a grin, pointed. "Right here, Corporal." Actually, it was K Company, but he had understood the colonel's nod.

"First platoon right there."

"Somebody's got my rifle," said Walter Banyard.

"A fine thing!" said the captain. "I'll have him court-martialed."

"No need. I'll just take it away from the son of a gun—sir."

HE SALUTED again, about-faced and walked up to the long line of hot, sweating men. He wrinkled his nose. The men smelled good to him. They smelled the way men ought to smell. He stumbled a little, trying to find his old place in the line. But the faces weren't familiar and it was very hot and he felt a little dizzy.

Then he steadied. 'Course he couldn't find his place in the line. These weren't the men he knew. Their faces were all strange to him. Must be because this was now and not then— Queer, though,

The sky and the flags looked free—more free than the endless line of soldiers marching in the street

they'd all looked familiar just a minute ago—maybe that was because soldiers all look sort of alike— young and hard and healthy. Queer, too, how time had started playing tricks on him since he'd gotten out of the car—so now and then were all mixed up in his mind and one minute he was really back in the regiment and the next minute he was just an old man looking backward down a long road—pretending.

He stood, a little puzzled, looking to right and left. The captain was just stepping forward to make a place for him when at last he did find a familiar face. For a second the sight of it startled him so that he wobbled on his feet and almost fell. It couldn't be the face he thought he recognized. But it was—he'd seen it in his memory too many times ever to forget it. He straightened his back, shouldered his way beside the man he knew, turned to the soldier on his left.

"You ornery, low-down, mule-skinning' recruit," he said. "Give me my rifle!"

The young man turned (Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS

END OF A BEAUTIFUL FEUD

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

When Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper publicly made up their ten-year-old feud, movie press agents were unhappy. For it meant the end of playing one against the other, and thus getting publicity from both top movie columnists



HARRIET ARNOLD

A Parsons broadcast in the making. Louella's home is her office. Here in the game room she and Fred MacMurray work and worry. Helping them are Richard Diggs (left), show's producer, his secretary, Marie Mack (second from right) and Ruth Waterbury. Ruth writes the program. Below, at a party given in honor of Hedda Hopper by publicist Ben Sonnenberg, Hedda (right) listens anxiously to what Jennifer Jones is saying. The girl hovering in the background is the host's daughter Helen Sonnenberg

CLAUDE W. HUSTON



On a recent rainy Tuesday at Mike Romanoff's famous Beverly Hills dining palace, in ceremonies every director, producer and player in Hollywood would have given blood to witness, there was buried the ghost of one of the most widely publicized feuds ever to develop outside a comic strip. The principals of the occasion—a luncheon—were columnist Louella O. Parsons, who had reigned supreme for more than a generation, and columnist Hedda Hopper, who had clawed her way upward to the status of a Hollywood *grande dame* and whose hats are a trade-mark of such public interest they are a deductible expense item on her income tax.

Chief mourners, when they heard about the burial, were 300 or so studio and free-lance press agents who for a decade had played Hopper and Parsons against each other in a grab for space involving newspapers with about 40,000,000 readers and umpteen million radio listeners who may or may not have suffered nervous indigestion while waiting to know the latest who's-oogling-who from Hollywood.

Those few lucky-I-was-there eyewitnesses to the reconciliation rushed to telephones to flabbergast their friends with the intelligence that Parsons and Hopper were lunching together unscratched and smiling for the first time in ten years. What they reported was unbelievable, they knew. But as if to prove that it was no "Lost Weekend" hallucination, Parsons and Hopper lunched together the following Tuesday and practically every week since.

At the first meeting Charles MacArthur stopped at their table, did a startled double-take, and in his momentary confusion divulged the cast of his latest picture, *Trilby*. In the movie colony new casts are hot news. But did these two aces in the pack of 400-odd reporters who cover Hollywood rush to telephones and call their editors? They did not. Though each has always demanded exclusive items and would rather wake up in pajamas at Hollywood and Vine streets than duplicate a story the other carried, they calmly agreed to share the MacArthur item and considerably compared deadlines.

Then they capped the incredible with the impossible. They agreed one day to use exactly the same news items in their columns—just for the hell of it. By Hollywood standards, this is as fantastic as for Stalin and Truman to use identical texts in discussing the state of the world. And it sent the press agents scurrying from washroom to washroom tearing hair, gnashing teeth and awaiting the end of the world. For as Hopper remarked to Parsons when they made the date for their celebrated meeting, "Darling, if you and I ever get together and compare notes, we'll rock this town on its heels."

"And," a friend added later, "she meant heels." The Hopper-Parsons feud, which ended when Hopper complimented Parsons' daughter, RKO producer Harriet Parsons, on her latest picture, *I Remember Mama*, started ten years ago. It began when Miss Hopper, somewhat to her surprise, discovered that she was a columnist. She had been an actress and fifth wife of De Wolf Hopper, a sort of marrying Clark Gable of forty years ago.

Claws Unsheathed for New Columnist

Writing was hardly in her line and no one, least of all herself, took Miss Hopper seriously. But as a Mabel-come-lately she was given considerable clawing over by Miss Parsons and other Hollywood ladies of the press. To relax the growing animus, Mrs. Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's right hand and a much beloved local powerhouse, gave Hedda a hen party to which all newspaperwomen were invited to come with sheathed fangs. Everybody showed up except all-important Louella, leaving Hedda in the mood of an altar-deserted bride—furious.

Being especially smart, especially attractive and with more brass than three monkeys, Miss Hopper made rapid progress. She persuaded the Los Angeles Times to print her column, giving her a big circulation local outlet without which she would still be just another columnist. Soon she was signed by the Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate. When she insulted people they no longer frowned at Miss Hopper, they smiled.

Miss Hopper's growing power was cause for jubilation among the press agents. For some twenty years Miss Parsons' influence had been high in Hollywood. Now with Hopper packing a circulation wallop almost as potent, they were no longer so

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CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Hedda's famous hats are a legitimate business expense, deductible on her income tax. Some people think them as interesting as her movie column. The cats!

dependent on one columnist. To make the most of the rivalry the boys cried, "Feud!" and played it for all it was worth.

Talking with Parsons one of them would say, "Hedda is crowing about scooping you on that Ty Power item." To which the natural Parsons reaction was, "Why, that skinny so-and-so, I'll show her."

At this point he would whisper, "Listen, I've got something that Hedda is hot for. I can't keep it under cover much longer but if you use it quick . . ." Such an approach was often irresistible. Afterward the press agent dialed Hollywood 3686 and used the same technique on Hopper.

Jokes that involve Lolly Parsons are a standard item of Hollywood conversation, and Hopper, as a fast hand with a wisecrack, made her a target for barbed remarks. Feud perpetrators quickly relayed these to Miss Parsons, who found in them only slight nourishment for her languishing affection for Miss Hopper. A person of hair-trigger sensitivity, Parsons can burst into tears at the drop of an emotion. Informed of a Hopper

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crack she once sniffed unhappily. "She's trying to do in two years what took me thirty and I resent some of the things she says about me."

Occasionally the battle would break out in print. When Agnes Moorehead won the New York Film Critics award, Parsons sniped in her column that Hollywood was raising its eyebrows over such a choice. The next day Hopper cracked that she had looked carefully and failed to see a single elevated eyebrow. When Bette Davis had her baby she refused all interviews and disappeared. Hopper suspected she was hiding out in her Laguna Beach cottage, drove there, found the door open, walked in and got the first story. Parsons rebutted: "Since Bette Davis has had so many unwelcome visitors, she has had to have her gate padlocked."

Parsons was not pleased when Hopper was publicly commended for her radio voice at a time when her own was being described by a speech analyst as affected by an "unmusical shrillness."

Once film stars who had agreed to appear with Hopper at the American

Legion Convention in Milwaukee suddenly received command invitations to appear at the same hour to observe "Louella Parsons Day" in Dixon, Illinois, where Parsons started her newspaper career at \$5 a week.

In such an atmosphere no two women, who also were keen business rivals, could cement a fraternal feeling. But these and similar incidents hardly justified the persistent conviction that the girls were savagely bent on destroying each other.

Helping Censors to Turn Gray

Nevertheless they made excellent rivals. They are opposite in almost every particular. Hopper was born in 1890, Parsons in 1893. Hopper has a schoolgirl, peaches-and-cream complexion. She is hearty, vivacious, with a fourteen-hour-a-day energy few men her age can match. She puts out her column with the zest and spirit of hounds chasing a fox at full cry. Her anecdotes are delightful, scandalous and often true enough to gray the hair of censors in the Johnston office charged with guarding Hollywood's reputation.

Her delight in shocking people in public sometimes gets unexpected results. Once she saw Producer Benny Thau and Joan Blondell sitting near each other at a crowded cocktail bar. She strode over to Thau and in a voice audible two blocks away upbraided him for not casting Miss Blondell in a picture. "There's a girl that can act. She is supporting two children and a mother. A picture would build her morale and she is desperate for money. If you were smart you'd hire her."

To the considerable embarrassment of Thau and Miss Blondell and the delight of spellbound lookers-on Miss Hopper blasted away on Blondell's talents and Thau's lack of perception until she could think of nothing more to say, a state she does not readily attain. The next day Thau called her. "Hedda, that was a marvelous idea of yours. I've just signed Blondell. But why didn't you suggest it privately over the telephone?"

"But, Benny," Miss Hopper replied, "I never thought of it until that instant."

By contrast, except when she is angry, Miss Parsons seems mousy. She has been widely and unfairly caricatured. The facts are that though she shows her age she is only slightly stout (her ankles are as small and trim as Hopper's); that beneath a protective canopy of simulated vagueness she is smart as a firecracker—few people in the film business are better informed on the British movie industry, Hollywood's export market or precise profits and losses of various pictures.

As for her job, even Hopper admits Louella is the best in the field. She is under no illusions as to the literary merit of what she writes. Privately she calls some of it "that awful stuff." But she is aware few Pulitzer prizers can match her \$150,000 a year and that awards for literary merit do not pay bills like hers, which seem always to be \$1.25 more than she earns.

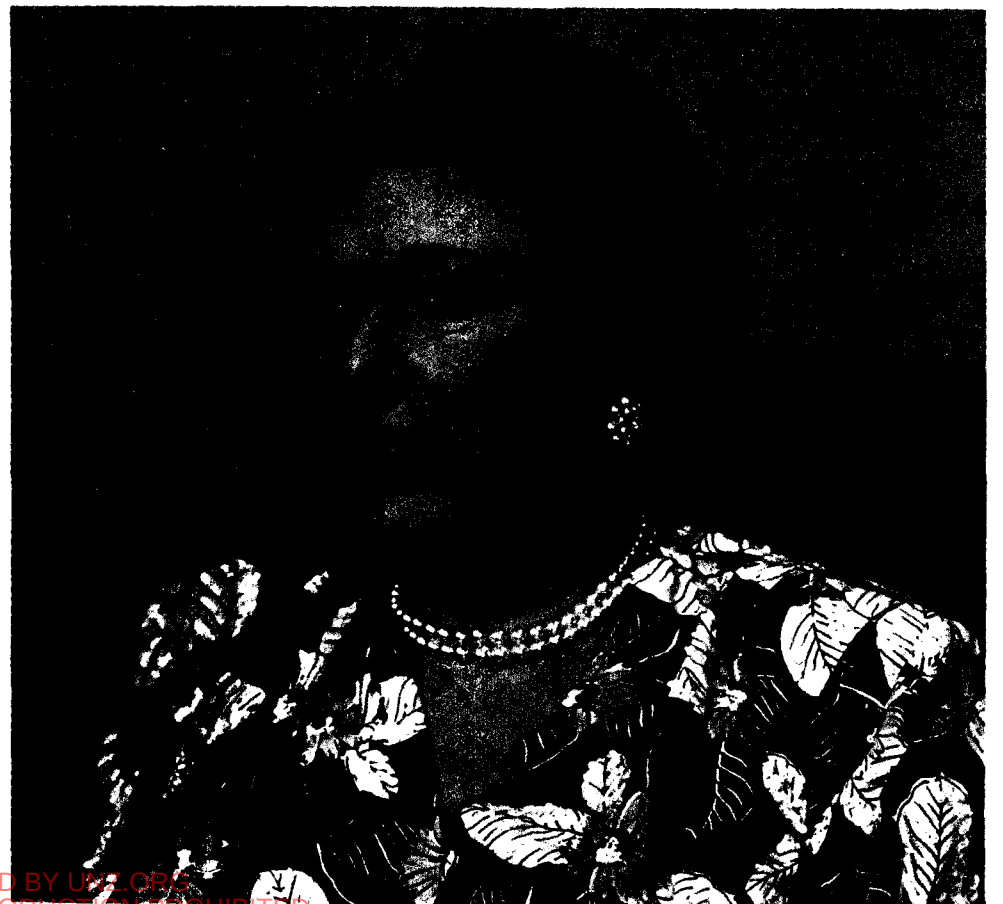
When she is angry, any resemblance between Miss Parsons and a mouse is purely fictional. She makes known her displeasure to the person nearest at hand, however remote his connection with it. She was furious to discover that her income taxes for last year were \$10,000 higher than before. But her anger was directed not at the government tax policy nor at her employers who paid her the money, nor at her enterprise for earning it, but at the hapless man who had filled out her tax form for her.

Her fights with her immediate superior, James H. Richardson, two-fisted Los Angeles Examiner city editor, would earn combat ribbons for an infantry division. When Richardson, to his infinite delight, scooped her on the Lana Turner-Dan Topping engagement, she beat a verbal tattoo on him for days, maintaining he should have turned the story over to her. Publicity men who have been reprimanded by Miss Parsons declare that her invective is pure, her meaning unmistakable and her words, which

(Continued on page 44)

Louella has been a newspaperwoman and movie columnist for thirty years. Her "exclusives" are her greatest personal pride. And why not?

HARRIET ARNOLD





A SLIGHT CASE OF CONNECTICUT

BY DANA BURNET

Tom and Liza were just stagnating in California, so they went East to get stimulated—which they did

THE elms!" Liza said. "The lovely elms! How I've missed them!"

"Well," Tom said, "we've come three thousand miles so you could see some elms again. I'm glad you're enjoying them." He was standing beside her looking out at the two great trees that stood on either side of the Fishers' driveway, their limbs naked and gesturing in the wind. "Personally, I prefer my trees with leaves."

"Darling, this is November."

"Yes," Tom said, "and this is Connecticut and this is your old friend Sally Fisher's old colonial house and

this is her quaint guest room which, unfortunately, has only a single bed."

Liza glanced over her shoulder. She had taken off her traveling dress and was wearing a pale yellow negligee that almost matched the color of her hair. "The bed's quite unusual," she said. "You don't often find a single four-poster. It's a rare antique."

"I wasn't thinking of its antiquity," Tom said; and added, "Not that I mind sleeping in the attic, but—it's the first time we've been separated since we were married."

"I know," Liza said. "It's a shame."

"It's illegal," Tom said. "And I

can't seem to remember *why* we're here at all."

"We're here," she said, "because the furnace in the gardener's cottage broke down."

"I don't mean that," Tom Drake said. They'd come East by train to spend the winter in the former gardener's cottage on the Fisher place. But upon their arrival, that day at noon, they'd been met with news that the cottage heater had suffered a complete collapse. So, willy-nilly, they had become the Fishers' house guests. "I mean, why did we decide to come in the first place?"

Liza turned to face him. "Why, Tom! You know it was because we were just *stagnating* out there!"

"We weren't happy in California?"

"Of course we were. But happiness isn't everything."

"What is everything?" Tom asked.

"Oh, I can't tell you now, dear. I've got to do my hair before dinner."

"But I can't help wondering exactly what your motive was."

"Motive?" She sat down at the dressing table. "I never had a motive in my life. I just have feelings."

"Okay. What were your feelings?" She switched on the lights. "Home-

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"I see," Tom said. "You decided to buy me a chunk of Linc Sloan's advertising firm. It was going to be a secret between you and your old friend Linc!" "Tom!" Liza said. "How did you find out?"

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

sickness, perhaps," she said. "Don't you ever get homesick for Newark? You were born there, just as I was born in Stanwich, Connecticut."

"My family moved West when I was three years old!"

"Oh, well, if you want to be mathematical about it. But, you know there was nothing *stimulating* about California. It affected me like a sleeping pill, and you were getting into a rut."

"I was getting a thousand a week as a free-lance screen writer!"

"So when Sally's letter came," Liza went on, in the slightly distracted tone of a woman facing a mirror, "it

seemed like the hand of fate and a wonderful chance to get back to a cultured environment where people have roots. And, Tom, the climate'll be good for you. I think you *need* a touch of frost."

"What am I, a pumpkin?"

One of the things he loved about Liza was her impromptu giggle. "Darling, I mean if you're ever going to do anything worth while. Writing movies seems so unsubstantial—"

"Listen," he said. "Don't try to bully me into being substantial." He came up behind her, leaned down and kissed the back of her neck. "My idea

is to make this trip a second honeymoon, provided I'm not stuck permanently in the attic."

"Darling, there are always the stairs."

"The stairs creak," Tom said. "But I'm all for the honeymoon, as long as our money holds out."

"You don't have to worry—" Liza began; then stopped abruptly.

"About money?"

"We have enough—for now," she said, and it reminded Tom of the first time they'd ever talked about money.

IT WAS on their original honeymoon, in Ensenada. They were having breakfast in bed and Liza had told him, almost shyly, that she had an income of her own. Both her parents were dead and she'd been managing her own affairs since she was eighteen and did he mind if she went on paying for her clothes and things? Tom had laughed and told her to manage everything, to take charge of all their affairs and never to bother him about money again; then, in spite of the two breakfast trays, he'd kissed her.

"But you'll want to work at something in the East, won't you, Tom? I mean, if we decide to settle here?"

"I hadn't thought about settling here."

"But if we do, eventually, you'll be happier with a job, won't you?"

Tom said, "I'll be hungrier, eventually, without one."

She was very busy brushing her blond hair. "Well, darling, I *do* hope you'll make an effort to adjust yourself to the—the—"

"To the frost?"

"To the life here," she said stiffly. "Tom, dear, you're going to change for dinner, aren't you?"

He still had on the collarless jacket and slacks that he had traveled in. "Okay," he said. "Do I break out in a black tie?"

"Oh, no. Just a suit. I'm sure the men won't dress."

"The men? I thought there was only Pete Fisher."

Liza laughed lightly. "I meant Pete and Linc Sloan."

"Who?"

"Lincoln Sloan. He's an old friend of mine. Sally thought it would be nice to ask him, and I want you to know him because he's really quite a person. He's head of a big advertising agency in New York and he's very anxious to meet you. I was in Sally's room when she phoned him, so naturally I had to speak to him."

"Wait a minute!" Tom said. "Isn't he the guy you've told me about? The one you were almost engaged to?"

"If I said a Yale man, it was probably Linc."

"And he lives here in Stanwich?"

"He's always lived here."

"Is he married or still at large?"

"He's at large. But, darling, what difference does it make? I chose *you*, as I recall it. Not Linc Sloan."

He reached for her hand. He had been a happily married man for less than two years and he was still inclined to snatch. "Liza," he said, "I love you."

"That's good, darling. But I've really got to finish dressing. You go dress, too."

Tom wondered, as he climbed to his room in the attic, whether Liza liked having a room to herself. Worrying over this while he dressed, he went back in his mind to the day he'd first met Liza. It was at a party at the Fred Starrs' in Beverly Hills. He could see the Starrs' swimming pool and the tall, rather thin girl in the

white swim suit standing on the diving board. He'd decided she must be the guest Mildred Starr had been expecting—the girl from the East who'd gone to school with Mildred. He'd been swimming in the pool and when the girl came up from her dive he saw that her eyes were the color of the water. They were blue in the gardenia pallor of her face, and he had looked at her and said, "Wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?"

"Everything," Tom Drake had said, floating toward her. He was stating a fact, because he knew at once he'd met a girl he could fall in love with. And did. And so they were married, because it seemed she'd fallen in love with him, and it was spring in California, and everything was wonderful. Tom's agent, Sam Ernst, found them a house in Stone Canyon. There was a mountain in the back yard and the house was small. But big enough, Liza said, for two thin people.

Then the letter had come from Liza's old school friend Sally Fisher, and suddenly the wonder was gone. It was like waking from a dream. Tom was between jobs and a little edgy about it, and Liza was full of a restless, nostalgic excitement. That was when she began to talk about the elms. The lovely elms. And then they were packing and making reservations to go East.

"And here we are," Tom said to himself. He finished tying the knot in his tie, then went downstairs to the living room, which was crammed with antique furniture that gave it a stiff, museumlike appearance. Maybe he was sore at being put up in the attic, but it struck him that everything was in the worst of good taste.

THEN under a Queen Anne sofa he saw a small boy lying on his belly staring out at him.

"Hello," Tom said. "Is that where you sleep?"

"I don't sleep here. I'm just setting a trap," the boy said. "In case of burglars."

"Oh, fine," Tom said. "Do you expect them soon?"

The question brought a startled look to the boy's eyes. "Course there aren't any burglars, *really*—are there?"

"Don't ask me," Tom said. "I'm a stranger here, myself."

"You can't fool me," the boy said, uncertainly. "You're Uncle Tom from California—aren't you?"

Tom had always hated the honorary uncle convention. "I'm not—" he began; then gave in weakly. "Okay, I'm your Uncle Tom. And you must be Junior Fisher. Or Fisher, Junior."

"I'm just Junior and I'm practicing to be a detective. Scrunch down and I'll show you what I've got here."

Tom remembered that a guest should be polite to his host's offspring. He scrunched down. Peering under the sofa, he saw a box the size of a portable radio. It was connected by a wire to a base plug in the wall and its face was covered with dials.

"This is my Little Wonder Wire-Recorder dictaphonograph," Junior said in a hushed voice. "Pops gave it to me for my birthday. You can talk in it and it will talk right back."

"That," Tom said, "is an invention of doubtful value, especially to a married man."

"I can turn it on before I go to bed and then if any burglars come in I'll have a record of everything they say. Even if there aren't any burglars, there *might* be, and if there *are*—"

(Continued on page 59)

BOUQUETS

BY THE MASTERS

BY BARBARA BANKS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW



A New York floral designer passes on a few ideas borrowed from the painter's brush

FOR the past too many years household flower arrangers have been inspired chiefly by Mrs. Jones' successes at a local flower show or suggestions made by the supposedly best authorities on floral decoration. The do's and don't's of the latter tend to stifle your imagination and deprive your bouquets of the individuality and charm they might have.

The bouquets shown on these pages were arranged by Ann Hagan, a floral designer who has borrowed from the masters. Miss Hagan has developed a multitude of novel ideas in her small flower shop that sits at the far end of a court in New York's East Forties.

The flower paintings have been selected as a simple method to help the amateur use her imagination.

"An artist is an expert in the use of line and color," Miss Hagan points out, "and if you start treating flowers as the artists do, just as with any other craft you'll gain awareness and knowledge of the endless compositions they offer."

The timeless message that is conveyed in flower paintings makes them popular with most people. Everybody may agree that flowers are beautiful but it is the wide variety of arrangement and selection of color in flower paintings that can provide an unending source

of inspiration. Flowers respond to a personal touch just as anything else does. They are the most flexible feature of interior decoration, and if treated with imagination they will create constant new interest. No one buys new drapes or moves the furniture every week, but it's very easy to alter the mood of a room by changing the color, composition and scent of the bouquets in it.

Some artists like to paint a profusion of variety or color in flowers, as they might appear in a first glance at a garden. Others prefer to concentrate on the beauty of a few blossoms, with regard to the size, shape, character and color of each flower. With paintings as a guide, you have the advice of an expert and are able to take advantage of an artist's ability to compose flowers on a small scale, as nature does in an immense way.

To nearly everyone flowers have a meaning. Cityfolk like to be reminded of the country. There are different blossoms for every season and a special one for each month. To most people they are nostalgic and loved for their associations as well as their beauty. There's an informality and intimacy about flower paintings, so if you'll take a few tips from the masters, as Miss Hagan has done, you should be able to achieve this feeling in your own bouquets. ★★★

Degas painted girl with chrysanthemums, left. Ann Hagan gets his lush feeling with a modern French model Lise Bourdin beside her bouquet of daisies, French marigolds, bachelor's-buttons and ranunculus. Painting courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City





Manet, who is considered the father of French impressionism, painted the lilacs and roses, left inset. Above, Miss Hagan does a similar arrangement, using lilacs and roses too. In this instance, she finds it possible to copy the type of flower as well as Manet's style. Painting courtesy Paul Rosenberg Galleries



Van Gogh's painting of zinnias, left, is interpreted above with calendulas, bachelor's-buttons, carnations, and French marigolds. Considered one of the great artists of his time, Van Gogh's productive period spanned only six years. Painting courtesy Knoedler Galleries



Redon painted anemones. Miss Hagan uses similar flowers, maiden-hair fern, sedum, and pear blossoms. Redon's friendship with botanist Clavand started his passion for flower subjects. Painting courtesy Sam A. Lewisohn Collection



Redon's painting, left, leaves only essence of flowers. Miss Hagan captures this with blue hyacinth, red roses, yellow and white daisies, ranunculuses, bachelor's-buttons, dried babies'-breath, and statice. Painting courtesy Durand-Ruel Galleries



Max Weber likes simple arrangements. Miss Hagan depicts this with a trick arrangement of geranium, Chinese evergreen leaves and ornithogalum. Painting courtesy Paul Rosenberg Galleries



STEP LIVELY!

BY BURTON BENJAMIN

WE DECIDED to organize. We had to do something about the cross-town bus. The situation had become intolerable; union and a united front were our last resort. So we organized The Committee to Save the Cross-Town Bus.

You can take a lot in a big city—the rudeness, the crowding, the pushing—but none of us could cope with the daily abuse of Ezra DeGaw.

He was a thick man—thick hair, thick lips, thick skin, thick head. Each morning at 9:03 his bus would grind to a stop at Avenue B and we would pile on. His route extended from river to river across the heart of the great city. Every day Miss Pride, the librarian, Mr. Lederer, the lawyer, and Dr. Felix, the old dentist, and I rode with DeGaw. There were always others but we were the regulars.

Day after day it was the same. The old red bus would screech to a stop, the doors would crash open and Ezra DeGaw's tirade would begin. "Step lively. Hurry it up! Don't block the door. Don't give me your nickel, fatty, stick it in the turnstile. C'mon. Get movin'! Get movin'!"

While waiting for us to get aboard, he would pump the air brakes and race the motor with full throttle. Unnerved by his tactics we would stampede in like cattle in the stockyard chutes. There, leering at us as we passed, was our executioner—Ezra DeGaw.

None of us could escape him. When I forgot my transfer one morning and asked him for it DeGaw slammed on the brakes, almost throwing me to the floor, and bellowed, "Passengers don't talk to the driver while the bus is moving! Now get back to your seat or I'll throw you off." Once Mr. Lederer's nickel jammed in the turnstile slot, and DeGaw accused him of dropping in a slug and greeted him ever after as The Con Man. Then there was the day Dr. Felix pulled the stop cord twice instead of once, which was all DeGaw permitted. DeGaw called him a jerk, and chased him off the bus for more than a week.

But the day Miss Pride was late finally did it. DeGaw was waiting for the light to turn when she rapped on the door. He looked the other way and cursed. Miss Pride pounded the door vigorously. Finally DeGaw opened it, she thrust her head in and he promptly closed the door and Miss Pride was trapped. Her head was wedged so that she looked like one of the boys you throw baseballs at in the side shows. Her face began to turn red. We begged DeGaw to release her. He was bent over the wheel, shaking with

laughter. Finally, the light changed and DeGaw let her in, growling, "You think all I got to do all day is open and shut doors?"

It was then that our committee was founded. Individually, we were helpless. We had to organize. So we formulated Our Plan.

That night The Committee to Save the Cross-Town Bus met at Miss Pride's apartment. Mr. Lederer was the last to arrive and with him was one of the largest men I had ever seen. He was wearing a derby when Mr. Lederer introduced him to Miss Pride. "May I present Sandor Schnapps?" he said politely.

Miss Pride beamed. "How do you do, Mr. Scott."

"Schnapps, lady, Schnapps," corrected the huge man.

MISS PRIDE took his hat. Not only did Schnapps have king-size cauliflower ears but his head was freshly shaved, perhaps in honor of the occasion. Yet, to us, Sandor was the most beautiful man in the world. For he was Our Plan, the embodiment of everything we had hoped for. We had all agreed on the need for such a man, and Mr. Lederer's recommendation had been pure inspiration: a wrestler!

Miss Pride broke the ice. "What else do you do besides wrestle, Mr. Scott?" she asked.

"What else?" Schnapps said angrily. "Nothin' else, lady—and after ten years it's murder. What I need is something permanent—a regular nine-to-five dodge."

I murmured sympathetically and he turned and placed a gnarled hand on my shoulder. "I like to handle people," he confided. "I got that human touch." A bolt of pain raced down my arm and I tried to pull away. Schnapps grinned and released his grasp. "Oh, I know a lot of tricks, pal," he said, "but my racket just ain't got no future."

Mr. Lederer deftly directed the conversation from Schnapps' problems to ours. He outlined the committee's proposition and the wrestler agreed. Each of us gave him twenty-five dollars and Sandor Schnapps departed. We spent the rest of the evening in high spirits.

The next morning I rushed to the bus stop to find my cohorts already waiting. And at last, down the street, came Ezra DeGaw and the nine-oh-three. We went aboard quickly, Miss Pride first, Sandor bringing up the rear. The bus rocketed off across town.

As we approached Avenue C, I tapped

DeGaw on the shoulder. "Give me a transfer," I ordered.

He slammed on the brakes. "Get back in the bus, you," he shouted. "I told you once—"

Sandor Schnapps took a firm grip on DeGaw's arm. "My brother wants a transfer," he said.

DeGaw stared at the huge man, then without a word handed me one and started up again.

At Avenue D there were three imperious pulls on the stop cord. Again DeGaw jammed on the brakes and spun around. Standing up, ready to pull the cord a fourth time, was Dr. Felix.

"A wise guy, huh, jerk!" snapped DeGaw. "Well, get off—"

Sandor Schnapps had fastened a paw on the back of DeGaw's neck. "That ain't no way to talk to my father, Mac."

The driver's face was livid. He almost stripped the gears getting under way.

Then came the final blow. Miss Pride was speaking—speaking in a clear, biting voice. "I don't like the way you're driving this bus—stupid!"

DeGaw threw on the emergency brake and leaped out of his seat. "Who said that?" he screamed.

"My girl friend, pal," Schnapps said. "So what?"

"I'm goin' to wring her neck," DeGaw shouted.

Schnapps laughed. DeGaw, with a furious push, tried to get the wrestler out of his way. Then it happened. Schnapps grabbed DeGaw by the neck with one hand and held him aloft as he walked to the front of the bus, switched open the door with his free hand and pitched him into the street. Then Schnapps climbed into the driver's seat. "Avenue E next stop," he called.

THE next few minutes in the cross-town bus were tumultuous. I was hugging Miss Pride, and Dr. Felix and Mr. Lederer were doing a jig in the aisle. As we got off we all wrung Schnapps' hand.

The next morning when the cross-town bus rattled to a stop at Avenue B our committee prepared to get aboard emancipated and free. I was at the end of the line and as I approached the door I heard a rasping voice cry: "Step lively! Hurry it up! Don't block the door. No time for transfers, shorty. Step lively!" I noticed that the motor was racing and the doors jiggling impatiently. Then I stepped into the bus and saw him sitting behind the wheel, venom in his eyes and a sneer on his lips.

Sandor Schnapps had found a racket with a future. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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IN PHILCOLAND

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for a Queen," said Alice

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Took Alice by surprise.
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Has done for better living?
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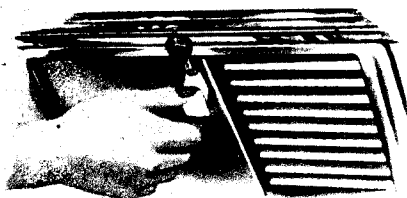


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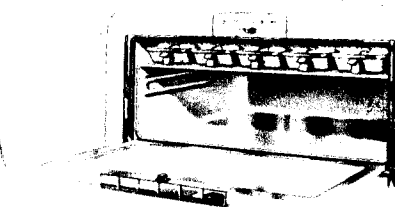
1948, PHILCO CORPORATION



SUMMER-WINTER CONTROL



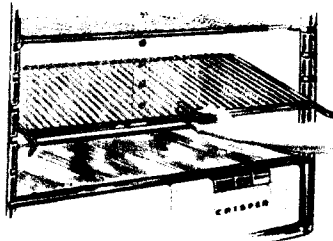
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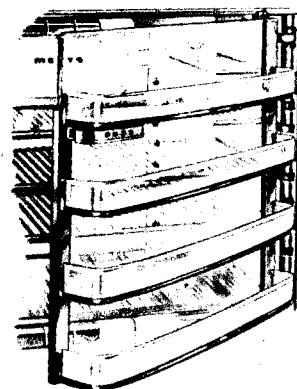
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Transparent, shelf-lined inner door keeps foods you use most often at your fingertips. Only Philco has this feature!



THE THIRD ACCIDENT

Continued from page 13

three years married, and already an associate professor. Ellen and he were popular with the faculty—an ideal couple, people said. He wondered what they would say if they knew Ellen wanted a divorce, or if they knew of the other ugliness that had risen between them.

The broad reach of the bridge was before them, the concrete flowing smoothly under the tires. The top of the convertible was down, and the sun was warm on Will's head. The Hudson River was a long distance below, solid gray at this height. He looked at Ellen.

"I'd enjoy this outing more, darling, if I knew what prompted this sudden romantic impulse," he said.

"Need I have an ulterior motive?"

"You usually do."

She frowned as the span of the bridge flew by. "I suppose you're right. You always are. You might call this trip a last attempt to salvage something for the future."

"Ellen," he said, "my happiness is with you."

She shook her head. Her hands, small and white, rested easily on the steering wheel. She didn't look at him when she spoke:

"No, it isn't. I can't help it if things have changed—"

"And that you no longer love me," he said.

"It isn't just that. I want a divorce, but—"

"Ellen," he interrupted, "is there anyone else?"

"No." Her answer came too swiftly. "No one else, Will."

She was lying. He remembered . . .

THE tall, blond man. He had seen him twice, in the Riverside Drive apartment house where they lived. A student, to judge by the shaggy sport coat and careless slacks; but more mature than most. The first time Will noticed him, the man was on the ninth-floor corridor, coming from the direction of his apartment door. He had thought the man was looking for him, and he stopped.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

The big young man paused. Panic flitted across his face, just for a moment, then he had smiled in a warped little grimace that emphasized the thin white scar on his right cheekbone.

"You're Professor Talmage, aren't you?"

Will nodded. "Did you want to see me?"

"Not especially," the young man said, and walked around him to the elevator. Will frowned after him, then shrugged and went on to his own door. Ellen was waiting, her kiss cool and light under his.

"Who was the student?" he asked, after a moment.

"What student?"

"The one that just came out of here."

She was pale. "You must be mistaken, Will. I've been alone all day."

He glimpsed the blond man twice after that, at intervals of more than a week apart, once in the apartment-house lobby, and a second time walking down the Drive. And a third time, Ellen had been driving with him in the convertible. He didn't actually see that, but campus gossip brought it swiftly to his attention. Evidently their romance blinded them, made them careless. He hadn't mentioned it after her first denial.

He wondered if the inheritance from his Uncle Jim made the difference. It was strange, but when the estate was settled and they realized that Will was now independently wealthy, Ellen promptly wanted him to quit teaching and forsake what she called the stuffy university atmosphere. The spree of theaters, the new clothes and the new car weren't enough for her.

"But I'm happy here," he explained. He tried to be patient. "I want to stay at the university, Ellen. I enjoy teaching. I like being with the students, and Uncle Jim's money makes no difference at all. I don't want it or need it."

"What are you going to do with it, then?" Ellen asked.

"I've already signed it over to you. I don't want to be bothered with it. You know that everything I have belongs to you."

He remembered her bitter tone: "You're so very kind."

"What is it?" he asked. "What's the matter, Ellen?"

She said, "I want a divorce, Will."

That was the first time she mentioned it. It was early summer then. He wouldn't hear of it, didn't want to believe it, and he was sure she would get over it. He loved Ellen. He always

WAS THAT A BURGLAR... DOWNSTAIRS?

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You find yourself thinking things that would never occur to you in the daylight.

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"Where's all the nickels?"

Collier's for June 5, 1948

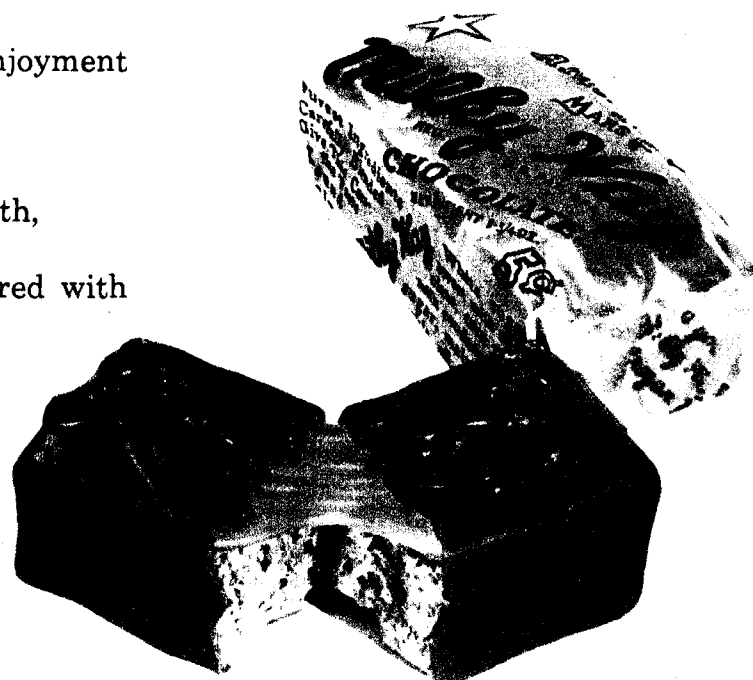


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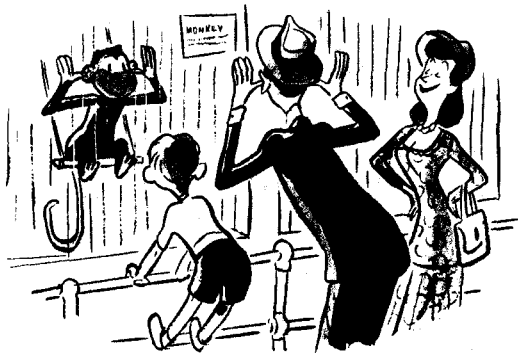


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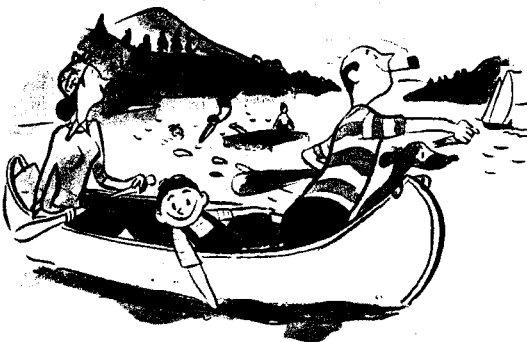
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would. But as the summer wore on and the fall semester opened, Ellen's pleas for freedom became more desperate....

The accident occurred the day classes formally opened. There had been a lot of rain that week, and the drainage gutter over their terrace, which looked down from a dizzy height over the Drive, developed a leak that threatened the living room. Ellen insisted it couldn't wait for the superintendent to repair. She produced a rickety stepladder and left Will to the chore. He didn't mind. He liked puttering about the apartment.

The terrace was still wet with rain when he braced the ladder against the wall and climbed up to inspect the troublesome spout. He didn't look down, having a normal, healthy fear of dangerous heights, but he knew the dizzy drop beyond the terrace wall. The wall itself had always seemed a rather flimsy barricade, much too low, built of crumbling limestone blocks ornamented with fat cupids.

Afterward, he didn't know what saved him when the ladder gave way. He never did get to inspect the faulty rain spout. One moment he was reaching gingerly for a foothold on the top step—and the next there was an ominous cracking of wood and he hurtled through space—sky and river and terrace pinwheeling around his head. Pain exploded in his leg, something slammed at his head, and he sprawled on hands and knees, skinning across the terrace flagstones. The breath went out of him as he hit the balustrade. He grabbed at one of the cupids with a wild hand and checked himself. He just clung there, looking down the fearful drop to the driveway far below—

THE insurance agent who arrived the next day waited until Ellen left the apartment before he hesitantly spoke his mind. Will was little the worse for wear, except for numerous contusions and a painfully pulled ligament in his left thigh. The insurance agent's name was Henry Clausen.

"We will pay the indemnity, of course, Professor Talmage. But I think you should take steps to prevent such accidents in the future."

"I don't normally climb stepladders," Will said. "It was an ordinary accident."

"Perhaps," Mr. Clausen said. "What do you mean?" Mr. Clausen looked unhappy. "I hardly like to say this. There is no proof. It could be an accident, as you say, due to criminal carelessness—"

Will said, "Whatever carelessness existed was all mine."

"Yes, you should have seen to it that the bolt was in place."

Will's face was pale. "What bolt?" "In the ladder. It was removed. It didn't fall out, Professor. When it was removed is a moot point, the point that I cannot prove. But if someone had in mind a diabolical prank—"

"Nonsense," Will said.

"You know of no one?" Mr. Clausen asked. His smile agreed that it was nonsense. "I wouldn't alarm your wife, but perhaps you should see the police—"

"Get out," Will said. "You're being ridiculous."

TWO weeks later, after the second accident, Mr. Jack Fitch answered Will's summons and came to visit. He chose an hour when he was sure Ellen would be out at a matinee performance. He was sure that she was not alone. But he wasn't thinking of that when he admitted Mr. Fitch and chose a seat for him before the gas-log fireplace.

Mr. Fitch looked rather young, Will thought. Short, stocky, with close-cropped red hair and a square, homely face. Young and very sure of himself.

Will fingered the simple, brief card: Jack D. Fitch, *Investigations*. His collegiate air surprised Will, whose conception of a private detective had been gleaned from the movies and detective novels. His visitor would have fitted very neatly into one of the front-row seats in his Shakespeare Appreciation class.

Mr. Fitch began without preliminaries, resting his hat on his knee and speaking in a crisp, professional voice, as if he were in a hurry to go somewhere else:

"His name is George Horner. Big, blond, former tennis champ of Western State. Used to be one of your students, last year. Right now he's living on invisible income. Maybe yours. He's got an office in Wall Street, but he doesn't do any business there. That's where they are now."

"Not the theater?" Will asked quietly.

"No, sir. His office." Will said, "I hate all this spying. It's dirty."

"Better to be safe than sorry," Mr. Fitch said. "How do you feel today?"

"All right." "You had a close call, you know," Fitch said.

"I didn't know you'd heard about it," Will murmured.

"It's all over the campus. They think you tried to commit suicide by gas. Very



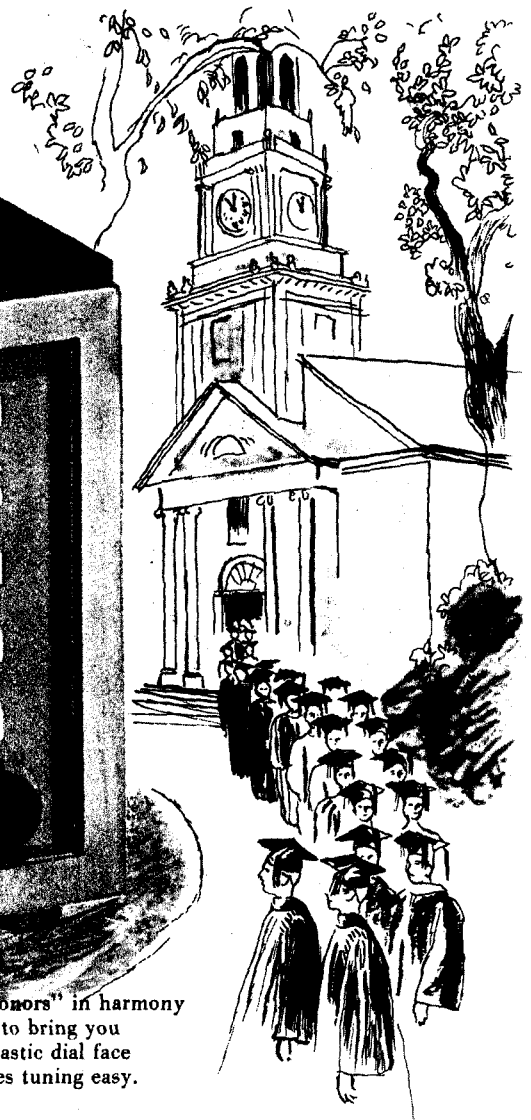
"Gee, just to think! Twenty minutes ago I'd never even dreamed you existed, then you came along and got fresh, and I slapped your face—and now we're engaged!"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

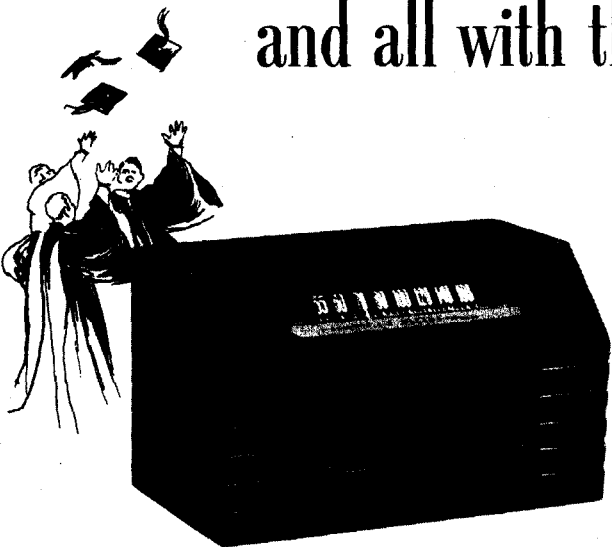


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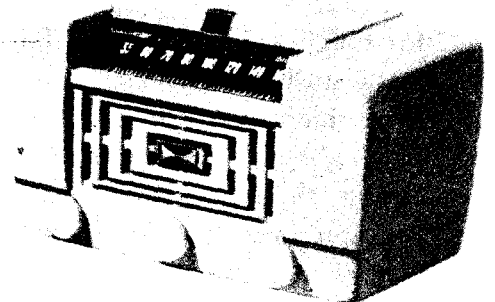
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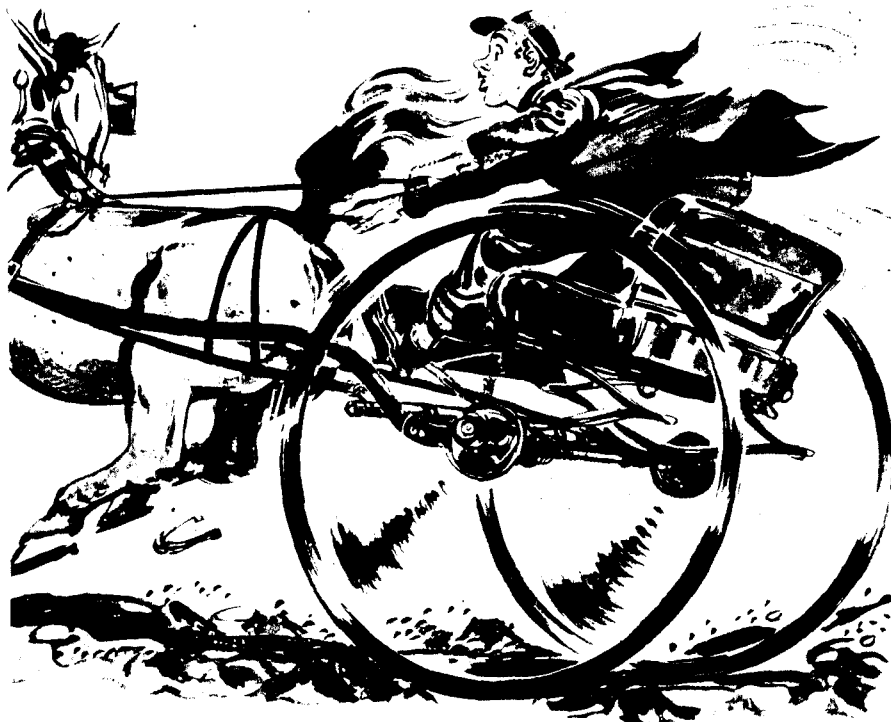


Every graduate would love to get the 66X12! Has the "Golden Throat," of course, and a big super-sensitive, electro-dynamic speaker for undistorted tone. The smart looking cabinet "fits in" anywhere. Antique ivory finish or walnut plastic (66X11).

RCA VICTOR

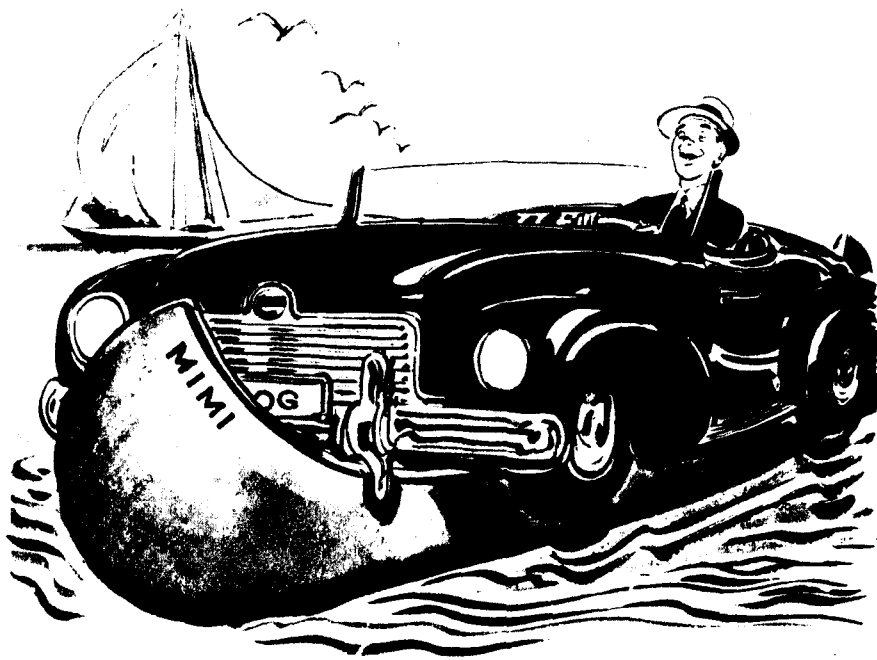
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA





If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

You want lubrication that does its stuff — not for just a couple of hundred miles — but for 1,000 miles and more. That calls for tougher, longer-lasting *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication. It really sticks to bearings and wear points. You can *feel* it in the cushiony way your car rides and the easy way it handles. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your nearby Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had, for *Marfak* Lubrication.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae and Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.

shocking to all your friends. Most people seem to like you, but that's not my business. What actually happened?"

Will looked at the blue gas flames in the fireplace. "It was raining, the same as today, and Ellen was out. I was planning new lectures here when I fell asleep. The fire was going to chase out the damp. An hour later the super broke down the door and smashed the window and dragged me outside. The place was full of gas. I'd have been dead in another ten minutes."

Fitch scrubbed his short red hair and looked at the rainswept terrace. He asked, "The super smashed the window?"

"That's right."

"Then they were closed and there was no draft to blow out the gas log?"

Will nodded. "You see how it was."

"What do you think happened?"

"Somebody came in and turned off the flames, then turned on the gas jet again, without waking me."

"Sure," said Fitch. "That's it, all right. You understand what's going on, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is trying to kill you."

"Yes," Will said again.

"You going to let her?"

"I don't know what to do."

"Why not give her the divorce and let her have this blond hunk of man she's so nuts about?"

"It's gone past that now. That wouldn't do any good."

"Are you still in love with her?" Fitch asked.

"I don't know," Will said.

Fitch stood up. "I think you're a little nuts, Professor. It's practically a case of kill or be killed, the way you go on living with her. Living with death in the house."

"I keep hoping that I'm mistaken," Will said.

Fitch made a cynical noise and went out a few minutes later.

WILL leaned his head back against the seat and looked at the blue sky overhead. His chain of memories came to an abrupt end. He was almost surprised to find himself in the car once more, beside Ellen. They were on the Jersey side now, and Ellen swung toward the river onto a dirt road that led to their cloistered picnic spot. With summer over, the place was deserted. On three sides of the little clearing the brush and trees were splashed with autumn color. Will got out of the car and walked to the edge of the cliff.

He didn't move as the other door slammed and Ellen got out to join him. He looked down into the abyss. It was a sheer drop, a harrowing vacuum at his feet, with a jumble of boulders at the river's edge that looked like pebbles from this height. The wooden guardrail was down in one long section here. He heard Ellen's footsteps behind him as he stepped through the gap to the very brink.

Her hand slipped into his.

"It's a gorgeous view, isn't it, Will?"

"Yes," he whispered and shivered violently.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's a long way down."

"Yes, isn't it?"

"One little push," he said. He deliberately moved to the edge again. He could feel the wind at his back, the yawning tug of eternity at his feet. Far down the river a ferry crawled like a water beetle across the slate water. He waited. He thought: *Till some blind hand shall brush my wing.*

Ellen tugged at him, drawing him back.

"You're being morbid, Will. You don't have to look at it," she laughed. "Come help me with our lunch."

He followed her back to the car. He felt confused, flooded with humility and relief. Nothing had happened. He had been wrong, no matter what that im-

pertinent young Fitch told him. He looked at Ellen's calm, lovely face, and there was no guilt on her clear brow. He wanted to beg forgiveness for the thoughts he had harbored. And suddenly he wanted to tell her all about it.

"Ellen—" he said.

"Let's not discuss anything now," she said. "Let's just enjoy ourselves before we talk business. But please, let's not grovel in past sentimentality."

"Grovel?" He felt shocked. "Do you still want a divorce?"

"Yes, Will." She had taken off her maple-leaf hat, and her dark hair gleamed as she knelt over the picnic basket. "Yes, I do."

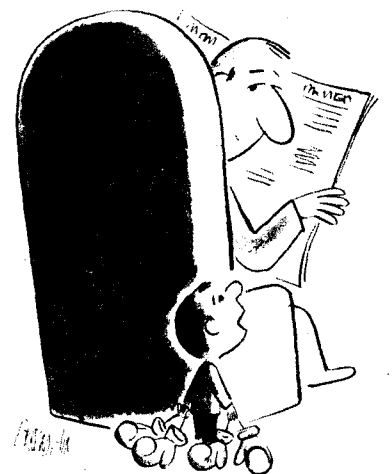
"But I still love you, Ellen. Why can't we—"

"You've had the whole summer to see why we can't. I've already consulted a lawyer about the property settlements, and I told him you would be very generous."

"I don't want to talk about this, Ellen. Not now."

"Let's eat first," she said practically.

Except for the city gleaming across the



"Wanna mix it a little?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY BERENSTEIN

river, they might have been in a desolate, isolated world all their own. He couldn't hear any sound of traffic on the highway beyond the thick brush. The wind swept clean and strong across the cliff where they sat. He watched Ellen, smiling a little at his recent fears. He could make her see reason today. Perhaps he had been unfair, sticking to his humdrum university routine, as she called it. He could take a sabbatical year and they could travel, use Uncle Jim's money. That was the answer. He could offer her a year of exotic, far-off places. Ellen had always wanted to travel.

The relief that came as his fears went made him want to laugh aloud. But there was a tension about Ellen's mouth now, a tautness to her thin lips. He had tested her, there on the cliff, and perhaps she knew it. Tonight he would call Fitch and fire him.

He heard the other car turn off the highway, but it didn't register on his consciousness until it actually came into view, jouncing in the ruts—a big, nondescript sedan of prewar years. It came to a pause behind Ellen's convertible, and as he turned his head to watch, frowning with annoyance, two men stepped out.

Each of them had a gun in his hand.

Will had only a glimpse before he lunged to his feet, whirling toward Ellen.

"Run!" he shouted.

She didn't run. She, too, was standing. Her face was white and her smile was queer, unnatural. She clasped her hands before her.

"This is a stick-up," one of the men said.

He saw now that they both wore crude masks, made of white handkerchiefs tied over the lower half of their faces, with hats pulled down over their eyes. They

Collier's for June 5, 1948



"He's added another choice item to his collection!"

Choicest item in *any* man's liquor cabinet—that familiar amber decanter of Calvert Reserve! For here, in this fine whiskey, you'll find the superb result of Calvert's unequalled blending experience... a whiskey you'll prefer because it's smoother, mellow, tastes better. Try it, and you, too, will switch to Calvert!

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

CALVERT RESERVE, Choice Blended Whiskey... 86.8 Proof... 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does lots more
for your hair
than keep it
looking handsome



NEW MONEY-
SAVING SIZE
SAVES YOU UP TO 50%
former 16-oz. "barber size"
at any drug counter

To keep your hair handsome and healthy-looking—you need a 'hygienic' scalp. And be sure to use Kreml Hair Tonic. Kreml not only keeps hair in perfect order but does *lots* more—

NEVER GIVES HAIR
THAT COMICAL
'GLUED DOWN' LOOK

Kreml makes hair stay put yet never leaves hair or scalp feeling dirty. So different from those sticky, gooey, greasy products.

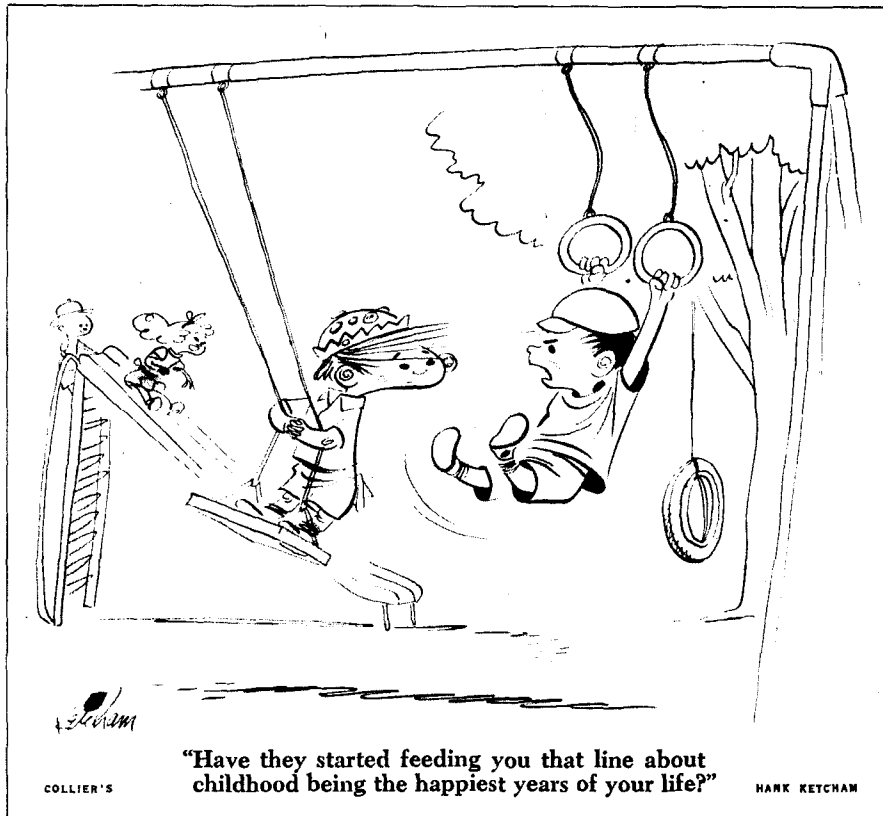


GREAT FOR DRY SCALP
ALSO REMOVES
DANDRUFF FLAKES

Kreml is fine to lubricate a dry scalp. Notice the invigorating tingle Kreml gives to your scalp, too. Use Kreml daily—for better-groomed hair, for a more 'hygienic' scalp.



KREML
HAIR TONIC
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



were both big men, and the one who had spoken was obviously in command. The other hung back, waiting for orders. His clothes were cheap, flashy. The first one looked collegiate, in a tweed coat and corduroy slacks.

Will raised his hands slowly. He felt suffocated. It wasn't fear. On the first man's cheekbone was a long, thin white scar. He looked quickly at Ellen. Her eyes were unnaturally wide and bright.

"Why didn't you run?" he asked. She didn't seem to hear. The two men moved forward with light, careful steps. There was no use shouting for help. No one was near by to listen. He felt a quick tremor in the muscles of his legs, and there was a metallic taste in the back of his mouth. A robin hopped across the brown earth in the path of the two men. A tug hooted plaintively far down the river.

"You won't get away with this," he said quietly. He was surprised that his voice didn't tremble. "Not in broad daylight."

"Shut up," said the man with the scar. Will said, "But I know you, you see."

"Yes?" "You're George Horner. I know all about you. If this is a joke, admit it now, and I'll forget it." For Ellen's sake, he thought. He said, "Put away those guns and stop being a fool."

"It isn't a joke," said the first man. "Back up a little."

He moved back a step. Ellen remained where she was.

"More, please. All the way."

HE LOOKED over his shoulder, away from the two men. The edge of the cliff was at his heels. Fear reached inside him, hitting his stomach like a knotted fist. He turned to Ellen.

She was still smiling. "Ellen, what—"

But he knew now. It was in her wide eyes, her quickened, excited breathing, the way her lips were parted, showing a glisten of teeth. He looked toward the men with the guns and knew he was right. This was to be the last accident, the one he couldn't survive.

"She isn't going to help you," George Horner said.

There was no help anywhere. Panic tore at him, then a surge of anger made him lunge blindly for the man with the gun. He remembered a vague, flitting thought—it would be better to force him to shoot—

A hammer of explosive weight hurled

him from his feet. It was the second man, the hoodlum. Will staggered, felt his shoes slip on loose shale. He went down on one knee, tried to scramble up again. George kicked at him. He ducked, and the heavy shoe slammed into his shoulder. He scrambled desperately for a hold on the broken guardrail. His hooked fingers missed. He glimpsed Ellen's white, queerly smiling face spinning above him—and then he was falling.

Sky, cliff and river whirled around him. A yell echoed in his ears. There was a crushing congestion in his chest, and his arms and legs flailed desperately at thin air. The river tilted and rushed up at him. Something slashed across his face with stunning force. He grabbed, lost his grip, fell again. But only a short way, this time. He crashed through another bush as if it were made of matchsticks, and then his fingers closed around a knobby, gnarled root and held, tightening with desperate strength. His downward fall was checked.

He hung there, swaying, with eternity at his feet.

He didn't dare let reaction weaken him. His shoes dug at the stone and earth before him. He found a toehold. Some of the strain was taken from his arms. A quick heave, and he hooked his left leg over the root mass that had saved him. The perch supported his weight. A spasm of shivering wracked his body. The depths below had a dizzy pull. He hung on. Before him was bare rock from which the bush sprang. He could trace the flakes of mica in its crude surface, the widening crack in which the seed had miraculously taken root and sprouted. The sky swayed, an oppressive arch over his head. He ventured an upward glance. He saw now that the bush had been invisible from the brink above, unless one peered far out from the edge. He had fallen perhaps twenty feet. But from here to the cliff top there was nothing but sheer rock, without a toehold or the least tiny crevice. There was no chance of getting back up.

Gradually he forced his breathing back to an approximate normal. He shifted his grip slowly, to relieve the strain on muscles that were beginning to ache and tremble. Under his shifting weight, the bush swayed, and a little shower of gravel spouted from under his feet. He could hear it rattle down until it was lost in the sheer void.

Far off down the river, the tug hooted again, wearily.

The first rock whizzed by his head without warning. He started dangerously,



... LOVE TO GET UP
IN THE MORNING!

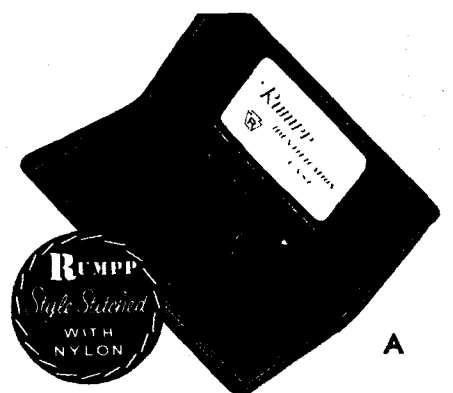
Give him a LORD CHESTERFIELD and hear him sing as he shaves. A LORD CHESTERFIELD stays plump and silky-soft—gives him the most luxurious shaving comfort he's ever known... for years to come! All good drug, cigar and department stores sell

HAPPY
SHAVING
**Father's
Day**

The style illustrated, #500, is made of silky-soft, genuine badger throughout, set in rubber, in a handsome, clear plastic handle. Retail at \$5.00. Other styles from \$1 to \$25.



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**Remember Dad
FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 20**

A-LETTER CASE—Rich, warm leather. Wonderfully thin, lightweight. About \$7.50*.

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98 Years of
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Collier's for June 5, 1948

then looked up to see someone's head thrust over the brink. A distorted face peered curiously down at him. Then a hand flickered, and another rock the size of his fist crashed through the brush to strike his thigh with vicious force.

Someone said, "He's down there, all right. He didn't fall all the way."

Then Ellen said in a queerly garbled voice, "Here's another one. Hurry."

A third missile came down. It went wide.

Their voices were oddly twisted between wind and sky. They were trying to dislodge him, dissatisfied that he should still be alive, desperate to finish their venture. The thought came to Will that they must be as panicky as he.

Another rock was thrown down at him. This one hit his shoulder, made him cry out in sudden pain. He looked down at last, seeking a way to save himself. His glance touched on more brush, considerably below him. The cliff was not actually as precipitous as it had appeared. There seemed to be an overhang down there, and he wondered desperately if he could reach it. He knew he couldn't. He didn't dare let go of the flimsy hold on life that he had.

A flitting shadow warned him. He got the briefest glimpse of the chunk of granite before he ducked aside. He couldn't help his reflex; he knew if he remained where he was, it would kill him. His body thrashed to the left, and the rock hurtled past, missing him by inches. The shrub to which he clung suddenly tore loose from its hold in the crevice. He yelled, the air rushing from his lungs.

He fell again.

He seemed to hear an echoing yell of triumph from above, as he flailed through space again. This time he was surely finished. The breath slammed out of him as he landed on a rocky projection. His fingers clawed for a hold, but he felt himself slipping, slipping off the ledge into—

A tree—a common tree, the back-yard ailanthus of all cities. It cushioned his fall. He wrenched one arm around a branch and felt it sag horribly under his weight, as if it were a spring balance. The ailanthus is a sturdy tree. It held.

He was safe again.

Below him now was a sheer drop, with nothing but air beneath his dangling feet. He felt his fingers slipping from the bough. He wriggled upward, and the branch thrashed perilously, bobbing in

the windy air. The effort was worth it. His left foot touched another bough, sturdier than the first, supporting his weight with little effort. He lowered himself, pressing against the wind, until he stood on the nether branch with both feet, hugging the upper bough to his chest in his trembling arms.

He became aware of a regular sidewise swaying of the tree, in response to the wind that buffeted the cliff. It made him dizzy. Closing his eyes didn't help. He swallowed and looked up.

THEY were still there, farther away now, at an incredible height, watching him, their faces peering down with taut curiosity. He saw the blond man turn his head and say something to Ellen. Her face disappeared from the lip of the precipice. He kept looking up, although the fleecy sky tended to revolve slowly around his head. He waited.

A rock came crashing down. It went wide of him. He tried to peer downward through the leafy foliage. The face of the cliff cut back sharply from the projection that had checked his second fall. He couldn't see where the tree actually sprouted, but it was growing outward at a forty-five degree angle. This branch end that had saved his life had looked, from the level above, like a tiny scrap of brush.

A second rock crashed down, ranging nearer. A ribboned leaf fluttered in his face, and was whipped away by the wind.

He couldn't stay here. But the prospect of moving from his temporary security appalled him. If it hadn't been for the efforts of those above, he would have remained there until his strength failed and he plunged down to destruction. But the rocks that continued to pelt downward decided him.

Once he started to move, he found it was easy. Using the branch he stood on as a bridge, he balanced himself with his tenacious grip on the upper limb. The lower bough became the main trunk. As he edged under the projecting rock, a howl of rage made him pause. The howl was followed by a scream, laden with fear, then something else came hurtling down the face of the Palisades, but it wasn't another rock. It was a man—the hoodlum who had assisted George Horner. The man came down in a wild, sprawling tangle of arms and legs, his mouth open, the wind tearing scream after scream from him as he went by to

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

District Attorney Kerry never forgot the look of hatred on the faces of Weasel Joe and Little Hannegan when they muttered their threat after their conviction. They knew he feared nothing for himself. Perhaps that was why they included his wife in the threat. Kerry sighed with relief when they were shipped to the penitentiary under heavy guard, but two years later his heart sank when he deciphered the transposagram wired to him:

POOR FELLERS KISS MAD PRINCE

			L	E					S	A		
F	R	O	M				R					N

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 49)

Of America's leading Cigarettes

one is

OUTSTANDING

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—
good to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke!

Pick up a PALL MALL—*see* the difference
—*feel* the difference. Smoke a PALL MALL and *taste*
the difference. For PALL MALL's greater length of
traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer*,
finer cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in
the distinguished red package.



*—and they are
mild!*

WHY GAMBLE ON YOUR GIFT TO DAD?

No claims, no promises here. A Schick Electric Shaver must make good—or we do! Dad has to get the swellest, slickest shaves he's ever known—or you get your money refunded in full!

Make sure pappy will be happy on his Big Day. Just pick Schick.

Why?

Not just because of our 18 years in shaving. Not just because we think we've turned out



10-DAY TRIAL BUY

Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give him double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at \$18.00.* Buy him one—let him try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave he ever found, return it and get your money back in full. Or—trial-buy him the famous Schick Colonel for only \$15.00.*

*Slightly higher in Canada

the finest shaving instrument ever in the Schick Super.

Because of this: We want Dad to find out for himself what's really what in this shaving business. Either you make him happy—or we make good.

So we say this:

Give Dad a bright and brand-new Schick Super in its rich gift case.

Have him shave away for 10 days. Tell him to make the testing tough. To compare it with any shave he's ever had. To use it fully dressed

just before a date with Mother.

Tell him to try to find a trace of whisker, cut or scrape after the fastest shave.

Then, when the 10 days are up, ask him how he feels about your gift.

If he doesn't bless you for his new shaving bliss—if he doesn't want to keep shaving with Schick forever—he or you can return it and get all your money back!

Stop worrying about pleasing the No. 1 man on Father's Day. Go see your nearest Schick dealer now.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.



COMPLETE THE GIFT WITH A SCHICK SHAVEREST

Complete his shaving satisfaction with the Shaverest—the handsome, handy wall-holder that fits any Schick (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe near mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up cord. Shaverest alone, \$7.95.* With Colonel, as shown, \$22.95.* With Super, \$25.95.*

Shaverest—Trademark Schick Inc.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

and SHAVEREST

fall into free air to the river far below. They hadn't made the same mistake twice—they had pushed the unfortunate witness well beyond the brink from which he could have gained a handhold, as Will had done.

He clung to the tree in a spasm of shivering, whether from fear or anger, he didn't know. Then he began to move again, inch by inch. He took his time, yet in a moment he was completely sheltered by the overhanging rock, safe from further missiles, out of sight of anyone above.

There was no stopping now. As he descended the sloping trunk, he saw that there was a level niche in the rock, a narrow ledge of grassy earth from which the tree grew, and, beyond, a ledge that carried diagonally across the scarp, up on the right, down to the left.

A footpath.

NOW, more than ever, there was no pause, even when he slid at last to the solid, blessed level ground. His hands were bleeding, and his clothes were torn. He wanted to laugh aloud. He took a deep, tremulous breath and pressed close to the wall of rock at his back. He could go down, descending carefully step by step, hugging the rocky wall, to find safety at the river's edge. It was a long way. Or he could follow the path to his left, the upward incline, to the top of the precipice.

He turned left. The ledge rose steeply for a dozen paces, then leveled. Under his careful feet, the granite widened and he moved with quickened steps, aware of a dangerous trembling in his legs. There was no sound from above. He hoped the watchers were still unaware of his escape route. The ascent was swift, although the pressure of the bluff on his left hand was tremendous, forcing him outward toward empty space. A series of narrow, natural steps hastened his climb. His breath came in quick, ragged gasps now. It was like a tightrope walker's dream—only speed could get him safely to the top. If he hesitated, he was lost.

He was almost to the top when the trail came to an end. A slide of boulders at some recent time had crumbled from the lip of the precipice and completely obliterated the rest of the ledge. He paused, hesitating. He couldn't go forward. The increasing tremors in his legs warned him against retreat. His breath made a sobbing, defeated sound in his throat. The cliff seemed to double its pressure against him, urging him into the void. He swayed, and moved his feet with care to face the rock. The trail was less than a foot wide here. The wind plucked at him, trying

to pull him loose. He looked up. The fall of rock had lowered the level above him until it was only inches over his head.

He took a deep breath and, moving carefully, raised one arm over his head, exploring the turf and grass above. His fingers ranged farther, found a ridge of rock, and tightened experimentally. It held. He raised the other arm and got his left hand on the same grip. He was almost hanging by his elbows now, raised on his toes. If he could shift his weight upward, get it securely on his forearms above the lip of the drop, then swing a leg up—

He made it. His body gave a convulsive heave and he flopped like a fish out of water on the ground above, digging and clawing deep into the sod in an excess of trembling relief. He gulped air in great, exhausted breaths. He was safe. An ant ran across his wet cheek as he buried his face in the grass. He rolled over another three feet away from the dangerous brink and lay face up, blinking into the sun, shivering with exhaustion. His body was covered with a fine, cold perspiration. He flexed one knee and stared up at the deep, infinite blue of the sky. The distant drone of a plane grew louder, then faded. He sat up.

The picnic ground wasn't more than fifty yards south of where he had climbed up. He glimpsed a flicker of green from Ellen's hat as she moved beyond the shrubbery. Somewhere a car motor sounded. He stood up all at once, filled with raging anger. Fear was gone. They were leaving, getting away. Perhaps they thought their job was done, they were going in the belief that he was hanging helplessly down below, between wind and water, knowing his strength would soon fail and he would drop to his finish.

HE STARTED forward to the glade where the picnic tables stood. George Horner saw him at the same time. The blond man shouted to Ellen and came plowing through the brush toward Will. His head was forward on his powerful shoulders, his brow twisted in a frown.

He had a gun in his hand. Will had forgotten the gun.

His anger ebbed into horror. He had walked into the trap again. He could see the relief and triumph on the big man's face as he approached. Will stopped. The man's smirk made his anger return again. He wasn't going to be pushed off the cliff twice. He couldn't let them get away with it.

He moved forward. His foot caught on a projecting root and he went down weak with despair. His fingers closed around a smooth stone the size of his fist. George Horner yelled and came at

Bill's wife puts him in high gear



7 A. M. "The way I feel this morning shouldn't happen to a greyhound!" moans Bill, the cross-country bus driver. "I need a laxative. I have a

splitting headache . . . I'm logy—and I've got to roll at 9."

"Sal Hepatica's the self-starter you need," his wife says. "Here!"



9 A. M. Here's Bill behind the wheel and sparking on all cylinders. As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour.

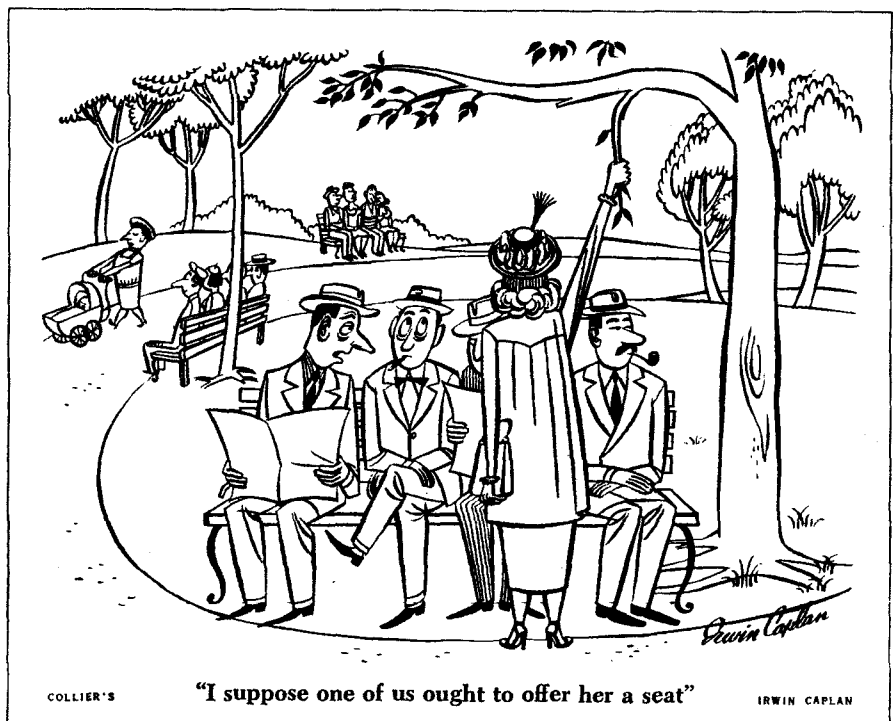
It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. Keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy! Don't risk feeling miserable all day waiting until bedtime to take a slow-acting laxative.

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time you need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a fluid bulk laxative, soft pressure is exerted to stimulate gentle, speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, speedy
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: { "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network



"I suppose one of us ought to offer her a seat"

IRWIN CAPLAN

Listen!

The only time you've ever heard a motor give out with that proud, fine-car whisper was in a car far above Mercury's price class. This new 8-cylinder, V-type power-plant is built *exclusively* for the *all-new* Mercury.

Beq Fardon but sitting is important!

This 1949 all-new Mercury gives you a lullaby ride over even the worst rut-race. It has all-new spring suspension—a low center of gravity—down-to-earth roadability. And you'll be glad *all over* about Mercury's new fog-free, leakproof "Fingertip Weather Control."

The touch of your toe

to Mercury's all-new super-brakes brings you to a quick, sure, velvety-smooth stop. Just knowing you can count on that kind of safety helps you relax and *enjoy* the quietest, easiest glide-ride you ever knew.

First Look

tells you this car is more than a new model, it's the *all-new* 1949 Mercury! Longer, lower—with an eager look that's a standing invitation to jump in and take off. Wider, too—with its sturdiness hidden under a sleek, style-wise, curved-arch silhouette. A choice of superb body styles, including Mercury's all-new Six-passenger Coupe and Six-passenger Convertible.

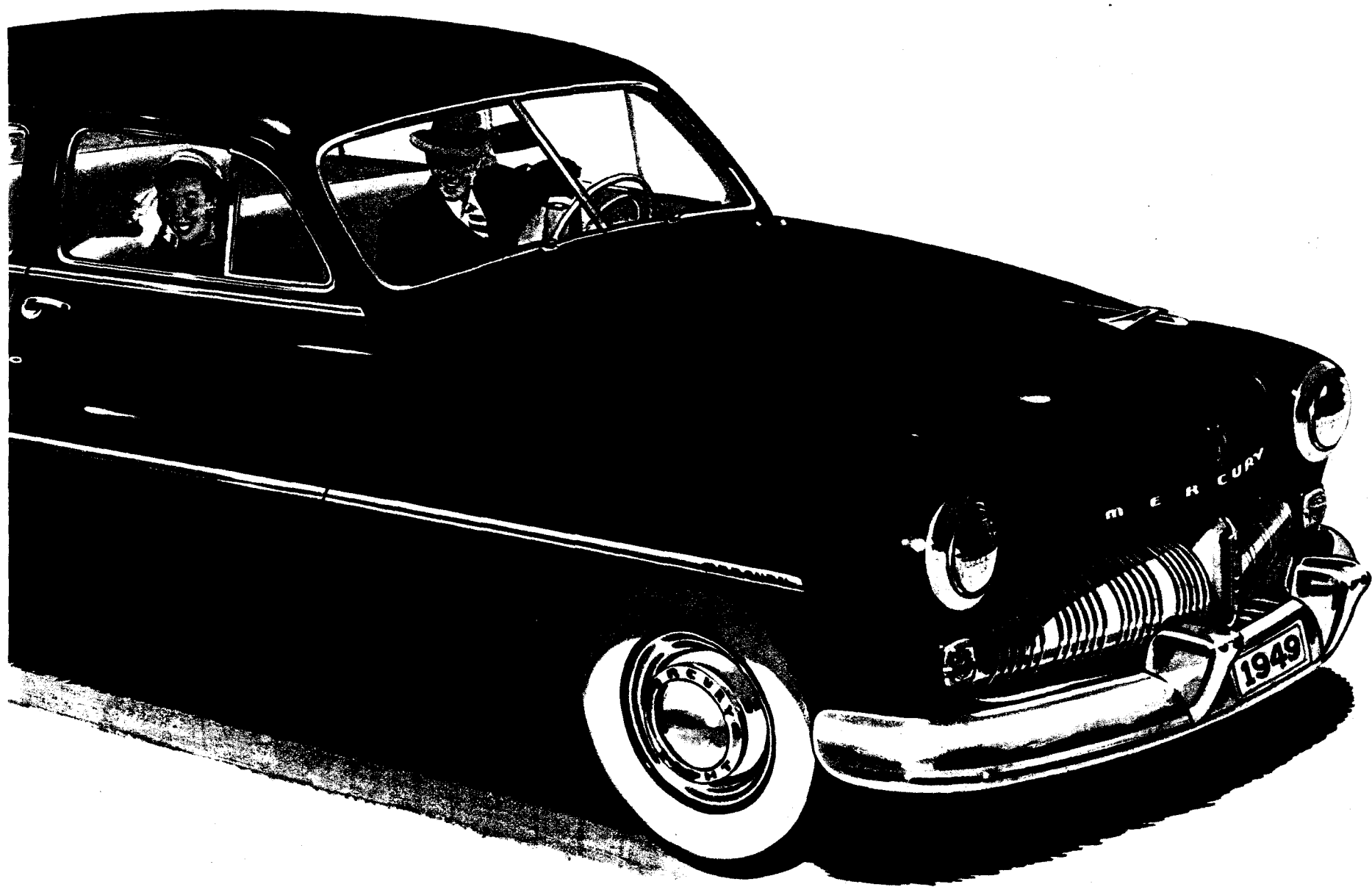
Take the wheel, hands!

You don't over-steer a Mercury. You *do* take curves with more smiling confidence because of Mercury's perfect balance. And you *do* drive with more safety and comfort on Mercury's new, oversize super-balloon tires.



The All-New 1949 Mercury

You'll be happy, too, with an
All-New MERCURY



Not a "new model"...the **All-New MERCURY**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



...Mark of **PROGRESS** in Railroading



She holds a freight train in her hands!

AT her fingertips, this young lady has a complete record of an Erie freight train. The teletype tape she holds tells the car number, contents, consignee and destination of every car in the train. Placed in an automatic transmitter, it flashes this detailed information to other Erie offices and freight yards. Because of this fast, modern method of communication, an Erie representative can tell a shipper promptly where his car is, and when it is due at destination.

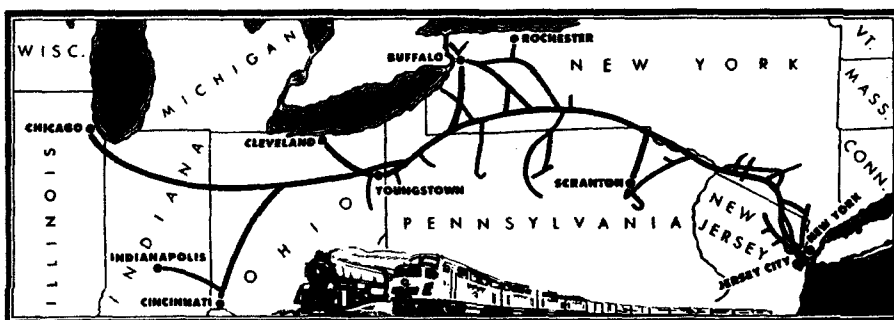
The Erie's teletype network has constantly been expanded, and

now includes cities far beyond the limits of the railroad. At present a total of 5,246 miles is covered by this system, and plans are in progress for further expansion.

This network plays an important part in expediting service to customers. It is typical of the Erie's continuing program of improvement through *progressive railroading*.

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America



him with a long, leaping stride. He was almost upon him when Will stood up and brought the stone down on the man's head with all his strength.

For two more steps the big man kept moving, charging beyond him. Then his legs suddenly crumpled and he sprawled, limbs askew, on the turf. His gun skittered from his limp fingers and dropped out of sight over the edge of the cliff.

WILL paused, staring down at him for a long moment, listening to the man's breathing. He felt surprise, and an exhilarating kind of pride that overlay his fear and anger. He turned toward the picnic ground, expecting to see Ellen run for the car. She stopped moving with the car door open and clutched in her fingers as a motor sounded on the dirt road leading in from the highway. She turned her head slowly, stiffly, to look back at Will's approaching figure. Her shoulders sagged and her face filled with terror.

"Will, don't—"

He kept walking toward her. A small coupé halted behind Ellen's car and young Fitch, the private detective, got out. Will sank down on one of the picnic benches, staring at Ellen. He felt sick suddenly, through and through. His body was bruised and sore in every bone and muscle. He thought his very soul was sick.

Ellen's voice washed around him on rising notes of panic:

"Will, please—George said he was just going to scare you; he didn't tell me what he really had in mind! I didn't know he wanted to kill you. Please—darling—do you hear me? We can forget this, can't we? We can go back to the way things used to be—"

Fitch took Ellen's arm and guided her with quiet authority across the glade to where Will sat. He looked at George Horner's unconscious body sprawled at the edge of the cliff, and his eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance. They rested longest on Will's drawn face, on his tattered clothing and bleeding hands.

Ellen tore loose from Fitch's grip.

"Will, listen to me!" she cried again.

Her voice, shrill and frightened, tossed like a raft on a rising sea of panic. "I tried to stop him, Will—"

"By handing him rocks to throw at me?" Will asked flatly.

She looked at him, eyes filled with horror. Her face, normally composed and lovely, broke apart in a grimace.

"Oh, no! You're wrong!" she whispered.

"I saw you, Ellen," he said.

She shivered. For a horrified moment he thought she was going to sink to her knees before him in supplication.

Fitch said, "They tried to push you over the cliff, Professor?"

"Yes. Ellen and George Horner. There was another man—"

Ellen whimpered spitefully, "He talked me into it. He said it wouldn't be dangerous—he said it was the only way we could get what we wanted—"

Fitch said, "I know that George Horner, Professor. I got some more dope on him. He'll break up fast. He'll probably blame the woman here and say she talked him into it."

Ellen's mouth twisted. Her lips were wet, shiny. She breathed with a quick, suffocating sound.

"But I tell you it was George—"

"You told me enough, lady. You'll have a long, long time to think about it." Fitch turned to Will. "Good thing you suggested trailing you up here today, Professor. You had a little trouble, all right. But you can't say you weren't warned."

Will didn't answer, beyond a nod. He looked at Ellen, but it was as if he had never seen her before.

Fitch paused and added: "Listen, Professor, are you all right? Do you hear me?"

Ellen was breathing quickly, her mouth in a tight, bitter line. Her eyes were the eyes of a stranger. Watching her, Will felt a vague stir of relief within him, a slow buoyancy of new freedom.

"Professor Talmage—" Fitch began again.

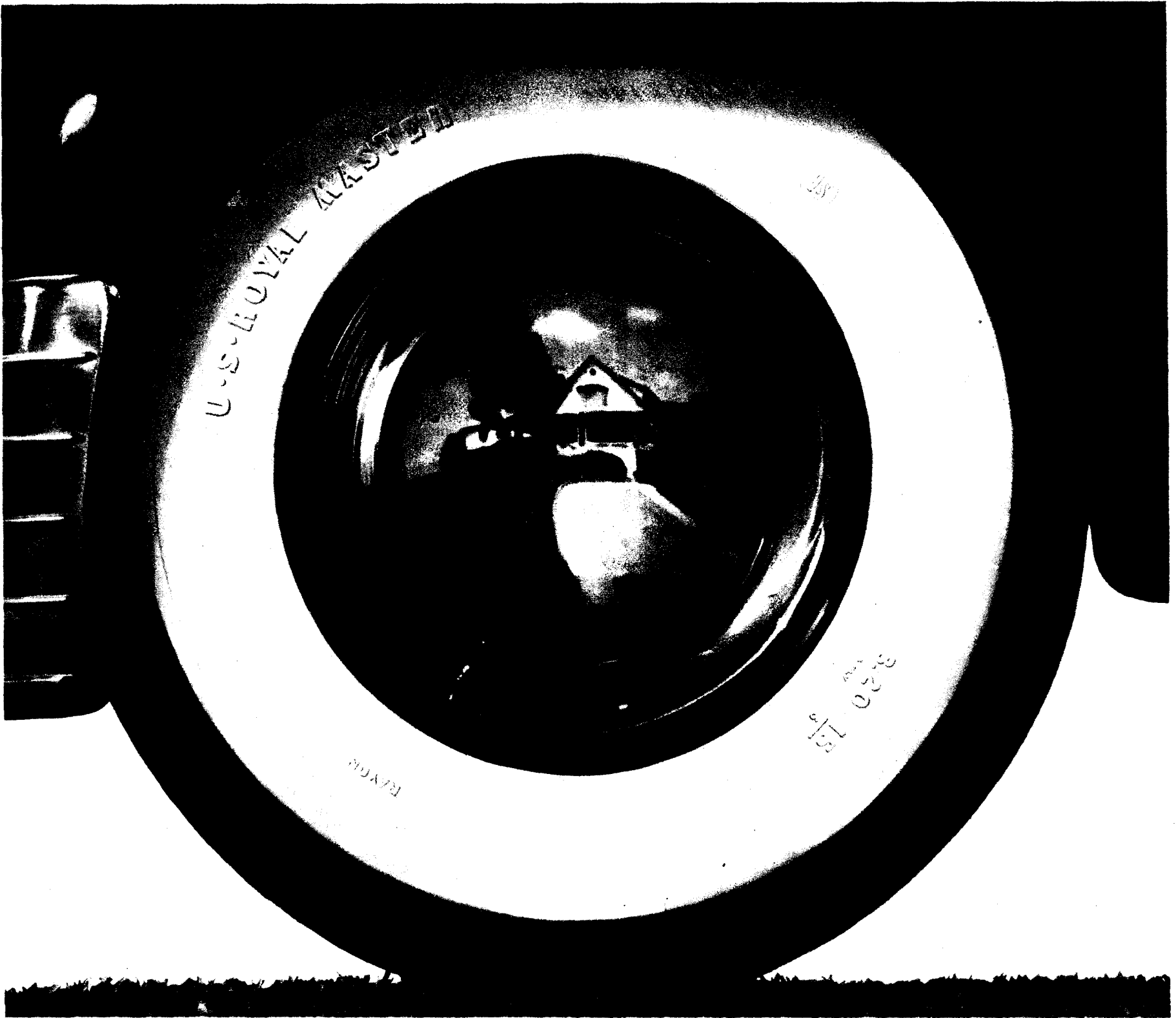
"Give me a little time," Will said. "I'll be all right. Just give me a little time."

THE END



COLLIER'S "And it's waterproof in case Madame falls into the pool" JARO FABRY

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY • SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



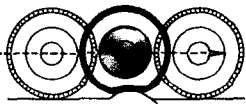
Here's the new Master of them all!

How would you like to find a tire that makes rough roads seem smooth...shortens every stop...gives up to 60% more safe miles?

Now, for the first time, you can get *all* this in one tire—the amazing new U. S. Royal Master.

New Low-Pressure Comfort!

The new Master provides far more air at less pressure. Its extra, softer-riding air gives far more cushioning to absorb bumps *before* they bounce your car or shake your comfort!



Unmatched De-skidded Safety!

The amazing safety advantages of the unique De-skidded tread are greatest on the slipperiest roads! It cuts through water, mud, or oil...

grips dry pavement...stops quicker, straighter, safer. Its De-skidded edges can be renewed again and again to keep your stopping power far greater to the last long mile!

Tremendous Mileage!

Special *tempered* rubber has made the Master's tread stand up far longer to the most rugged wear. And now, this tougher tread is built 25% *deeper*! You'll get up to 60% *more safe miles* on the new Master of them all!



The Amazing New
U.S. ROYAL
MASTER

HOW TO MAKE

Cantaloupe Supreme

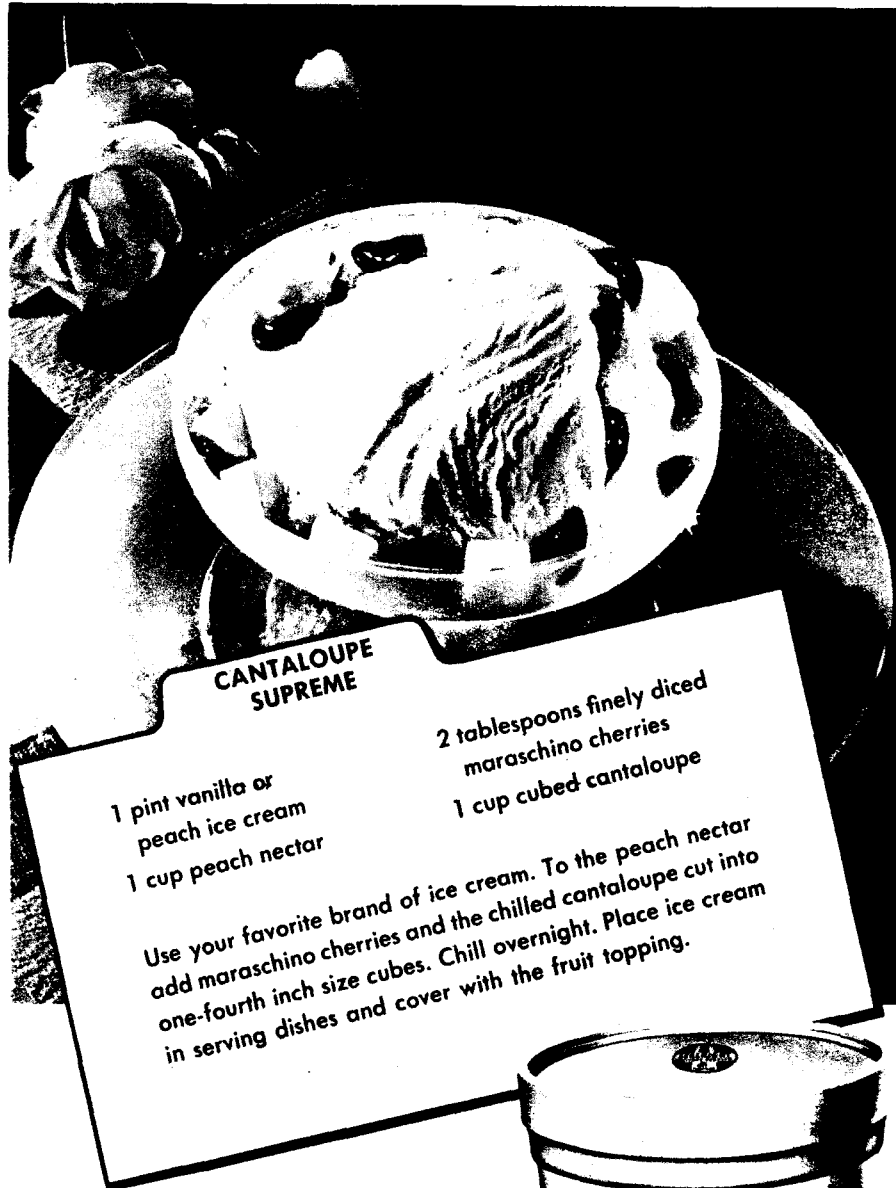


as served at the
GRAND HOTEL

Mackinac Island, Michigan

—at the crossroads of the Great Lakes. The largest summer hotel in the world. In this unique resort village where no motor cars

are allowed, you travel in a horse drawn coach. And you'll say their delicious Cantaloupe Supreme is the best dessert in the world once you've tried it! You'll want to make it often. Here's how:



CANTALOUPE SUPREME

1 pint vanilla or
peach ice cream
1 cup peach nectar

2 tablespoons finely diced
maraschino cherries
1 cup cubed cantaloupe

Use your favorite brand of ice cream. To the peach nectar add maraschino cherries and the chilled cantaloupe cut into one-fourth inch size cubes. Chill overnight. Place ice cream in serving dishes and cover with the fruit topping.

Serve it today. Your family will rave. Your guests will envy you. They'll all want to know just how you make it! And it's so easy! Just use your favorite brand of fine quality ice cream—the kind you usually get in the sanitary Sealright container. And for other ice cream desserts that will rate you an "expert," ask your dealer for the booklet "Favorite Ice Cream Desserts of Famous Resorts" by Mabel Stegner.



Sealright

SANITARY PAPER CONTAINERS

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END OF A BEAUTIFUL FEUD

Continued from page 23

sometimes blur on the radio, capable of penetrating the worst telephone connection with the clarity of a whipcrack.

The Hopper-Parsons contrast is further illustrated in their training. Hopper jumped into the big time as a babe in the woods unable even to use a typewriter. Parsons climbed up the hard way, and proved how tough she was when she conquered tuberculosis, which specialists said would kill her in six months. Today Hopper will bury a major story in the body of her column apparently unaware of its importance. Parsons, when the wind is right, can smell a lead item anywhere within ten miles of her Beverly Hills office.

Naturally, errors creep into the product of columnists in a place like Hollywood and neither gal is an exception, but it is difficult to establish whether Parsons makes more errors than Hopper. "Of course Louella does," a friend said recently; "she prints more facts. Naturally she makes more mistakes."

Both of Them Can Be So Wrong

Miss Hopper's errors are simple and right to the point. When she said a famous star was going to have a baby, the alleged expectant, it turned out, was unmarried. She announced that another actress was to be married, who, it developed, hadn't even met the supposed groom. Hopper gets it wrong and gets it over with. Parsons is more elaborate.

At a \$50,000 testimonial dinner given her last March by William Randolph Hearst, Miss Parsons received a gold plaque from employer Hearst engraved among other things with a tribute to her accuracy. The next day an item appeared in her column as follows: "Andrea King is hurrying to Palm Springs to visit her sister, Ann McGee, who wants to marry an Austrian prince with an unpronounceable name, and you know if I can't pronounce it I can't spell it, and anyhow Andrea wanted to see him for herself."

This short paragraph appears innocuous to the point of dullness. But somehow in Miss Parsons' handling it

acquired six inaccuracies. The facts, as given out, were: Miss King was returning from, not going to; it was Palm Beach, Florida, not Palm Springs, California; the sister's name is McKee, not McGee; it was a Russian, not an Austrian, prince; the prince wanted to marry the sister, not vice versa; Miss King merely wanted to know if her sister was seriously interested and had no desire to meet the prince.

Parsons' childlike delight in receiving presents has provided Hopper with endless ammunition for acidulous wisecracks. Tokens of appreciation, principally flowers and candy, of which she is very fond, arrive constantly at her home. Less perishable gifts, and some with a high reclamation value, provide her with an exciting Christmas.

There is a legend that Miss Parsons has the ability to remember the donor and value of every gift. This has given rise to some highly unlikely stories. One illustration tells of an actor selecting a diamond bracelet. "How beautiful," a friend commented. "Is that for your wife?"

The actor looked startled. "I couldn't afford that for my wife," he said. "That's for Louella."

Not long ago at a party given by Atwater Kent, Art Linkletter, M.C. of the radio show People Are Funny, was enlisting contestants for Hollywood's latest craze, the Orange Game. In this simple but undignified contest one participant places an orange under his chin and his partner, using only her chin, attempts to get it away from him. Linkletter spotted Louella; asked her to team with Kay Kyser. She coyly refused his repeated invitations.

"Oh," he urged, "come on. If you win I'll give you a refrigerator."

Louella was persuaded. She won! Linkletter went on to his next act.

The next day Kyser asked him, "When are you sending that refrigerator to Louella?"

"What refrigerator?"

"The one she won at the party last night."

"Oh, that," Linkletter laughed. "That



"If your Aunt Minnie ever gets around to returning my valise, send it up to me"

COLLIER'S

HARRY LAMPERT

All cars have Tires
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has **SUPER-CUSHION TIRES**
on New, Wider **SAFETY-RIM WHEELS**



All cars have Springs
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has **AMOLA STEEL SPRINGS**
for extra riding ease



All cars have Engines
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has a **FLOATING POWER ENGINE**
for smoothest performance



All cars have Wheelbases
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has a **LONG 117" WHEELBASE**
for level-riding comfort



All cars have Filters
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has an **OILITE GAS FILTER**
to keep the fuel system clog-free

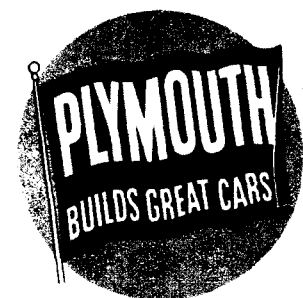


All cars have Brakes
but in the lowest-priced field
only Plymouth has **SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES**,
a third more effective



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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT. Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth. PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan



Do you know what these
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Butterfly—
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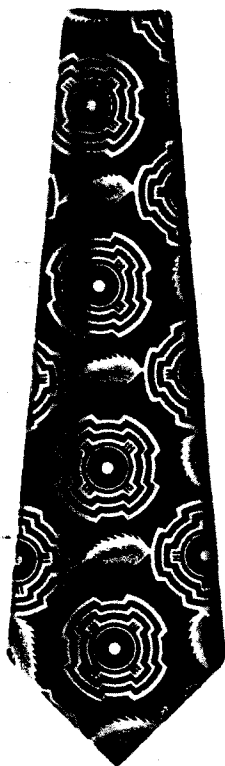
Sun—"Happiness"



Morning Star—"Guidance"



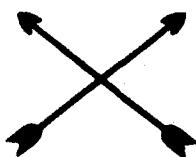
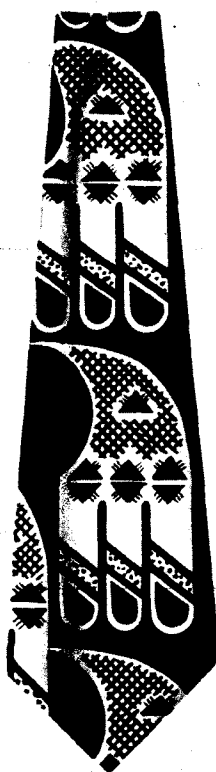
Eagle Feathers—"Chief"



Thunderbird Tracks—
"Bright Future"



Rain Clouds—
"Good Prospects"



Crossed Weapons—
"Friendship"



Thunderbird—
"Sacred Happiness"



Heart and Spirit—
"Good Health"



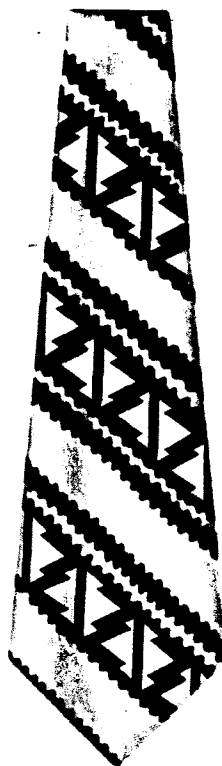
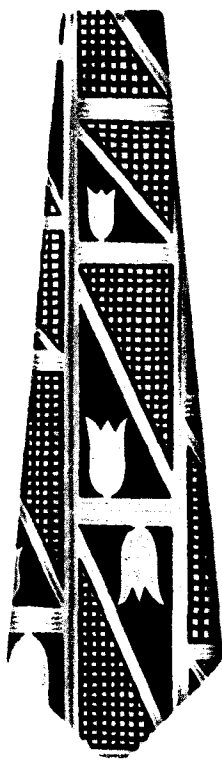
Cactus—
"Courtship and Love"



Mountain—"Abundance"



Medicine Man's Eye—
"Wisdom"



They mean heap big luck to you when you wear these wonderful, handsome new ties by Van Heusen. Smart braves whoop for joy at their fine fabrics, their lively colors, their supreme tie-ability. Old scouts say they boast the same quality sewmanship you find in Van Heusen Shirts. Wampum needed \$1.50 each. Other Van Heusen ties \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Phillips-Jones Corp. • New York 1, N. Y. • Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

Van Heusen ties
in big chief patterns

was just a gag on my radio routine. We were kidding."

"Maybe you were, but Louella didn't know it."

Linkletter sent the refrigerator.

Parsons and Hopper are popularly supposed to wield great power in Hollywood. In local cocktail bars they tell a story of how a typical producer wakes up in the morning. He opens one eye, emerges from sleep a little, then sits bolt upright quaking with fear. "My God!" he gasps. "I wonder what they said this morning." He grabs up the Hopper and Parsons columns (and that of Hollywood Reporter's Edith Gwynn), locks himself in the bathroom and doesn't stop trembling until he has read them all through.

Producers do have a wholesome respect for certain columnists, but their power is wildly exaggerated. The Parsons reputation for puissance goes back to 1934, when she persuaded about \$2,000,000 worth of reluctant talent to appear for free on her radio program, Hollywood Hotel. At one time current motion pictures were dramatized on the program. After one such dramatization the paid admissions to the picture showing at the Radio City Music Hall jumped from \$17,000 to \$37,000 daily.

On a check made at another theater 78 out of 100 people queried at the box office said they were attending because they had heard about the movie on the Parsons program. But this was perhaps less a tribute to Parsons than to publicity.

Parsons has feuded bitterly with numerous players such as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald and Bette Davis, who are still successful today. Even Orson Welles, who got her full striking force, was apparently unharmed and perhaps even benefited by it. He is still making pictures. Hopper has cracked away at Paulette Goddard, Katharine Hepburn, Victor

Mature and Marlene Dietrich, among others, and they seem happily unaffected.

Nor does the constructive influence of the columnists seem particularly effective.

Recently Parsons and her associates were unable to recall as many as a half-dozen persons who, during the past 27 years, were advanced to positions of stardom by her constant plugging.

Hopper drummed away for a special Academy Award for Harold Russell for his great performance in *The Best Years of Our Lives*. But she has never made a star.

The influence of Hopper and Parsons and a few other Hollywood columnists works in more subtle ways. If a producer can't make up his mind which of two directors to hire, favorable mention in a column at the moment of decision may swing his opinion to one of them.

Creating Demand for Snow White

Only occasionally are the columnists able to arouse public opinion. When Hopper plugged for the re-release of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, she enlisted enough support to cause Walt Disney to put it out, against his judgment. Later he called her in. "Your persistence made \$6,000,000 for me."

But the negative power of columnists at the box office is very real. When a studio has \$1,000,000 or more invested in a few cans of film which exude an odor not usually associated with an Academy Award, a circumstance not altogether unique, the columnists could, if they describe accurately what they smell in those cans, play financial hell with the studio's investment. It is one of those minor American anomalies that though few discriminating persons may be influenced by a favorable Parsons review, customers will stay away by the millions if she or other top columnists pan the picture. Concern for the box office is the major fear columnists in Hollywood are able to generate.

Parsons and Hopper are but two of 451 accredited Hollywood correspondents engaged in a scratch and scramble for news. In addition to 215 trained and aggressive studio press agents and a hundred or so active free lances, every studio employee from the gateman to the headman is a generating force anxious to whisper into a correspondent's ear. Any doctor, lawyer, hairdresser, butcher, plumber and delivery boy in the environs of Hollywood may harbor an item.

One of Hopper's biggest scoops—that Clark Gable was going into the AAF—came from a dentist who was fixing Gable's teeth so he could pass the Army physical examination. One star who had just taken a pregnancy test heard a broadcast describing her as *enceinte* even before her doctor knew it. A laboratory technician had tipped off the commentator as soon as the test was completed. One columnist privately brags that his best source on film colony love life is the Hollywood Bed Company. An order for a new bed in that sentimental community is, he says, a sure tip of an ending romance or the beginning of a new one.

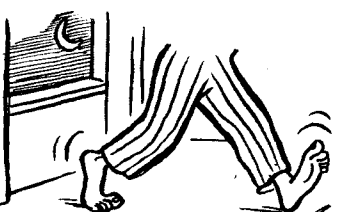
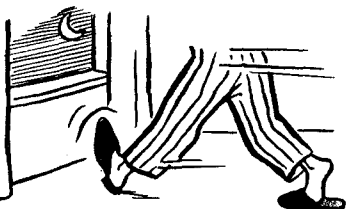
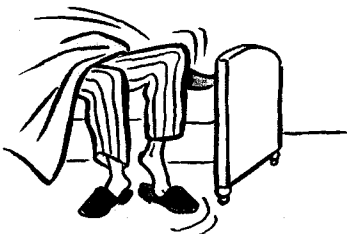
Whether Hopper and Parsons will get along as friends as well as they did as enemies is current Hollywood speculation. Most people hope not. After ten years of putting on what is generally regarded as Hollywood's best cat fight, Hedda and Louella arm in arm is a pretty bland performance—even for Hedda and Louella. Their friends are beginning to wish they'd stand up again and start scratching. Maybe they will. When she gets bored Hedda is a slender package of spontaneous combustion. As for Louella, she recently revealed to a reporter a small but dominant patch of her character.

"I may forgive," she said firmly. "But I never forget."

THE END

FEET FIRST

Howling Cat



JOHN ART SIBLEY

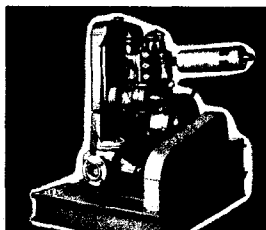
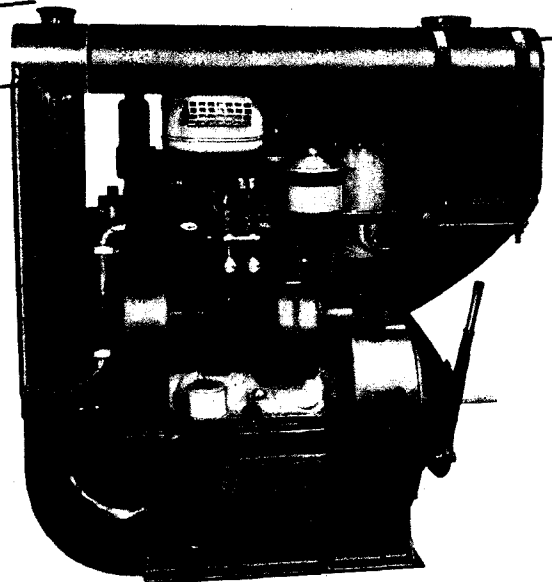
COLLIER'S

JOHN ART SIBLEY

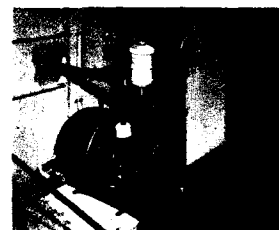
NOW... *Sheppard* DIESEL POWER for Small Engine Users!

Sheppard DIESEL POWER UNITS

3.5 to 100 H.P. Pushbutton starting on all models, in any weather, using non-explosive Diesel fuel oil. Easy maintenance, long operating life, low operating costs. All accessories are standard equipment, no extras to buy; delivered complete, ready to operate.



SHEPPARD PUTS SAFETY FIRST. Sheppard Diesel power has no electrical ignition system; no dangerous fumes. That's one important reason why Yale and Towne Mfg. Co. engineers designed this high octane aviation gas pump assembly with a Model 7 Sheppard Diesel Power Unit.



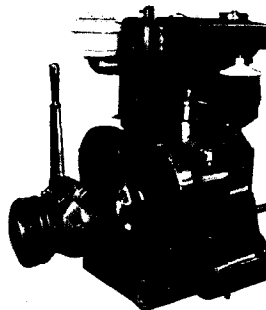
CUTS NIGHT OPERATING COSTS. Cheaper fuel means cheaper lighting for night operation of 30-ton revolving cranes using thrifty Sheppard Diesel Generating Sets. Reason: Sheppard uses only half as much fuel as equal H.P. gasoline engine; fuel costs about half as much.



POWER PLUS FOR SHOVEL JOB. The Nello L. Teer Co., Durham, N. C., reports this Sheppard Model 12 six-cylinder Diesel Unit does an excellent job with top fuel economy. Instant starting in cold weather makes Sheppard popular in construction work or on other outdoor jobs.

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At last—dependable Diesel power for original equipment manufacturers, plant operators, farmers, contractors, lumber mills, other small engine users! Available as 5.4 H.P. power unit or 2,000 watt generator. Does any job a gasoline engine will do... with less maintenance... at lower operating cost. Standard Sheppard features: pushbutton starting; only one moving part in injector; delivered complete, ready to operate; no extras to buy. Mail coupon below for further facts on Sheppard dependability, low fuel costs, long life!

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Measure Packard economy by the gas pumps you pass!

MAYBE, like lots of people, you're used to thinking that high-powered performance means high gasoline consumption.

Then what a surprise awaits you in the brilliant new Packards!

When you take the wheel, of course, you're not thinking about economy. You're marveling, instead, at the breath-taking surge of power at your command . . . and the exciting *extra* reserve for "Safety-sprint" acceleration when you want to step ahead of other cars and fast busses, into the clear.

But as you breeze through more and more smooth, quiet miles, you're suddenly aware of *another* gratifying fact: you are stopping much less frequently than in the past to say: "Fill 'er up, please."

For these new "free-breathing" Packard straight-eight engines are *gas misers*. They're delighting Packard owners with *up to 10% more miles per gallon!*

It's the year's big *thrift* story in the fine car field . . . well worth hearing, in detail, from your nearby Packard dealer!

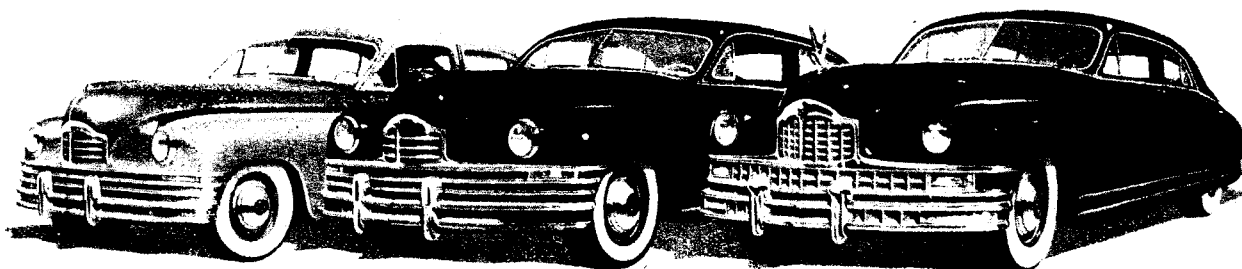
THE NEW

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Out of this world . . .

into your ♥ heart!

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



THE EIGHT • 130 HP

THE SUPER EIGHT • 145 HP

THE CUSTOM EIGHT • 160 HP

G. A. R.

Continued from page 21

pale, then blushed, then caught his captain's eye and handed over his rifle. The old man hefted it, put it on his shoulder. A great cheer swelled up from each side of the avenue.

The weight of the rifle on his shoulder felt good to Walter Banyard. That cheer felt good too—it took him back—everybody'd cheered all the time down the whole line of march that other time—that first time—when Janie'd been standing on the corner of Euclid Avenue watching for him.

He lowered the rifle, stood at rest, like the other men, and turned to the boy on his right. He had gone back again, through time.

"Well, you old good-for-nothing Johnny Shiloh you—how the devil are you!" He chuckled. "How far we going to run from the Rebs today?"

He was thinking of the first Bull Run when he and Johnny, like all the rest of them, had run like hell from Lee's men—before they had forged themselves into the greatest army in the world. The young man on his right looked at him sharply and his eyes were puzzled. The distinguished old character was obviously an old regiment man. That made him okay. Try to humor him. So he was living in the past, so what—except it was damn' funny his saying. . . . He stopped thinking and grinned.

"Why, Pop," he said. "We quit runnin' a year ago, hadn't you heard? We're

the right position beside his right foot, his left hand true to the seam in his trousers. But his mind was working fast. And he had to talk. Now for the first time in a long career of soldiering he broke regulations, but for the first time, nobody seemed to care.

"It'd be your grandfather!" he said. "He was my best friend—"

Johnny Shiloh threw his commanding officer a look of entreaty. The captain nodded, as a while before Colonel Banyard had nodded at the captain.

"That's right," said Johnny Shiloh. "He got it at Gettysburg. You're Corporal Banyard, I guess, sir."

Walter Banyard nodded.

He had been right then and not dreaming. He wasn't just a silly old man who was a little foolish in the head. He felt really pretty good.

The past and the present—they were getting adjusted so he could sort of be in both at the same time—now that he had found Johnny Shiloh.

"I knew all about your grandmother," he said. "She had hair like soft silk, Johnny, and cheeks like young roses."

PRESENTLY, half to himself, he said, "So Johnny got his pass that night after all." He chuckled. "Got him a minister too, b'gosh! Some Johnny!"

"RI-SHOLLER—HUMPS!"

A thousand guns, including Walter Banyard's, rose, dropped onto the right shoulders of the men who carried them.

"FORRD—HARCH!"

The three bands took up again where they had left off, sending their music crashing and echoing up into the blue sky where the flags looked so free.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

The ranks of khaki-clad men stepped forward with the one small man in blue in their midst.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Walter Banyard felt wonderful now—the music was carrying him along so that his feet hardly seemed to be touching the ground—as though marching was no effort at all.

He was marching with his regiment again, and, after a lifetime of soldiering and puzzling and studying, he had finally learned one fact, only one, but at the moment, it seemed to Walter Banyard to include all knowledge. He turned to the young man beside him.

"Johnny Shiloh," he said, "your grandfather did not die at Gettysburg."

"Hell he didn't!" said Johnny Shiloh. "You yourself sent us that picture of Grandma—with her middle all torn out."

Walter Banyard shook his head, looked hard at the young man—everything about him was the same.

"No," he said. "He hasn't died at all."

He thought about his own son then, the colonel, riding along just behind the regiment, and he thought about his two grandchildren back at home and a little secret smile began to flicker around his withered lips.

"His truth is marching on."

People along the line of march were cheering. The bands blared loud and the drums beat and suddenly the street was jammed again, curbstone to curbstone with men in long blue coats that swung in time to the timeless music. He looked at the crowd and there was Janie yelling, "Hooray, Wally! Hooray!" He smiled, his heart warm in him with his new knowledge. He threw out his chest and marched forward with the step of youth. He wasn't afraid of losing that one last battle now. In fact he knew in his heart that he had already won it.

THE END

Solution to Transposagram on page 37

POOR FELLERS KISS MAD PRINCE KILLERS ESCAPED FROM PRISON

goin' to hang Jeff Davis to an old apple tree now. Isn't that right, Pop?"

"Crab apple tree," said Walter Banyard. "And where do you get off calling me Pop? I ain't a day older'n you are, Johnny Shiloh, an' you're only eighteen!"

On a side street near them, an automobile horn blew a loud blast. It shocked Walter Banyard back to the present.

Suddenly he was himself again, one of the museum pieces—one of the last shreds of the thin and ragged blue line that had stood between the Union and chaos. His parchment face colored.

"I'm sorry, son," he said. "I—the excitement—and everything—I sort of got to living in the past there for a spell." He chuckled, leaned close to the young man. "I thought for a spell there, you were the boy I volunteered with." He looked into the young face out of eyes that were pathetically eager to be understood—to be forgiven. "I talked sort of fresh to you, I'm afraid. But you look so like him."

"Oh, no, sir, not fresh, sir," said the boy. He grinned. "Sort of put me in my place though, about that crab apple tree."

"That's how it was," said Walter Banyard. "Crab apple tree. We never did though. We never did things like that—then. And Jeff Davis, he was okay. He had an idea, that was all. We had to show him it was a bum idea an' we did. What's your name, son?"

AGAIN that puzzled look came into the young man's eyes. "My name," he said, and gulped. "My name is Johnny Shiloh."

"HUMPANEE—TEN—SHUN!"

The lines of men, sloppy, lounging, melted into rigid alignment. Breathing hard, Walter Banyard melted with them. He was, instinctively, one of them; instinctively he threw back his shoulders, held his rifle straight, its stock in exactly

Collier's for June 5, 1948

What kind of driver are you?



Easy going?

Like to breeze along the highway, enjoying your motor's quiet purr without a worry or a care? You want Quaker State Motor Oil — the brand millions of carefree drivers depend on!

Tinker type?

Like to lift the hood at every opportunity—listen for "crickets"—baby your motor? Then you probably use Quaker State Motor Oil already — most mechanics rate it "tops."



Schedule keeper?

Like to make a trip in "two hours and forty-three minutes, door to door"? To keep right on schedule, make sure you have dependable Quaker State in your crankcase.

Sign watcher?

Like to be sure you're on the right road, obeying the rules? You'll never go wrong if you stop at this "welcome" sign for Quaker State Motor Oil. It's refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil!



40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

*the right answer for smooth motoring
is always Quaker State Motor Oil*

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

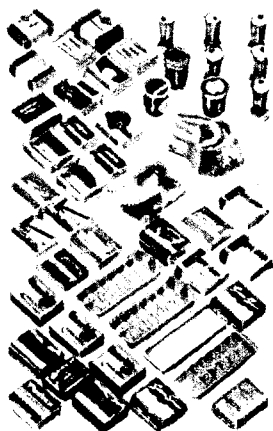
THE

NEW

SLEY

WITH TWICE AS MUCH

FRONT ROW



**FREEZIN-COLD
COMPARTMENT
FOR FROZEN STORAGE**

Near zero-cold keeps over 50 lbs. of frozen foods for up to 3 months; makes quick ice cream . . . ice frozen in a jiffy. Transparent self-closing door forms re-arranging shelf when open.



**NORM-COLD
COMPARTMENT
WITH MEAT-HOLDER**

Perfect temperature for all perishables — milk, packaged dairy products, meats, fruit, canned goods, beverages—every food that needs normal refrigeration safety.



**MOIST-COLD
COMPARTMENT**

FOOD CONDITIONER SECTION
Conditioner chest for leafy vegetables, salads, greens and moist left-overs . . . even pies, cake and bread. No danger of drying out delicate foods in this Moist-Cold. Transparent, self-closing doors for quick inventory . . . easy accessibility.



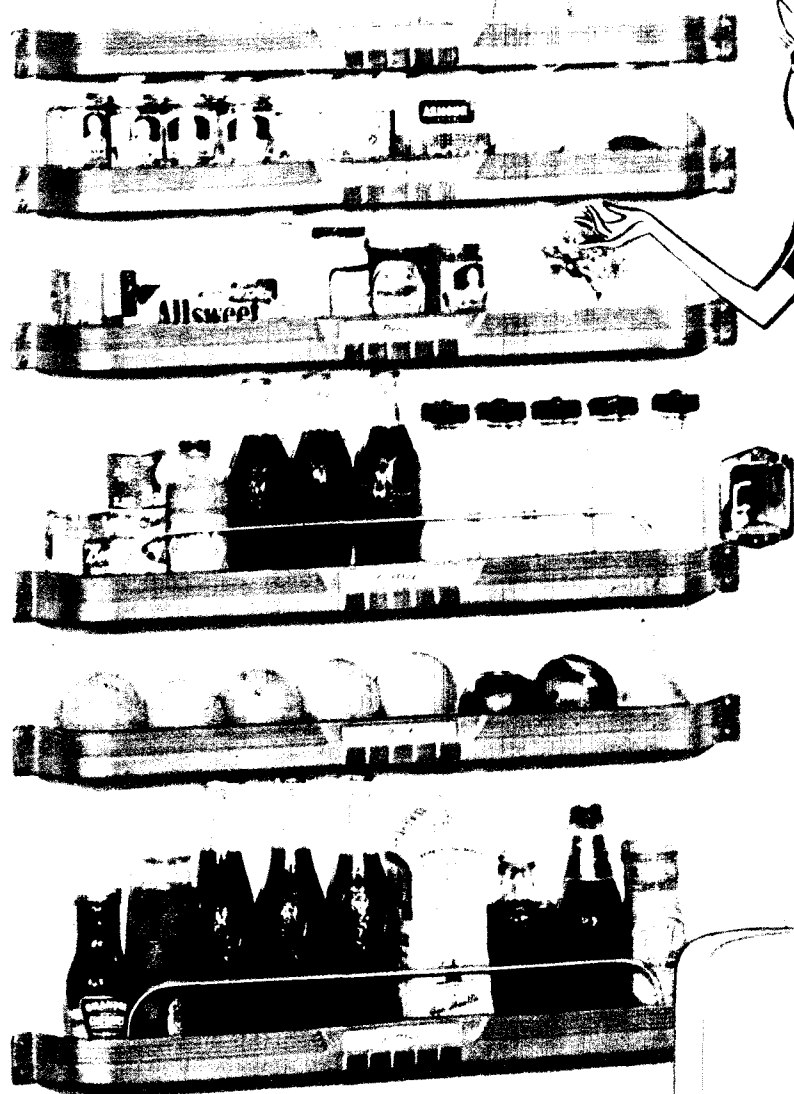
**EVER-DRY STORABIN
EXTRA DRY-STORAGE**

Keeps cereals and crackers dry and crisp; salt and sugar free-flowing; keeps moisture-absorbing foods in perfect condition. Capacity 1.5 cubic feet.



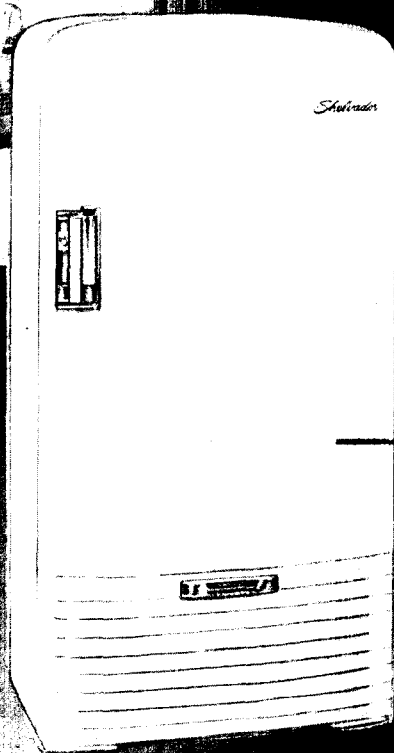
Shelvador

FOOD AT YOUR FINGERTIPS—IN



Complete visibility is the practical new feature of the Crosley Shelvador—food compartments, transparent doors and shelves, crisper and meat holder—everything in sight! No more food-searching by the hit and seek method—with resulting spills and clean-ups. No bending or stooping to find the foods you want!

CONSULT CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY FOR
see your CROSLEY dealer



5 WAY REFRIGERATOR

5 NEW MODELS



the *only* refrigerator door that does double duty, brings twice as much food to the front row, at your fingertips. This saves time, food-fumbling and spills. The most practical feature of modern refrigeration—that's the verdict of users everywhere. And it's exclusive with Crosley.



CLASSIC SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the New Crosley 5-WAY Refrigerator styling. Graceful lines, faultless proportions and superb easy-to-clean Bonderized Dulux enamel finish—make it a show piece in any kitchen setting. And you'll get every practical modern refrigerator feature—*plus* the penny-pinching Crosley Electrosaver mechanism with 5 years warranty . . . and remember **ONLY CROSLEY HAS THE SHELVADOR!**

CROSLEY Division—**AVCO** Manufacturing Corp.
Cincinnati 25, Ohio

* (R) TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!

for **FATHER'S DAY** JUNE 20

ACTUAL SIZE

LID UP FOR CIGARETTES AND CIGARS

LID BACK FOR PIPES

What more COULD HE WANT IN A LIGHTER!

SURE LIGHTS ✓

Two sealing cups conserve fuel — confine fumes around asbestos wick — insure instant lighting.

FEWER FUELINGS ✓

Two sealing cups, plus precision fit fuel cap hoard fuel for more lights per filling.

WIND DEFIANCE ✓

Airfoil windshield defies the strongest breeze.

ALL THIS AND beauty TOO... RECORD \$2.95 VALUE

Precision made — sturdy, all metal construction — smartly finished in Chromium and rich tortoise enamel.

RAMA SPIN

STAYS LIT in the strongest WIND!

RAM LIGHTERS, INC., 7 MULBERRY ST., NEWARK 2, N.J.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR TRADE INFORMATION, GIVING JOSSER'S NAME



FIGURIN' FRANK

BY DAN PARKER

It took two decades to do it, but Frank Menke is finally reaping the rewards for his tussle with sports statistics and facts

FRANK MENKE, a man who had as much to do with shaping the course of the modern sports page as anyone else in his profession, spent years traveling around the country, covering big sports events for his newspaper syndicate. Wherever he went, Mr. Menke, as an expert whose word decided thousands of wagers, had to lug a large suitcase, bulging with record books, covering every sport about which one of his myriad readers might ask. Because an expert prefixes another ex- to his title if he boots a few, Menke couldn't be caught with his valise down. Thus, everywhere that Frankie went his bag was sure to go.

Arriving in Washington one day in 1928 to cover a golf tournament, Menke lingered in his Pullman berth longer than the Pennsylvania Railroad allowed and woke up in a storage yard, three miles from the station. As he wearily trudged back to Washington, lugging a heavy traveling bag in each hand, Frank mumbled, "Menke, these record books are making a monkey out of you! Arise, slave, and do something about it." When he got back to New York after the trip he recited his tale of woe to his good wife, Mary.

After reflecting a moment, she asked, "Frank, why don't you write a record book covering all sports?"

Frank has been doing little else ever since and, after many discouragements, is just starting to find it a profitable career. The latest of a long line of Menke record books off the press contains over 1,000 pages and three and a half pounds of records and statistics, covering over 100 sports.

Now, Menke is starting to worry lest he defeat his original purpose. His first All-Sports Record Book, published in 1930, touched on 19 sports and weighed about six ounces. This has developed into the three-and-one-half-pound The New Encyclopedia of Sports from which he had to omit

over 200 pages of records, statistics and other data. Can you blame Menke for fearing that soon it will grow to such monstrous proportions that it will be a worse nightmare to the rising generation of sports writers than his suitcase of record books was to him?

Menke has a sports-writing background such as few members of his profession can boast. He has been expert, ghost writer, historian, statistician, author, race-track publicity man, crusader against the doping of race horses, and pathfinder in many departments of sports writing. Menke wrote one of the first daily syndicated sports columns for the wire. He was the first writer to send a detailed play-by-play account of World Series games, describing every pitch.

A Ghost with Many By-Lines

He was one of the pioneers of the ghostwriting art in sports, and in his day has been a great pitcher, a world's heavyweight champion, a home-run king, a Cardinal (ecclesiastical, not diamond), a labor leader, an Olympic track mentor, a football coach, a rodent and about 150 other entities—all by proxy.

The church dignity was His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; the rodent, Mickey Mouse. Heavyweight champions Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey and James J. Corbett; Samuel Gompers, the labor leader; Raymond Hitchcock, the actor; Lawson Robertson, the Olympic coach; Bob Zuppke and John Heisman, football mentors; and Rube Marquard, baseball pitcher, are just a few of the famous personages whose alter ego Menke has been during his four decades in the writing field.

For a chap who has dealt with virile subjects during most of his writing career, Menke entered the newspaper field on a rather meek note. Forced to go to work in 1907 because of his

father's death, young Menke was paymaster for a construction company in his native Cleveland by day and, in the cool of the evening, studied chemistry at Western Reserve.

During the summer months he played semipro baseball, drawing down \$25 for being a second baseman on Saturday afternoon and \$25 more for pitching on Sunday. That routine still left him time in which to get into trouble. The Cleveland Press was conducting a contest to find the best definition of a mollicoddle, the word President Theodore Roosevelt had put into general circulation by applying it to some of our Army generals who couldn't ride a horse. Menke won and the Press offered him a \$15-a-week job as a reporter.

Menke contracted a habit at the outset of his newspaper career that helped to shape his destiny. He would clip every newspaper story containing any reference to a sports record or pertaining to a championship event of any kind. He didn't know why he was doing it, except that he was a figure filbert at heart.

While working on the Press, Menke took a side-line job with a Cleveland surgeon to whom had been assigned the task of redistricting the city for polling purposes.

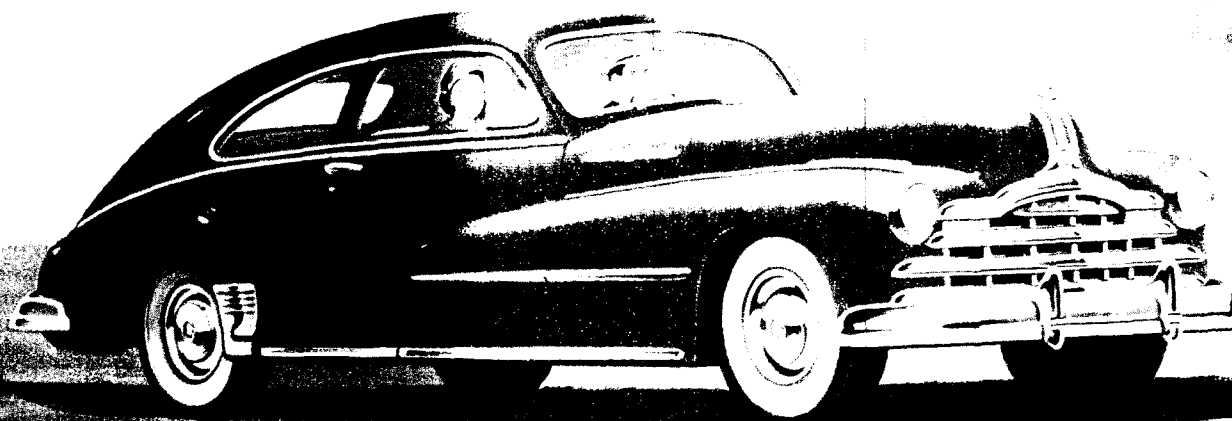
The surgeon was a smoothie who paid Menke off in flattery and promises. When the back-pay tab had mounted to something like \$400, the sawbones broke the news to his assistant "redistrictor" one day that New York was calling him.

"How about those 400 bucks you owe me, Doctor?" asked the stripling statistician, shyly.

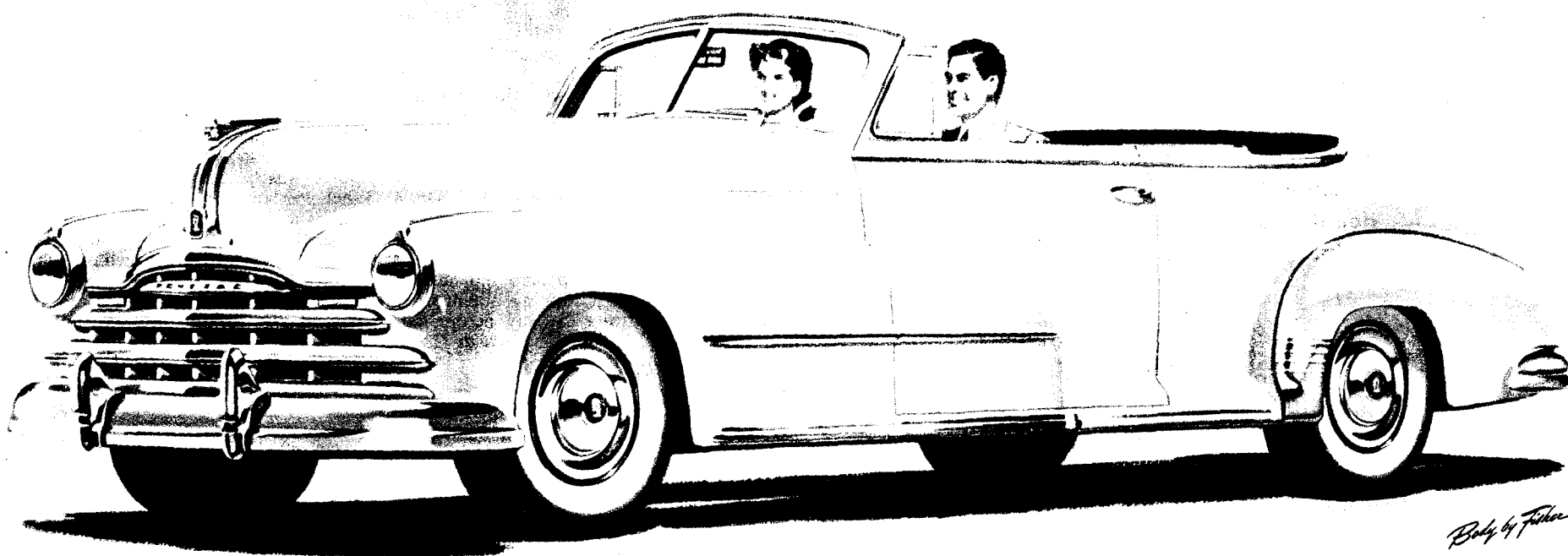
"My boy, you are going to get that money," said the doctor, unctuously. "But only on one condition. You've got to come along to New York and help me in my new post. Cleveland is too small for you."

Menke, a sucker for a superlative in those days, needed no further induce-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



A fine car made even finer



All That a Motor Car Can Give You!

There could be no more logical choice for a big percentage of motor car buyers than the 1948 Pontiac. For it offers all that a motor car can give you—at a price within reach of practically every buyer who can afford any new car at all!

It makes available the amazing performance luxury of General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive.*

It has extraordinary beauty and individuality that is all its own. It rides like a cradle and has pick-up to spare.

It holds the road as if it were a part of it—and it is as saving on upkeep expense as a car can be. Furthermore, there is almost no limit to how long it will serve you, if it is properly cared for. And it is so big and impressive that you can drive it *anywhere*—with *pride*!

When a car offers so much—for so comparatively little—it is the proper car for a great many people.

*GM Hydra-Matic Drive and white sidewall tires optional at additional cost.
HELP AMERICA PRODUCE FOR PEACE—TURN IN SCRAP IRON AND STEEL

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Look what we found!



Blackie:

"Say, Whitey, I'll bet this old treasure chest is full of gold doubloons and pieces of eight."

Whitey:

"Many people would consider it a perfect treasure, Blackie, if it contained a few bottles of BLACK & WHITE!"



"BLACK & WHITE"

*The Scotch
with Character*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

ment. They boarded a lake steamer for Buffalo, took a train for Albany and then changed to the Hudson River Day Line at Albany. The doctor, whose line of sugar was effective with either sex, met a good-looking girl on the boat, invited her to dinner and that was the last Menke saw of him for four years. He never did see his \$400.

That's how Frank Menke, the boy wonder from Cleveland, came to find himself on Broadway with eight bucks in his jeans.

The only person he knew in New York was a chap from back home named James D. Mooney, chairman of the board of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc. Mooney staked him until he landed a job with Philip Mindell, a publicity man. The World Series of 1911 between the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics was about to start as Menke joined the publicity firm, and he learned that his office had signed up Rube Marquard of the Giants' staff to do a series of newspaper articles for syndication. Jack Bell of the North American Newspaper Alliance had Christy Mathewson, the Giants' ace, under contract for the same purpose.

The star batter of the Athletics in those days was Franklin (Home Run) Baker. In the second game of the series, it was Marquard's misfortune to pitch the home-run ball to Franklin at the cost of a ball game. In his syndicated article next day, Mathewson, in the paternal manner that befitted a star who was talking down to a whippersnapper, pointed out wherein the Rube had erred.

"Now, if I had been pitching to Baker," wrote Matty, "I should have given him, etc., etc., etc."

And Then Came Matty's Turn

Next day Matty pitched against the Athletics, and Home Run Baker did it again! The occasion might have passed without affecting the career of Frank G. Menke in the slightest degree had not the ghost writer the Mindell publicity agency had engaged to do Marquard's stuff failed to report that afternoon. Mindell turned in desperation to young Menke and asked him if he knew anything about baseball.

"Just a little," replied our hero modestly.

"Good!" exclaimed Mindell. "Do a piece for Rube Marquard."

Menke didn't have the slightest conception of what ghostwriting was, but he had all the evening papers and he also had on his desk a clipping of the story Matty had written the day before, advising Marquard how to pitch to Home

Run Baker. Best of all, he also had the crass ignorance of youth, which often can be an asset. Rushing in where a more experienced writer would have feared to tread because of his awe for the great Matty, Menke needled the fadeaway king to a fare-thee-well, paying him back twofold with his own line. It was one of those minor classics that the Fates let groping tyros stumble into and it had baseball fans rocking with mirth the next day. Without realizing it, Menke had walloped a literary homer as a pinch hitter, on his first trip to the plate.

It was another ghostwriting job for another firm that gave Menke his next crack at a national audience. The Mindell Syndicate blew up a few months after Menke joined it, and he became a free lance.

One of his first jobs was an assignment by Norman Rose, an old friend from the Cleveland Press, to get an interview with Abe Attell, then the world's featherweight champion. For this, Menke was to get \$20. With Dutch thoroughness, Frank bought a book on The Manly Art of Self-Defense for ten cents before setting out for Dal Hawkins' roadhouse in Westchester County where Honest Abe was training. On the way out by train and trolley car, Menke read the treatise on boxing from cover to cover and, by the time he arrived, was prepared to tell Abe what was wrong with him, just as Matty had done to Rube Marquard. Abe, concentrating on a poker hand, was too busy to be bothered with an interviewer.

"Write anything you want and it'll be okay with me," he said.

Menke rewrote the 10-cent boxing book, showed the story to Abe, who glanced at the first line, then signed his name to it. The N.E.A. distributed Menke's masterpiece to its clients all over the country and there were many inquiries from editors as to who had written it. One of these feelers came from the National News Association (now the International News Service), which offered the author two weeks' employment as a substitute for a man on vacation. Menke took the two weeks' job and remained for two decades. When he finally quit in 1932, it was to devote all his time to his new career of author and statistician.

Menke's job with the Hearst news service was that of all-round reporter. Sports was just a side line for him. Whenever an event of sufficient importance such as the World Series came along, Menke was sent out to cover it. In those days, the papers devoted only three or four columns to sports.

Menke, assigned to cover the World Series of 1912 for the I.N.S. wire, inaugurated a fast detailed report on the game,

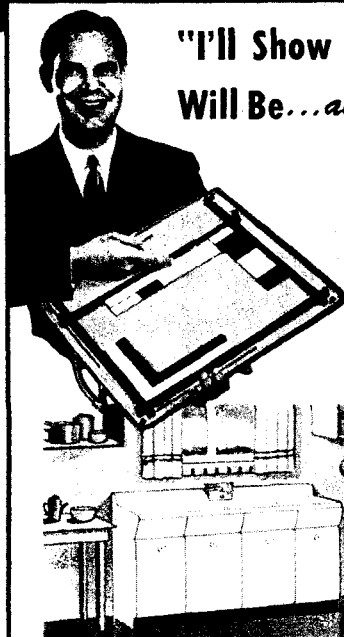
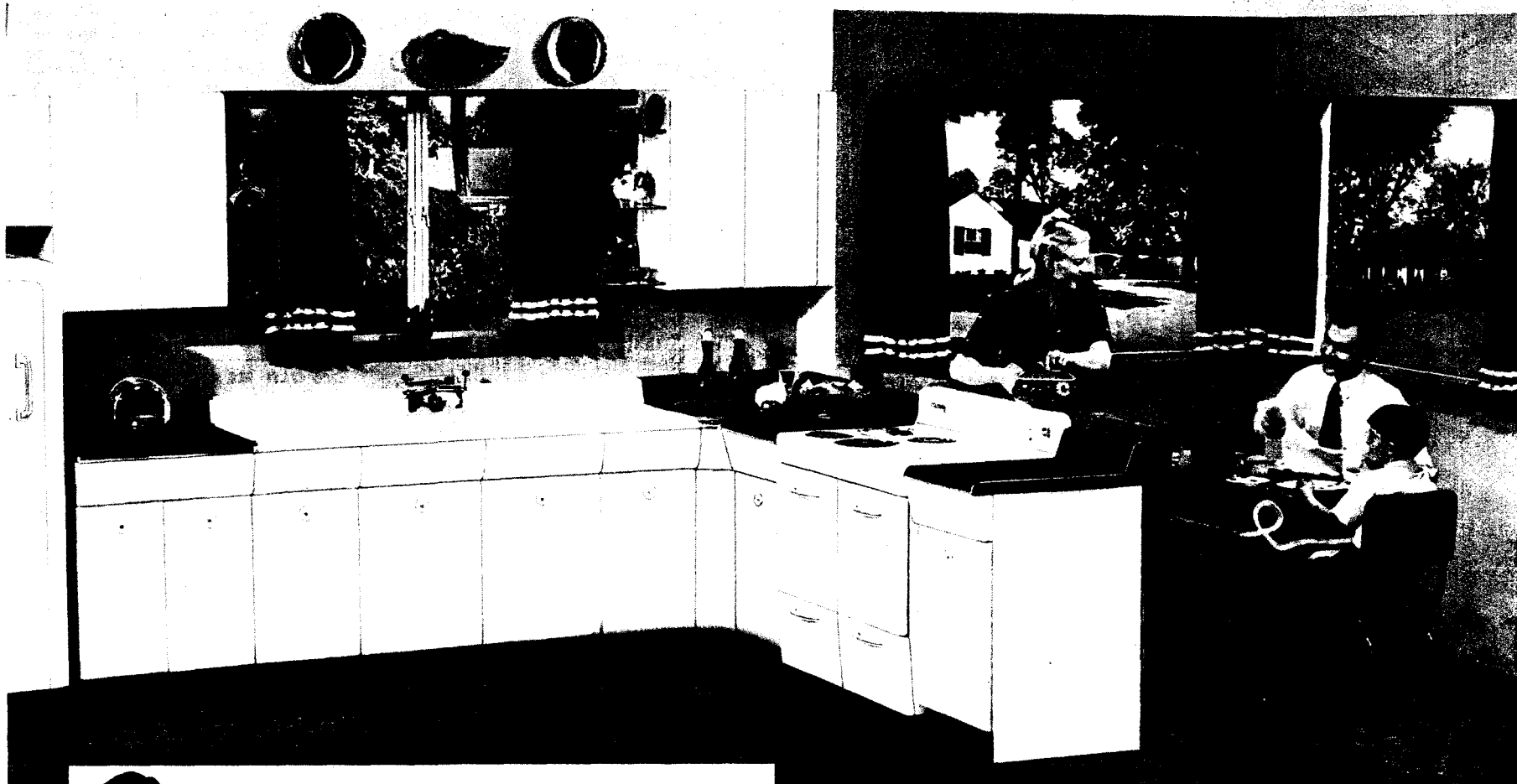


"I made seventy-eight dollars once. I became confused and bought the wrong stock"

PERRY BARLOW

Free! A Complete, Individually-Designed Plan For Your Own New *American* KITCHEN STYLED IN STEEL

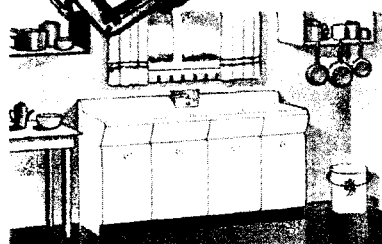
NOW OFFERED BY YOUR AMERICAN KITCHENS DEALER



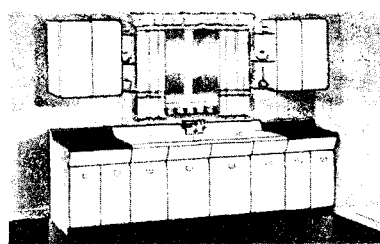
**"I'll Show You Exactly How Your Kitchen
Will Be...and How Easily You Can Get It!"**

Whether you plan to build or remodel, come in and talk to me. I'd like to get your ideas, the measurements of your room, and the placement of its windows and doors. Then, on the wonderful American Kitchens' Plan-a-Kit, we'll work together and arrange your new kitchen—with work-centers exactly where you want them. Then I'll draft the plan for your new American Kitchen... a plan that is yours and yours alone!

Your AMERICAN KITCHENS' Dealer



I'll show you how easy it is to start your own new American Kitchen... beginning with the most important unit, a beautiful, new American Styled-in-Steel Cabinet Sink!



Then you can add-a-unit as you please, gradually creating your own complete American Kitchen... the kitchen you've always dreamed of owning. Truly, you'll find it easy to get your American Kitchen!

Every homemaker who is genuinely interested in having a modern, up-to-the-minute kitchen will welcome this timely opportunity.

Today, American Kitchens' Dealers throughout the country are offering—absolutely free to every progressive homemaker—a complete, individual plan for her own, new American Kitchen!

This is all you do: Talk it over with your American Kitchens' Dealer. With his wonderful Plan-a-Kit—which only American Kitchens' Dealers have—he'll show you exactly how your new American Kitchen will look, in miniature. When you have seen the exact kitchen arrangement you want, he will draft the plan—in precise, workable, installable form—for your kitchen.

Then you'll be ready to start getting your new kitchen whenever you wish. You can have it installed at once, or you can begin with just one unit. In either case, you'll be certain that every unit will fit correctly... that your new American Kitchen will be precisely as you planned it!

Meanwhile, for two beautiful booklets that will aid you in developing your own ideas, send the coupon below.

**American Central
Division—Avco Mfg. Corp., Dept. C-6
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Check Here

I'd like to hear from your nearest American Kitchens' dealer ☐

I'd like to receive your helpful booklets on Kitchen Planning for which I enclose 25c. ☐

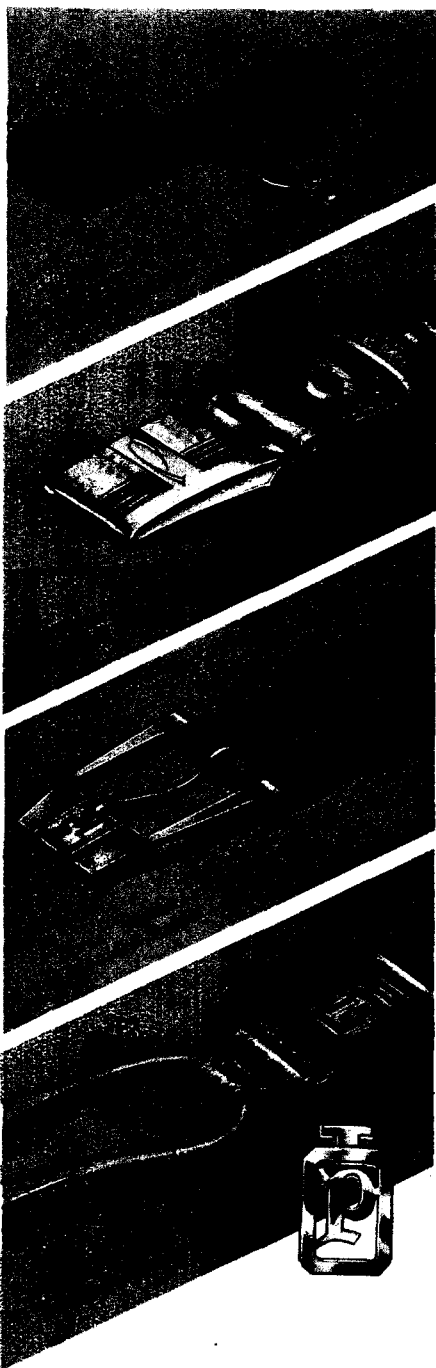
Name.....

Street Address.....

County..... City & State.....

American
KITCHENS
STYLED IN STEEL

AMERICAN CENTRAL DIVISION—Avco Manufacturing Corp., Dept. C-6, Connersville, Indiana

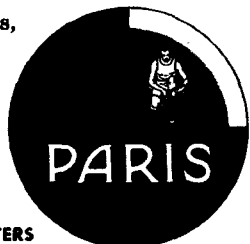


Presents for
by Paris

Give DAD something he can really use, a gift that expresses your thoughtfulness. These smart "Presents by Paris" are preferred by men everywhere, yet they're easy on your pocketbook. Your favorite men's store or department store has a complete selection of "Paris" Gifts, reasonably priced from 55c to \$10.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
A Product of A. Stein & Co.

PARIS BELTS—
SUSPENDERS—GARTERS



assisted by Bill Ryan, a crack operator. Menke described each pitch in detail, gave all the vital particulars of every play and was way ahead of the other services which used the old-fashioned method of summarizing each inning briefly when it ended. In those preradio days, newspapers used to announce the game, play by play, to crowds that gathered in front of their bulletin boards. Menke's fast service enabled I.N.S. clients to beat their competitors, and the effect was to make the service more sports-conscious.

Boxing began to boom as the search for a white hope began. Francis Ouimet beat Harry Vardon and Ed Ray in the play-off of a triple tie for the U.S. Open Championship, giving golf a tremendous lift. Tennis began to increase in popularity and horse racing came back strong. All this meant a demand for more sports news on the wire. By 1913, Menke was writing 800-word sport-feature stories daily for the I.N.S.

A Middle West Team Beats Army

In search of an unusual feature, Menke went up to West Point one Saturday afternoon that fall to see a team called Notre Dame from somewhere in the Middle West play Army. The Army bowed, 35-13, to the South Benders. Menke's description of that game made such a hit with his boss, Ernest Pratt, that the young Cleveland whiz-bang won the first by-line ever put on a sports story sent over the wire. At the end of the season, Menke quit writing sports and went back to news reporting, but the clients would have none of that nonsense. To appease them and stop cluttering up the wire, Mr. Pratt bade François write a daily sports feature which could be mailed to clients.

In between sports seasons, he covered assignments such as the suffragettes' march on Washington, organized and led by Rosalie Gardiner Jones. Starting from New York in February, the tootsy caravan headed down the main pike for the capital, by easy stages, timed to make it for Woodrow Wilson's inauguration. Menke and a squad of other newspapermen walked along with the girls.

Menke broke away from I.N.S. for a short time early in 1917 to organize his own syndicate, but a scarcity of newsprint forced him to listen to an offer from Moses Koenigsberg of Newspaper Feature Service who was organizing King Features Syndicate for William Randolph Hearst. Menke, who had three stenographers and two salesmen on his pay roll, agreed to take the job only on condition that Koenigsberg hire his staff of five also. It was a bargain. James J. Corbett was the first "name" Koenigsberg signed for the new syndicate.

Menke suddenly found himself losing his identity and becoming a member of the literary spirit world as he ghosted for all manner of people. One day he would expound on the problems of labor under the by-line of Samuel Gompers. The next day he would be Raymond Hitchcock, telling what was wrong with the American stage. Then he would become spiritual and write the messages of the noted prelate, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. In between ghost-writing chores, he was to cover all the top sporting events for the Hearst syndicate and news service.

When the Federal Bureau of Narcotics was campaigning against the illegal use of drugs on the race track, William Randolph Hearst requested J. V. Connolly of King Features to send a sports writer along with Ralph Oyler, the government man in charge of the investigation. Menke was assigned. With his usual thoroughness, he acquired a solid background on the subject of drugging horses and wrote a series of articles on the evil that astounded racing fans.

Harry J. Anslinger, head of the Narcotics Bureau, is authority for the state-

ment that, as a result of this assignment, Menke knows more about "hopping horses" than anyone else outside his own staff of experts. But Frank can't "dope" 'em himself, as he has found after repeated tussles with the invincible Iron Men, as a form player.

Menke is as well posted on Australian sports as he is on the athletic pastimes of his native land. Back in the early twenties he was the American correspondent for the Sydney Referee, a famous sporting publication then owned by Hugh McIntosh, the boxing promoter and theatrical man. In 1925, McIntosh's three Sydney newspapers, The Times, The Arrow and The Referee, began to slip and he cabled Menke an urgent appeal to come down to Australia and see what he could do about putting them back on their feet.

Taking a leave of absence from King Features, Menke arrived in Sydney in January, 1926, and five hours off the boat found that the only thing wrong with the papers was everything. His first move was to fire the advertising director.

"Lord love a duck, you can't do that, Menke, old fellow," said Hugh. "Why, he's the best advertising man in Australia."

"But he can't get any ads," said Menke. "I'm going to give his job to a chap who is really the best advertising man in Australia but doesn't know it."

"Who's that?" asked McIntosh.

"Mr. Hugh McIntosh," said Menke.

"By Jove!" said McIntosh. "That's an idea. I'm always doing favors for a lot of wowzers. Now let's see them do some for me."

With that, Hugh picked up a telephone, called a department-store manager and got a \$4,000 advertisement in the time it takes to suppress a yawn. In three months, McIntosh more than doubled the volume of advertising in his three papers. Meanwhile, Menke Americanized them typographically and editorially. Not long after Frank had returned to America in May, Mr. McIntosh was able to dispose of his newspaper holdings for approximately a million dollars.

That same year Menke was a two-faced ghost named, from left to right, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, who were training for their first fight for the heavyweight title.

In Dutch with Gentleman Jim

A few days before the battle was to come off in Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial Stadium, Menke tried to get in touch with Jim Corbett, whose stuff he also had to write for King Features. Jim's prediction was to be run on the morning of the battle. As the deadline approached, Corbett couldn't be found anywhere, so Menke, basing his prediction on the ex-champion's oft-expressed opinion that a clever boxer would invariably beat a slugger, represented Gentleman Jim as predicting a victory on points for Tunney.

The New York American gave it a front-page banner headline spread the day of the fight. Corbett flew into a rage, called up Mr. Koenigsberg and demanded that Menke be fired at once for making him look so ridiculous. The Friars Club had a special car on one of the fight trains that evening, but Corbett, a member, was so shamefaced, he wouldn't ride in it although he had reservations. When Jim arrived in Philadelphia, he went on a still hunt for Menke, threatening to annihilate him if he found the blackguard. The former champion, notorious for picking them wrong, told those who twitted him about his daring prediction, that he had been tricked; that Dempsey was his real selection.

On the way back from Philadelphia that rainy night on which the title changed hands, the Friars' car on the fight special witnessed a drama almost as

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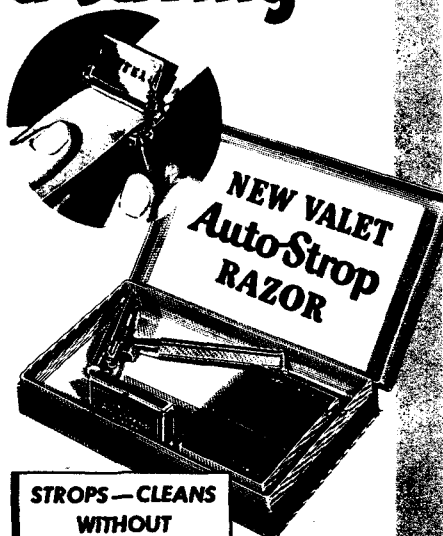
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Collier's for June 5, 1948

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Collier's for June 5, 1948

startling as Gene Tunney's victory which they had just witnessed. At Trenton, Gentleman Jim, all smiles, strode into the chair car, holding a New York American against his chest, pointing to the headline, "Corbett Picks Tunney," and declaiming, like a Shakespearean actor: "Corbett was right again."

Even though Menke has a methodical mind, like most newspapermen he is impractical. His passion for orderliness urged him to tackle the dull job of assembling and collating a lot of statistics. The impractical dreamer in him prevented him from first investigating the probable market for such a work. So he plunged blindly into a job that all but broke his heart and did break his bank account and his health before he finally won out.

His first effort, the All-Sports Record Book, published in 1930, dealt only with 19 sports and brought more complaints from people who wanted to know why he had snubbed their favorite sport than it brought customers. Menke got out this paper-bound edition himself and lost money on the venture. The 1931 edition covered 35 sports. "That ought to hold them," Frank had said.

When the complaints arrived this time, the discouraged author realized he was just starting to scrape the surface of a subject on which he had thought he was experting. There were statistics on 45 sports in the 1932 edition. But the depression had the country in such bad shape by this time that Menke found out the only way he could get rid of sports record books would be to make them edible and give them away in bread lines. Undaunted, however, he came back in 1935 with another edition of the All-Sports Record Book, this time with 80 sports included. Again it was a flop.

The 1936 edition (a Menke never surrenders) found a better sale as times began to improve. Also, it carried an advertisement for Jack Dempsey's new restaurant, which was paid for with a \$500 due bill in the chophouse. Frank ate that year and also broke even on his book. He landed the post of press agent for the Kentucky Derby in 1938, a job he handled through 1945. This chore provided him with enough income to keep him going on his labor of love. Just to keep in shape, he compiled a statistical history of the Derby dating back to 1875 and dashed off Colonel Matt J. Winn's life story. Down the Stretch, while resting.

The indefatigable and unsinkable author had tried a new format for his annual in 1939. Besides giving records, he wrote a complete history of the origin and growth of every important sport.

Having lost money by selling his Record Books for 50 cents, and later, one dollar, he decided to raise the price to \$2 for the Encyclopedia. You could have laid Frank stone-cold dead in the market with a wallop from a pocket dictionary when his agent's statement showed he had made a profit of \$200 on this opus. That cut his losses for a decade of statistic-mongering to \$29,800. "But I acquired a wonderful collection of sports-page clippings," says Menke, as if clippings were something a writer could eat.

Back-Numbers Business Booms

The war brought a totally unexpected demand for the back numbers of his "works." Soldiers and sailors wrote home for Record Books to settle sports arguments, and Frank "gave them the works," at reduced rates. The demand grew so great, Menke went to a publishing house, recited his discouraging experiences as an author-publisher, and offered to write an encyclopedia that would really cover the ground. A. S. Barnes & Company accepted the proposition and sold 85,000 copies of his 628-page Sports Encyclopedia published in 1944 at \$3.50. Having disposed of such a large number of books, Menke now really began to hear from his public about the sports he had snubbed.

"Let's give them a superduper the next time," said his publisher.

"When do you want it?" asked Menke.

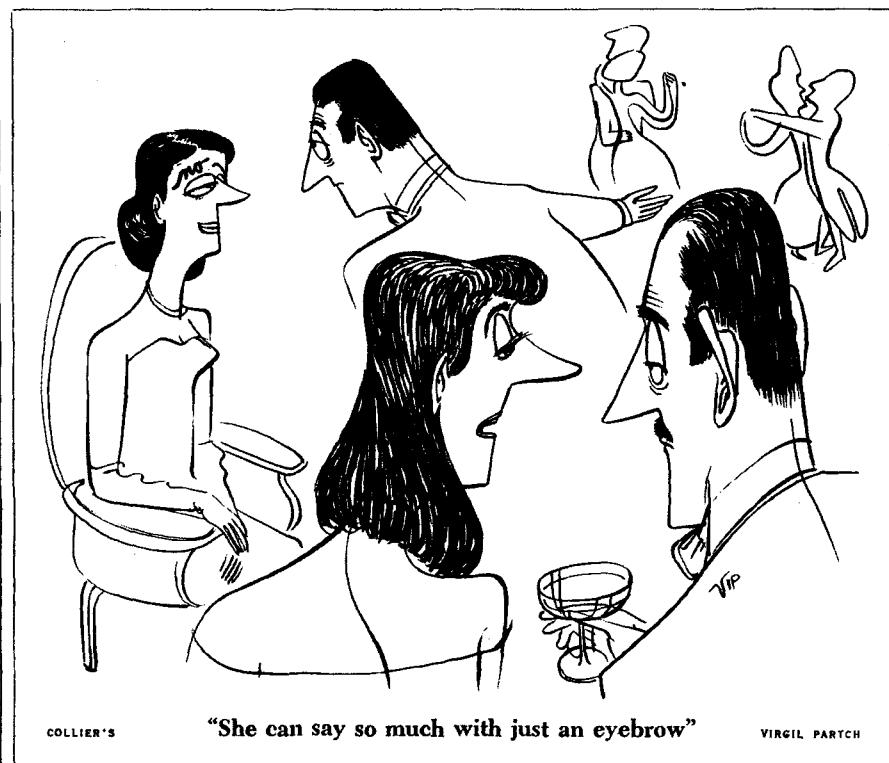
"How about four months?" asked the publisher.

Without thinking, Frank agreed. He had hardly undertaken the job, however, when he realized he was trying to do two years of drudgery in sixteen weeks. But with Menke, a promise isn't something to be forgotten. Stubbornly he stuck to it. Fifteen- and eighteen-hour working days were the rule rather than the exception. Sometimes he would toil 36 hours without rest. Finally his nerves began to play tricks and he lost 25 pounds. But he made his deadline as usual. When he had finished the writing end of the job, he went to his doctor.

"Lay off writing for six months if you want to live," he was warned.

If Frank wanted to lay off writing permanently, he probably could live well on the fruits of his gargantuan, two-decade tussle with sports statistics and facts, which is just now starting to bring reward. Instead, he's already worrying about how to include several hundred additional pages of information in his next Encyclopedia without increasing the weight.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"She can say so much with just an eyebrow"

VIRGIL PARTCH

**Robert
Bruce**

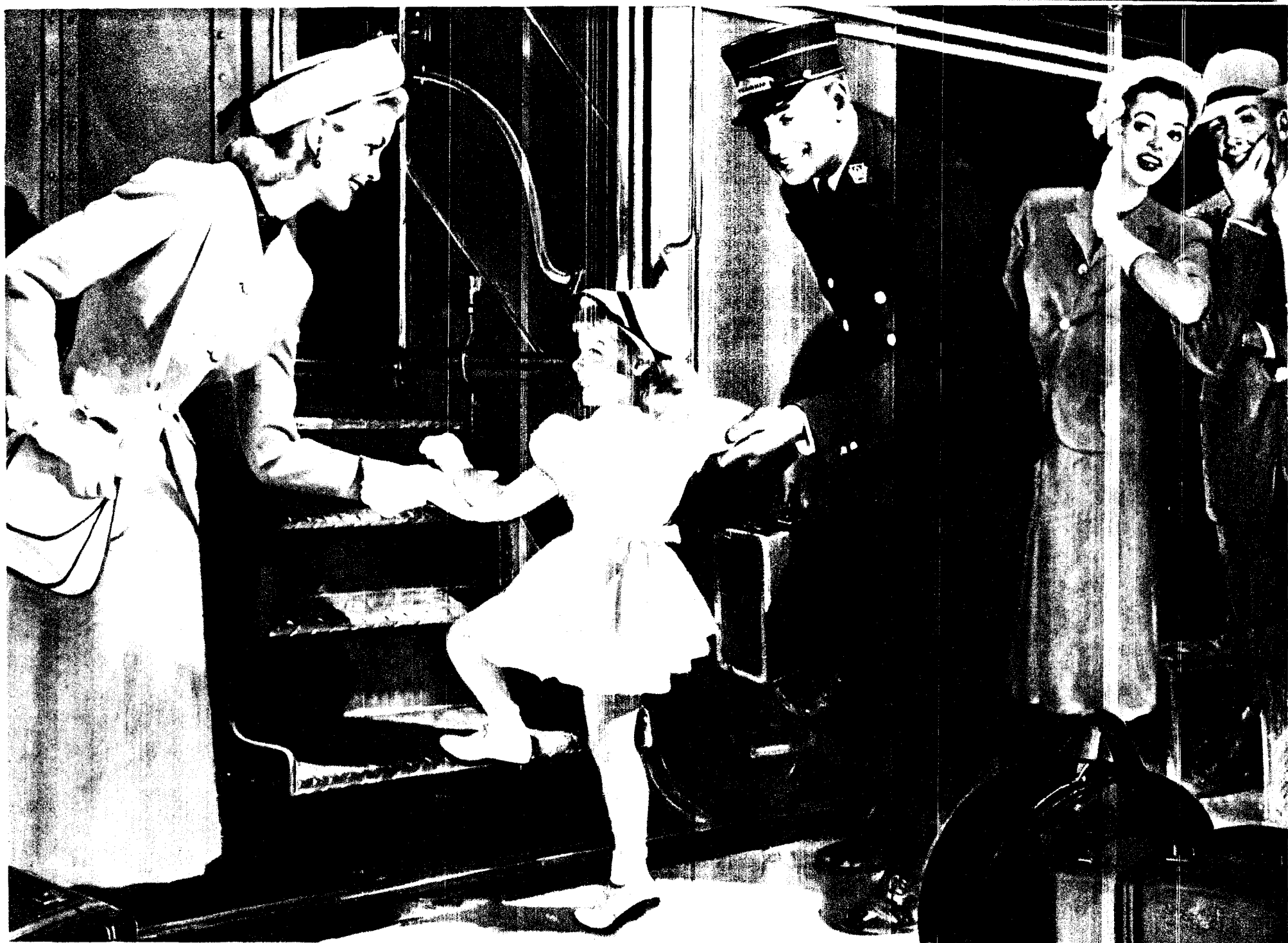
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A SLIGHT CASE OF CONNECTICUT

Continued from page 25

"Look," Tom said feebly, "let's drop the whole thing, shall we?" He got up and with the dazed feeling of a man escaping from a nightmare, walked out of the living room. His only thought was to flee from Junior; then as he was crossing the hall he saw his host, Pete Fisher, descending the stairs. Pete was a small, dapper man who carried himself with a certain bantam jauntiness.

"Ah, there, Tom! How about a small drink before the girls come down?"

Tom said a small drink would be fine. He followed the other along the hall to a pine-paneled room that Pete said used to be the woodshed, but was now his study.

"What do you study?" Tom asked, unable to resist the question.

But Pete, unlocking a cupboard in the wall, only grinned over his shoulder and said, "Social anesthesia."

"I see," Tom said. "Make mine bourbon and water, please."

"My mission in life," Pete said, "is to relieve the suffering of my friends and loved ones. Everyone seems to be in pain—especially from 5 to 7 P.M. How is it in California?"

Tom laughed. "About the same, though I think we suffer less consciously out there in the sunshine. Anyway, I like it."

"Then why did you leave it?"

"Liza got to dreaming about the elms."

"Ah!" Pete said. They sat down. "Liza's a lovely girl. I'm glad she didn't marry Linc Sloan."

"I hear he's coming to dinner tonight."

"He's always coming to dinner," Pete said. "He was in my class at New Haven; he's one of my oldest and closest friends and a wonderful guy. But somehow," the little man added, "I've never liked him."

"No? Why not?"

"Because he's so wonderful," Pete said. "He's the local ideal, and a walking menace to the male population of Stanwich. Married women measure their husbands by the Sloan standard. Ex-football star, ex-fighter pilot and now a big advertising man. His only open failure was with Liza. They were practically engaged, you know. Then Liza went West—she told Sally she wanted to think things over—and then she met you, and that seemed to be the answer."

"Yes," Tom said, "I thought so."

"Well," Pete said, "it'll be interesting to watch, anyway."

"What'll be interesting?"

"The battle between East and West. Between you and—"

"Linc Sloan?"

The little man stared into his glass. "I don't think it's quite as crude, or as simple, as that. Emerson says that people are symbols living in a world of symbols, or words to that effect. My guess is that Sloan stands as a symbol of Liza's youth here in Stanwich—a kind of romantic ideal that still haunts her mind. American women try to make over their husbands to fit their ideals. Failing which, they either give up and are happy with imperfection, or they stick to their dreams and head for Reno." Here the little man raised his glass in salute to Tom. "As one husband to another," he said, "I wish you luck."

LINCOLN SLOAN was the type, Tom decided later, that Hollywood producers never knew how to cast properly. They would get an Englishman to play the part, and that would be wrong, because Sloan was definitely American. He was a perfect specimen of Metropolitan Man: the highly polished product of a species indigenous to the Eastern seaboard, whose habitat lies between the Housatonic and Hudson rivers and whose spiritual home is the Yale Bowl.

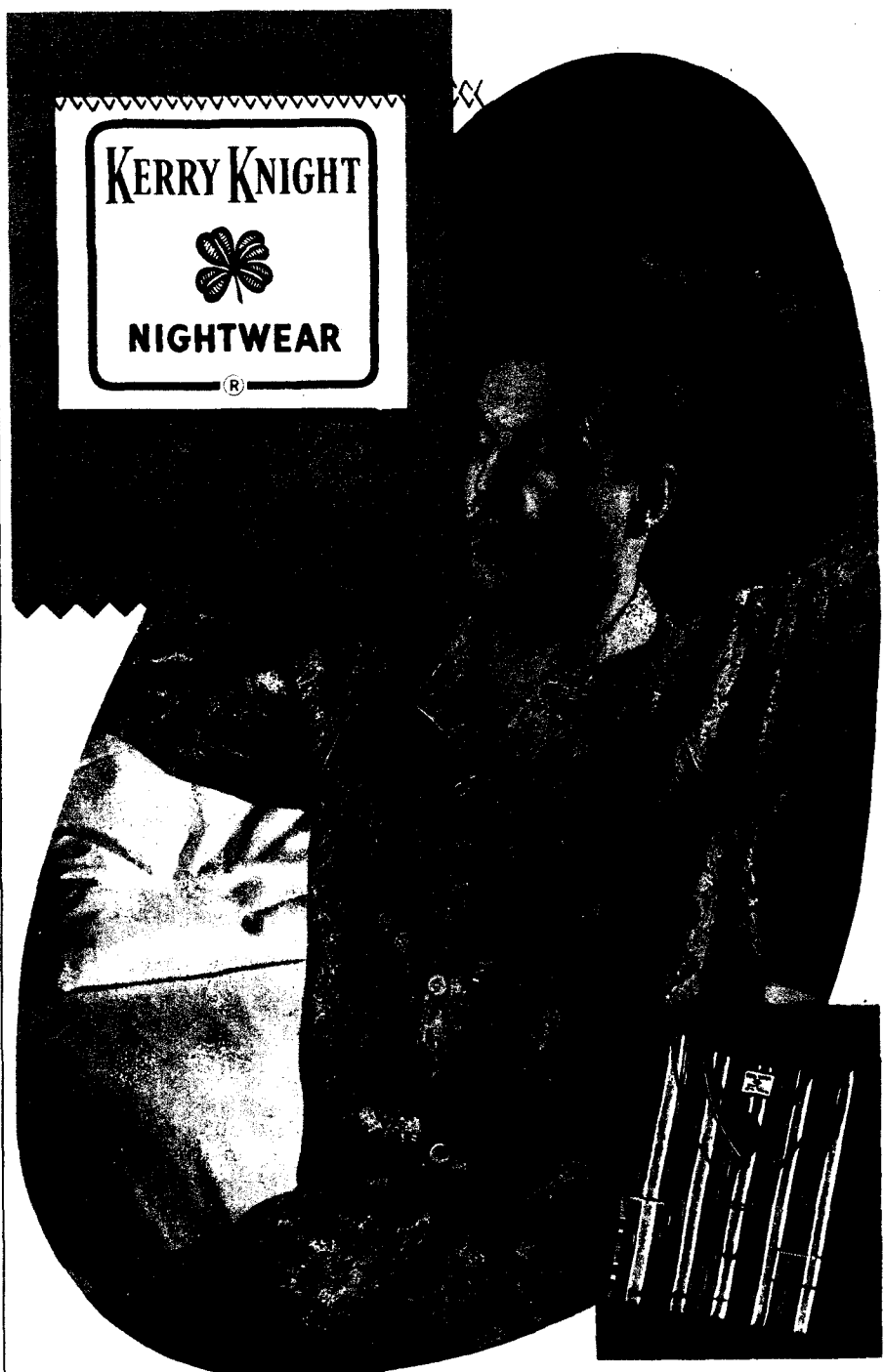
Linc had kissed Liza heartily when he came in. Then, with the ease of a politician snaring a reluctant constituent, he turned his charm on Tom. "Any husband of Liza's," he said, as they shook hands, "is a friend of mine."

If another man had said it, Tom would have winced and gone quickly from his presence. But with Linc Sloan's flashing smile and buoyant, warmhearted manner it did not sound fatuous at all. And it developed that Sloan's eagerness to meet Tom was genuine.

"Funny thing!" he told them all, in his rich baritone. "I've been looking around for a man who knows the moving-picture game, and here I run into one who's also a friend by marriage!"

He's going to milk that gag dry, Tom thought.

"Why," Liza asked Linc Sloan, "are



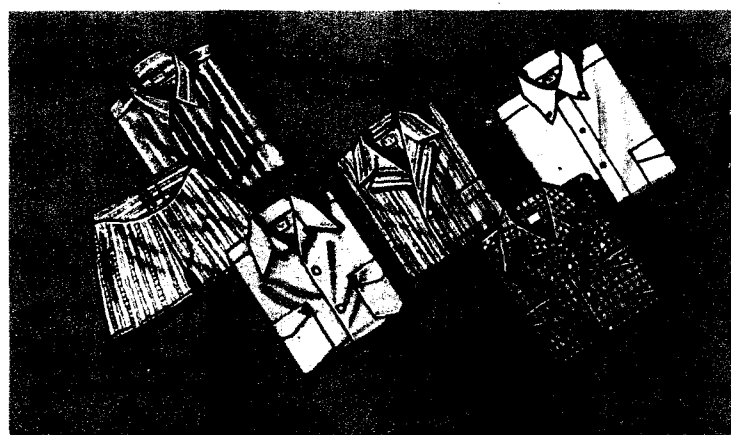
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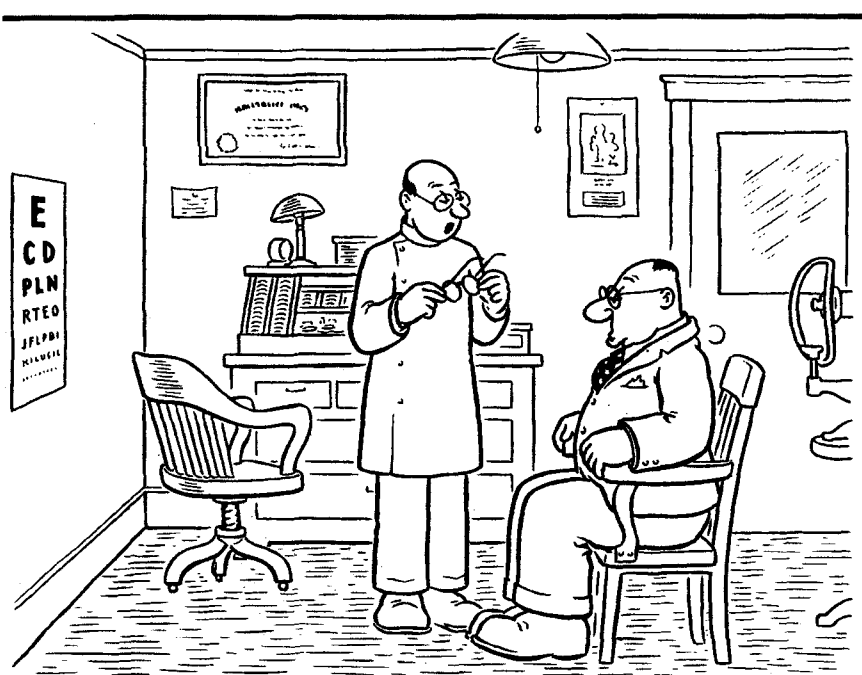
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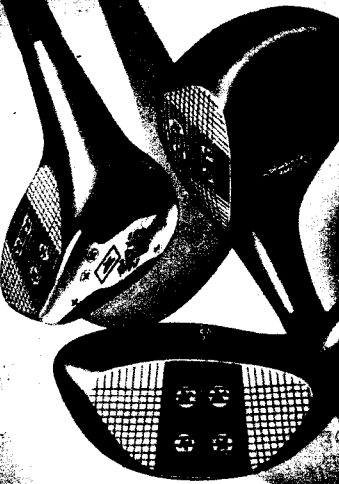
COLLIER'S

Collier's for June 5, 1948

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you looking for a man who knows pictures?"

Sloan turned to her. He seemed to swell a little. "In the advertising game," he said impressively, "you've got to keep on your toes. Some of my most important accounts are going in for movie documentaries of their products. I'm thinking of setting up a whole new department to handle that operation."

Tom said, "I knew a man once who made a picture of a penguin. But I don't see how you could write a script about a bottle of perfume or a cake of soap."

"That," Linc said, "is where you would come in."

"Who, me?" Tom said, inelegantly but forcibly.

"Darling," Liza said, "it seems almost like the hand of fate, doesn't it? Because you were thinking of looking around for a job in the East and here's one you might fit right into."

"Listen," Tom said, "I don't want to fit into anything. And let's leave the hand of fate out of it. I'm beginning to feel snatched at."

An elderly maid came in and announced dinner.

Tom sat on Sally Fisher's right. She was a plump, palpitant brunette and he guessed that she hated him for marrying Liza. Women like Sally either hated or adored; they had no emotions in between. "I'm so glad to have this chance to know you," she said, with a brightly spurious smile. "All Liza said was that you were a genius, which always sounds sort of fallow. But you look much too healthy for a writer."

"It's the California climate," he told her gravely.

"Oh, yes," Sally purred. "But you do have earthquakes, and floods, and all those odd religions, and I hear the women don't dress for anything."

"Uh-huh," Tom said. "There's never a dull moment in California."

Sally glared at him and then subsided, and Tom was free to look at Liza and Lincoln Sloan sitting opposite him. They were laughing and talking about things he knew nothing about and he felt uncomfortably excluded.

SUDDENLY his eye was caught by a movement in the living room. He sat facing the door that opened into it, and now he could see a small white-robed figure creeping across the far end of that room. As Tom watched, the figure lunged forward and disappeared under the Queen Anne sofa.

"I do hope you're comfortable in the attic," Sally said abruptly. "You know, you can see the Sound from your window."

Tom gathered that once he'd seen the Sound there'd be nothing else for him to live for. He said pleasantly, "You must come out and visit us sometime. You can see the Pacific Ocean from our window."

That silenced Sally and then they were through dinner and Junior Fisher was waiting in the living room, in his pajamas and a terry-cloth bathrobe, to say good night to them. Liza and Linc Sloan had gone straight to the sofa and were sitting there when Junior went out. Tom saw the boy glance at them and noticed that Junior's eyes widened as he looked.

Tom wanted to get Liza away from Linc Sloan, but his mind was a blank till Pete Fisher said helpfully, "You travelers must be tired after your long trip."

Tom said, "Thanks. We are." He got up from his chair and walked over to the sofa. "Well," he said cheerily, "I'm pretty tired and I guess Liza's pretty tired, too. Traveling always exhausts her, and—"

"Nonsense, darling," Liza said. "I'm not in the least exhausted, and I've got a lot to talk over with Linc. You go up and get a nice, long sleep. It'll do you good. 'Night, darling."

There was nothing else for him to do

but to say good night and climb wretchedly up to his lonely attic room. He was almost undressed when he heard the stairs creaking loudly. He ran out into the hall. Looking over the rail, he saw Sally and Pete ascending to the second floor. So that left Liza and Linc alone in the living room!

Back in his cell, the blast of cold Connecticut air that struck Tom Drake when he opened the window was no more frigid than his feeling about Connecticut itself.

TOM woke early next morning to hear a foghorn moaning over the unseen Sound. The irresponsible Eastern climate had turned warm and clammy. Everything dripped, including his clothes. He dressed and crept downstairs. Passing the living-room door he looked in and saw the Queen Anne sofa; and suddenly he had a hunch. He plunged into the room, dropped to his knees and hauled out from under the sofa Junior Fisher's Little Wonder dictaphonograph.

For a moment he hesitated. He had never understood machinery and he'd always been reticent about snapping on switches or twiddling dials. He had a suspicion that someday somebody'd twiddle one dial too many and then—Boom! But his hunch was irresistible. He saw a dial labeled **PLAYBACK** and turned it. Liza's voice leaped out at him:

"I'm willing to put up a hundred thousand if you take Tom into the firm. I want him to have a good, respectable job and as long as you need money—well, it seems like the hand of fate, doesn't it?"

"It does indeed!" That was Lincoln Sloan's voice. "I think I can use Tom and I know I can use a hundred thousand. I'm making money, but it takes a lot of capital these days."

"All right, Linc, it's a deal."

"Let's shake hands on it."

Silence; a maddening mechanical hum; then suddenly Liza's voice again: "You understand, of course, that Tom must never know anything about this?"

"I understand," Sloan's voice said. "It'll seem like old times, sharing a secret with you."

"I don't remember any secrets."

"No? What about that night at Savin Rock? The night you told your mother you were going to stay with Sally?"

"I'd forgotten that night, and I should think you'd want to forget it, too. Anyway, I confessed the next day and . . . I thought we were through shaking hands."

"Liza!"

"No, don't, Linc."

"Liza, I can't help loving you. I've always believed we belonged to each other and maybe I'm crazy but I can't help thinking you've come back to me."

"No, no, please! You mustn't think that! It would only complicate things, and I want my life to be simple and respectable and—"

"Life is never simple and it's seldom respectable."

"All right, Linc, we'll discuss life later. But first—"

Tom hit the machine with his hand and it stopped dead. He rushed out of the room, up the stairs and into Liza's room. But when he saw her lying curled up asleep in bed, the golden head pillowed on the smooth brown arm, the slim body defenseless under the covers, Tom felt ferocity depart from him. In its place sprang up a sudden, implacable determination.

"Liza!"

The sleeper stirred, then murmured, "You said you preferred them with leaves."

"Liza, wake up! You're dreaming! I want to talk to you."

"Isn't it awfully early? It feels awfully—"

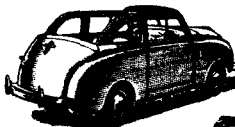
"Listen," Tom said, and reached for her bare shoulder; but quickly withdrew his hand. "Where were you going to get a hundred thousand dollars to buy me

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GATOR ROACH HIVES

Collier's for June 5, 1948

into business with Linc Sloan?" he demanded.

The drowsy voice said, "I was going to take it out of my special account." Then one blue eye opened. "How do you know—?"

"I'll tell you after you've answered my question."

She sat up slowly, and her hair fell in a bright cascade around her shoulders. "The truth is I'm rich," she said. "I know it sounds crude, I hate to use such a vulgar, old-fashioned, four-letter word, but I don't know how else to put it."

Tom used a four-letter word of his own. "Well!" he said.

Liza said, "One of my ancestors helped to buy Manhattan Island from the Indians. I think he furnished the beads."

"Listen," Tom said, "I don't care if you've got a million dollars—"

"Or several millions?"

"Several!" he said, "My God, I've been living with an heiress and didn't know it!" As he stared down at her, he felt that now even her hair had a higher gold content. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to, on our honeymoon. Then you said never to bother you about money, so I didn't. Then I thought it would be fun to wait till you wanted something extravagant, like a farm or a yacht or—"

"I don't want a yacht! I've never wanted a yacht!"

"But I just thought it would be a nice way to break the news to you. I mean I was going to write a card explaining everything—"

"And tie it to the yacht?"

"Or the farm," Liza said.

"I see. But instead, you decided to buy me a chunk of Linc Sloan's advertising firm. Only you didn't plan to write a card. It was going to be a secret between you and your old friend Linc!"

"Tom, how did you find out?"

He told her. "See?" he said. "We live in a great big beautiful fantastic world, where you turn a switch and get truth from a machine! Then you twirl a dial, and the whole works blows up in your foolish face! You marry a wife and love her and trust her and then you find she's got secrets—"

"Tom, I haven't!"

"Oh, no? What about your deal with Sloan? And what about that night at Savin Rock? And what the hell is Savin Rock anyway?"

"Stop swearing. It's an amusement

resort near New Haven. I went there once with Linc during the course of a childish, all-night binge. I'll admit he got ideas along about midnight, but it was just a clumsy college try, and I slapped him in the Tunnel of Love."

Tom groaned. "A tunnel-worker! And you want me to be like him."

"Tom," she said, "I was wrong. But when Linc hinted that he needed more capital and said he really *did* want a man for his movie department, and you said you wanted to work at *something*, I thought it was a wonderful chance for you. I don't see why you won't let me back you."

He said, "Because I don't like being backed. In plain words, I don't like being bossed. I've always run my own show and I mean to go on running it as long as I can stagger. Besides, I don't like Linc Sloan. And I'll tell you something else. We're not going to settle here. We're leaving—right now!"

"Leaving? But we've only just got here!"

"I don't give a damn. I've had enough. I'm going home. I—"

"Darling, don't be so violent. Come and kiss me, darling!"

HE LOOKED at her sitting there in a nightgown that had no more restraint than a fish net; and he was greatly tempted. But instinct told him that if he surrendered to her now, he'd be lost forever.

"No," he said. "Get up, Liza. We're going back to California. Not because it's a better place than Connecticut, but because my home and my job are there."

"What about me?"

"You're my wife. You go where I go, or you're not my wife any more. Now come on, get up."

All at once her cheeks were flaming. "No, I won't! I won't have you bullying me! You big bully!"

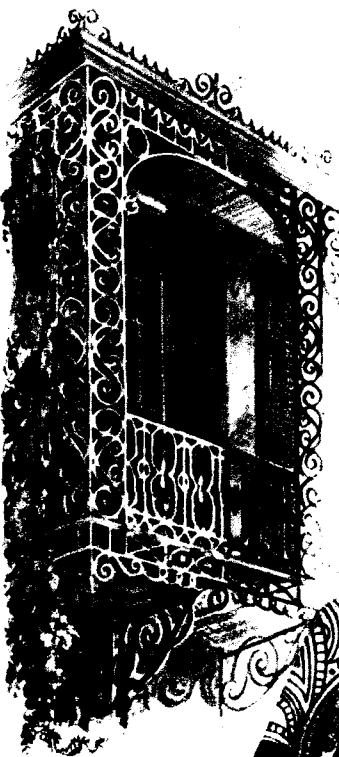
He said, "Liza!" and took a step toward her. But she gave a wild sob, flopped down and pulled the covers over her head. He moved blindly to the door. He tried to think of some adequate farewell, but as so often happens in moments of human crisis, the neat and noble phrase eluded him.

"I hope you'll be very happy," he said, and walked smack into the doorjamb as he blundered out of the room. . . .

Shortly thereafter Tom Drake, carrying a hastily packed suitcase, departed

Old Southern Grillwork

- we thank you!



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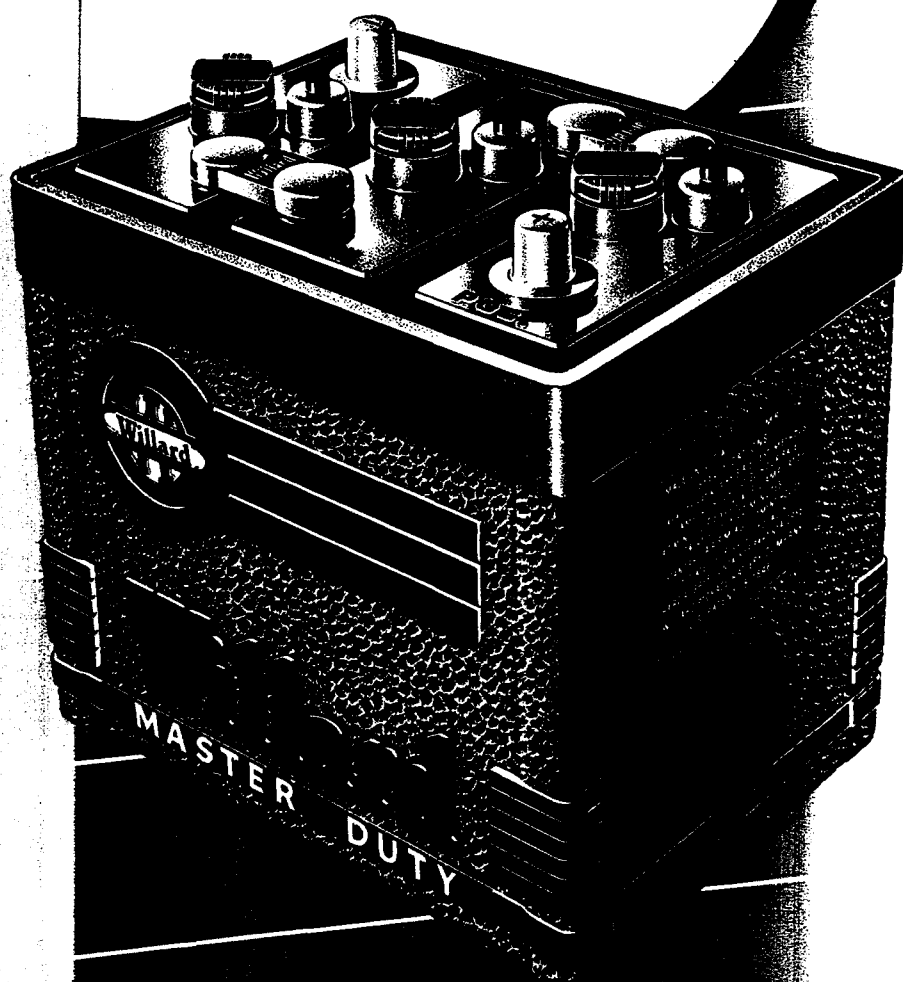
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forever from the Fishers' old colonial house. He was determined not to look back, because he knew he could see Liza's window from the drive.

So he looked back, and the window was empty. The great elms stood motionless in the fog. Nothing moved or waved to him, and he strode on down the drive.

BUT something was waving on the mountain behind his house when he got back to California three mornings later. He'd wired his agent, Sam Ernst, that he was taking the Super Chief and please to have the house open, but he couldn't see why there should be laundry on the clothesline on the slope.

He paid the taxi driver and climbed sadly to the rear terrace to investigate. What he saw fluttering from the clothesline was a slip, a pair of stockings, a pair of pink pants.

There are times in a man's life when reason is suspended, when the heart leaps to conclusions with a joyous logic all its own. Tom Drake didn't stop to wonder whether doors would be open; he knew they would be. He didn't stop for anything. The one big bedroom was downstairs on the lower level and he made it in three long jumps.

Liza was sitting up in bed, in a nightgown that had as much substance as a high fog. Her golden hair was beautifully arranged, her lips were carefully made up and so, judging by her tranquil air, was her mind.

"Welcome home, darling," she said. "Did you see my wash on the line?"

He nodded, speechless. Then emotion gave way to a need for rational explanation. "Liza, how did you—?"

"I flew."

"But all the planes were grounded by fog! I tried to—"

"Only for a day, darling. I got here yesterday, and I called Sam, and he told me what train you were on. I thought at first I'd meet you at the station, but then I decided this would be nicer."

He stood at the foot of the bed,

scarcely daring to move for fear it would all turn out to be a mirage.

"Linc Sloan put me on the plane. He insisted on driving me to the airport."

"All right. I give him my blessing."

"But just as I was going through the gate he tried to kiss me."

"I take it back."

"Darling, he did kiss me. And you know what? I slapped him."

"That," Tom said, "is fine news. Very, very fine news."

"Well," Liza said, "are you going to stand there talking all day?"

"No," Tom said. He took an experimental, almost cautious step around the end of the bed.

"You don't have to creep," she said.

Then he was beside her, leaning over her, reaching out for her in the big bed and holding her tightly in his arms.

"Darling, wait. Don't smother me, just yet. I've got one thing to say, just one serious thing, so you won't think you married an utterly brainless woman. The reason I wanted to go East was that I had a kind of—I suppose you'd call it a nesting instinct. I'm going to have a baby."

"You're what!"

"Oh, I don't mean I'm pregnant. I mean it's time we started to have a family, only I wasn't sure whether I wanted to bring up my young out here, or back East where I was born. But when you walked out on me, I knew I didn't care where we lived, as long as we were together."

"Listen," Tom said. "I love you."

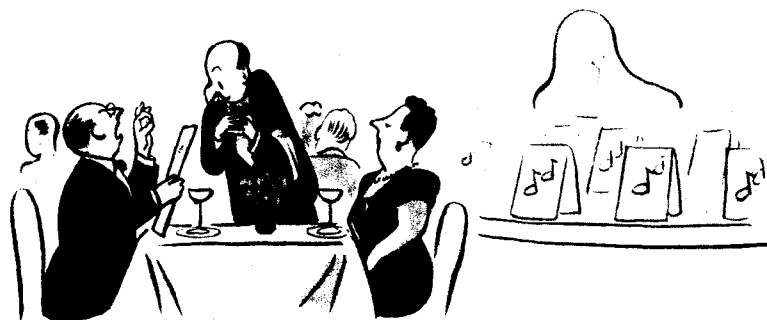
"Then that's all right," she said, "and we don't have to be serious any more."

"Yes, it's all right now," Tom said. "But, Liza, what happened to us?"

"Why," she said, "I just had a slight case of Connecticut, that's all. But I'm cured, darling."

"What cured you?" he asked; but he really didn't care because he'd started the smothering process and his lips were already on hers. But as he kissed her, he thought he heard her murmur, "Those awful bare elms!"

THE END



"Now then, we've brought the pheasant to a charcoal broil, yes?"

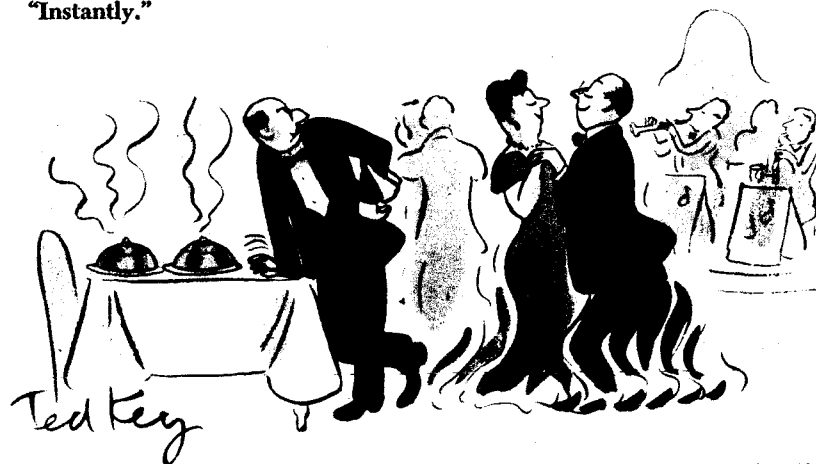
"Yes, sir."

"Very well, now we raise the temperature a brisk fifteen degrees, letting the meat juices seep into the succulent bird for just one brief second. Voila! Done! We wait no longer! We serve it instantly!"

"Instantly, yes, sir."

"Instantly!"

"Instantly."



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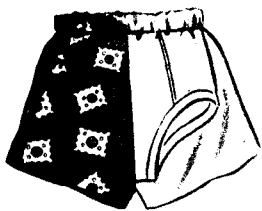
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SPEEDWAY WHAMMIES

Continued from page 6

► They Gotta Tee Off

Golf and tennis are required subjects along with Economics and English Lit at Hamilton College (enrollment 600) in upstate New York. Students spend three hours weekly mastering "carry-over" sports of the tennis-squash-handball variety which they can play after graduation. The passing grade for golf majors is under 50 for nine holes.

"Some of the students grumble over the compulsory sweating," athletic director Mox Weber says, "but the grumblers usually come back to their five-year reunion and thank the coaches for teaching them how to putt and volley. The work must be worth-while, because graduates contribute \$60,000 every year to finance the intramural programs."

Hamilton also supports eleven varsities and six junior varsities, but has not granted an athletic scholarship in 136 years. At the trustees' annual business meeting last winter, somebody questioned the item—"One team, \$400." Eyebrows lifted. The controller hastily explained: "That's the only team we have which doesn't come under the athletic department. We use it for snow plowing—it's a team of horses."

► Pennants vs. Profits

Mrs. Grace Comiskey, president of the Chicago White Sox, phoned her sister, Mrs. Alice McMahon, a few minutes after brother-in-law Joe Barry resigned as the club's traveling secretary in 1944. "Joe's retiring," Grace announced; "we want to make Frank the new secretary."

"That's nice," Alice replied, accepting for her husband, who was calling on beer clients. "I'll tell him when he gets home."

Relatively speaking, that's how the Comiskies operate. In-laws come and in-laws go, and the Sox go on forever—in the second division. They haven't won a pennant for 28 years and disillusioned Chicago fans are beginning to suspect they never will win one under Comiskey auspices.

A worried American League official explains why the Sox are perennial push-overs: "There are two ways to run a club. You can estimate expenses, budget expenditures accordingly and make a profit. That's six per cent baseball. Or you can spend whatever is necessary to develop good players and count on greater fan interest and increased attendance to meet higher expenses. That's pennant-winning baseball. The Comiskies use the six per cent system."

One by one, the old baseball families—the six-per-centers—are dropping out of baseball. The Dreyfuss heirs surrendered in Pittsburgh last year and were replaced by the wealthy Bing Crosby syndicate. Only four six per cent franchises remain in the majors and all four finished in the second division of the American League last season: Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis.

► Flying Featherweights

Dick Birkett piloted B-29s during the war. Now he's teaching San Francisco youngsters how to build and fly model planes weighing 57/1000 of an ounce.

Birkett makes the light models by stretching microfilm—a plastic derivative of incredible toughness and thinness—over frames of balsa slivers. Microfilm—no relation to tiny photographic negatives—is a liquid.

When several drops are poured into a tub of water, the micro spreads and hardens into a gossamer covering for a three-foot model.

Micros stay up more than half an hour (one minute was good time for old-fashioned balsa ships). Birkett's micro is so sensitive to thermal drafts (hot air) that he can keep the tissue-thin model aloft indefinitely with body heat—simply by rubbing his hands together under the wings.

Micros don't need the high-speed propulsion that powers heavier balsa models. Seventy prop revolutions per minute keep them flying. Incidentally, the 57/1000 of an ounce figure doesn't include the motor—a rubber band 21 inches long. The band outweighs the fuselage, so Birkett's micro scales a bit more than one ounce in flight.

► Kramer's Service Does It

Jack Kramer won 15 of 28 matches from Bobby Riggs at the start of their pro tennis tour... then swept 30 of the next 33. What happened to Riggs? Dinny Pails, the former Australian Davis Cupper who played doubles with Kramer against Riggs and Pancho Segura, explains:

"Kramer's fast service wore Bobby out. Jack always held his service with ease—rarely lost more than two points per game. Bobby had to work hard to win his service—usually in a deuce game. After a month, the overwork sapped Riggs' strength. He couldn't cover court. He was punchy—something like a fighter."

THE END

Beginning Next Week

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

Mike Finney seemed like the perfect victim. He was in trouble with the law; he was traveling under an alias. And no one would miss him when he was killed—no one except the girl who had lured him into the trap.

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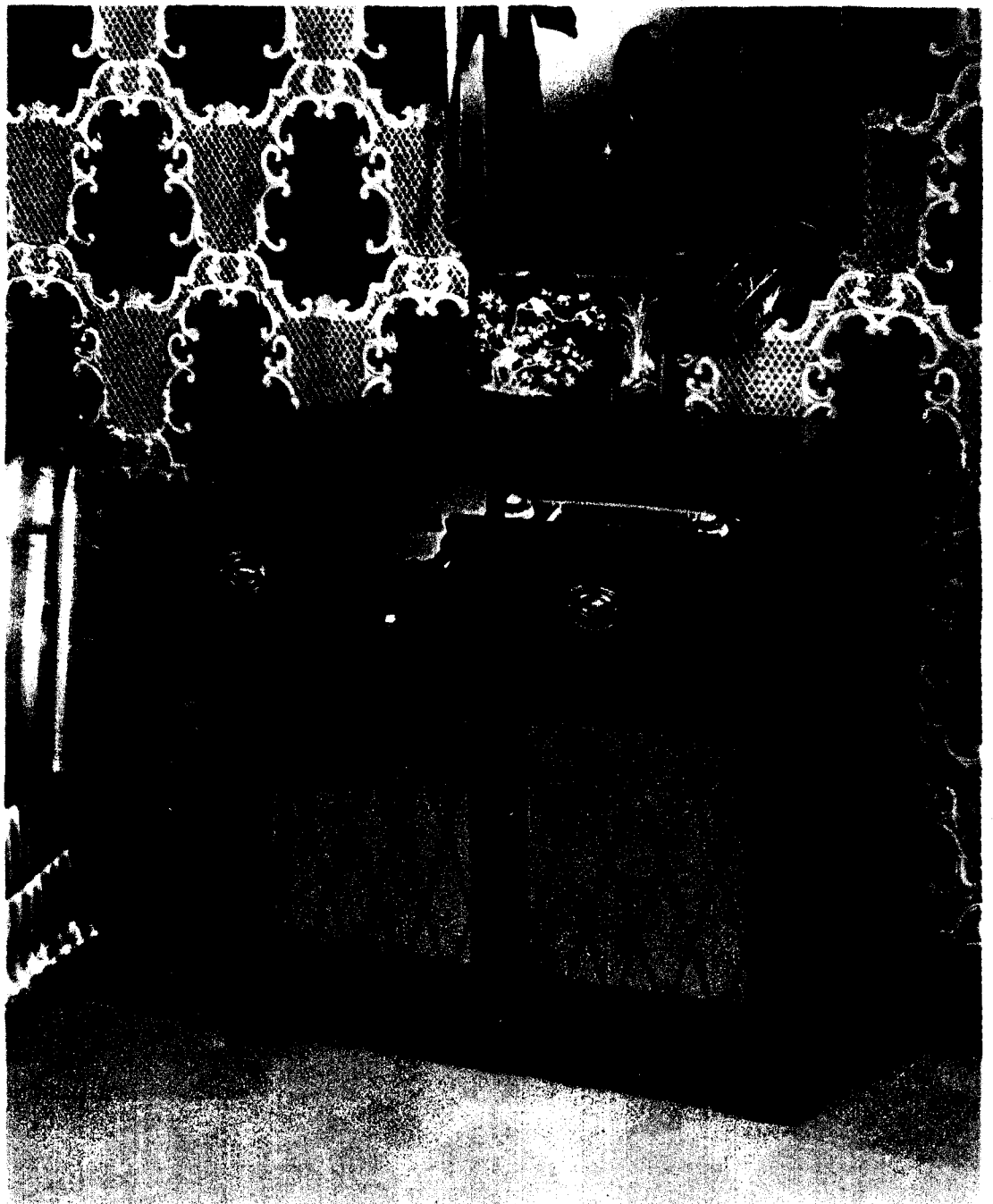
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Another Sparton buy! Where can you find as much value for your money as in this new Sparton Console radio-phonograph? Smart, blonde mahogany cabinet with antique-gold grille houses superb radio with 10" speaker, automatic record-changer, other big luxury features. Ask for Model 1031.

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CONTINUING THE STORY OF
A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, world-famous detective, in New York at the request of the F.B.I., is trying to keep the secret of a terrifying new weapon from falling into the hands of FU MANCHU, notorious archcriminal. The weapon, a giant disintegrator, is not yet completed, but its inventor, brilliant young DR. MORRIS CRAIG, is working on the design of the final element.

Fu Manchu's clever plans to obtain the secret begin to take effect. Disguised as the celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, PROFESSOR HOFFMEYER, he gives treatment to MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, wife of Craig's financial backer. Through hypnotic control over Mrs. Frobisher, he reaches Craig's beautiful secretary, CAMILLE NAVARRE, and hypnotizes her too. He uses Camille to lure Dr. Craig away from the laboratory where the weapon is under test and construction.

In Craig's absence, Fu Manchu and his henchmen enter the laboratory, rifle the safe and, after carefully inspecting the device, carry off a technician, J. J. REGAN.

But Fu Manchu's raid is fruitless because Craig, on his way out with Camille, had slipped the plan of the missing element inside his shirt. Smith is relieved to find it safe, but knows Fu Manchu still wants it and will try to get it again. Regan seems to have vanished into thin air.

On the following day, Craig and Camille, at Mr. Frobisher's invitation, go out to his country home, Falling Waters, for the week end. Craig brings the unfinished plan with him, hoping to complete it before Monday.

Frobisher has installed a complicated burglar alarm. His wife, Stella, has purchased a pack of ferocious dogs to help guard the place.

Unexpectedly, just before lunch, Nayland Smith arrives from New York.

V

I CAN tell you, broadly, what happened last night," said Nayland Smith. "It was an attempt to steal the final plans assumed to be locked in Craig's safe."

"I guessed as much," Michael Frobisher replied.

Under drawn brows, he was studying the restless figure pacing to and fro in his study, fouling the air with fumes from a brier pipe, which, apparently, Smith had neglected to clean since the day he bought it.

"The safe was opened," Smith said.

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite!" Smith said, glancing aside at Frobisher. "It was the work of an expert. Dr. Fu Manchu employs none but experts."

"Dr. Fu Manchul!" Frobisher exclaimed. "Then it wasn't—"

Smith pulled up in front of Frobisher, as he sat there behind his desk.

"Well—go on. Whom did you suspect?"

Frobisher twisted a half-smoked cigar between his lips.

"Come to think, I don't know."

"But you do know that when a project with such vast implications nears maturity, big interests become involved. Agents of several governments are watching every move in your dangerous game. And there's another agent who represents no government, but who acts for a powerful and well-organized group."

"Are you talking about Vickers?" Frobisher growled.

"No. Absurd! This isn't a commercial group. It's an organization controlled by Dr. Fu Manchu. In all probability, Dr. Fu Manchu was in Craig's office last night."

"But—"

"The only other possibility is that the attempt was made by a Soviet spy. Have you reason to suspect any member of your staff?"

"I doubt that any Russian has access to the office."

"Why a Russian?" Nayland Smith asked. "Men of influence and good standing in other countries have worked for Communism. It offers glittering prizes. Why not a citizen of the United States?"

Frobisher watched him covertly. "True enough."

"Put me clear on one point. Because a false move now might be fatal. You have employed no private investigator?"

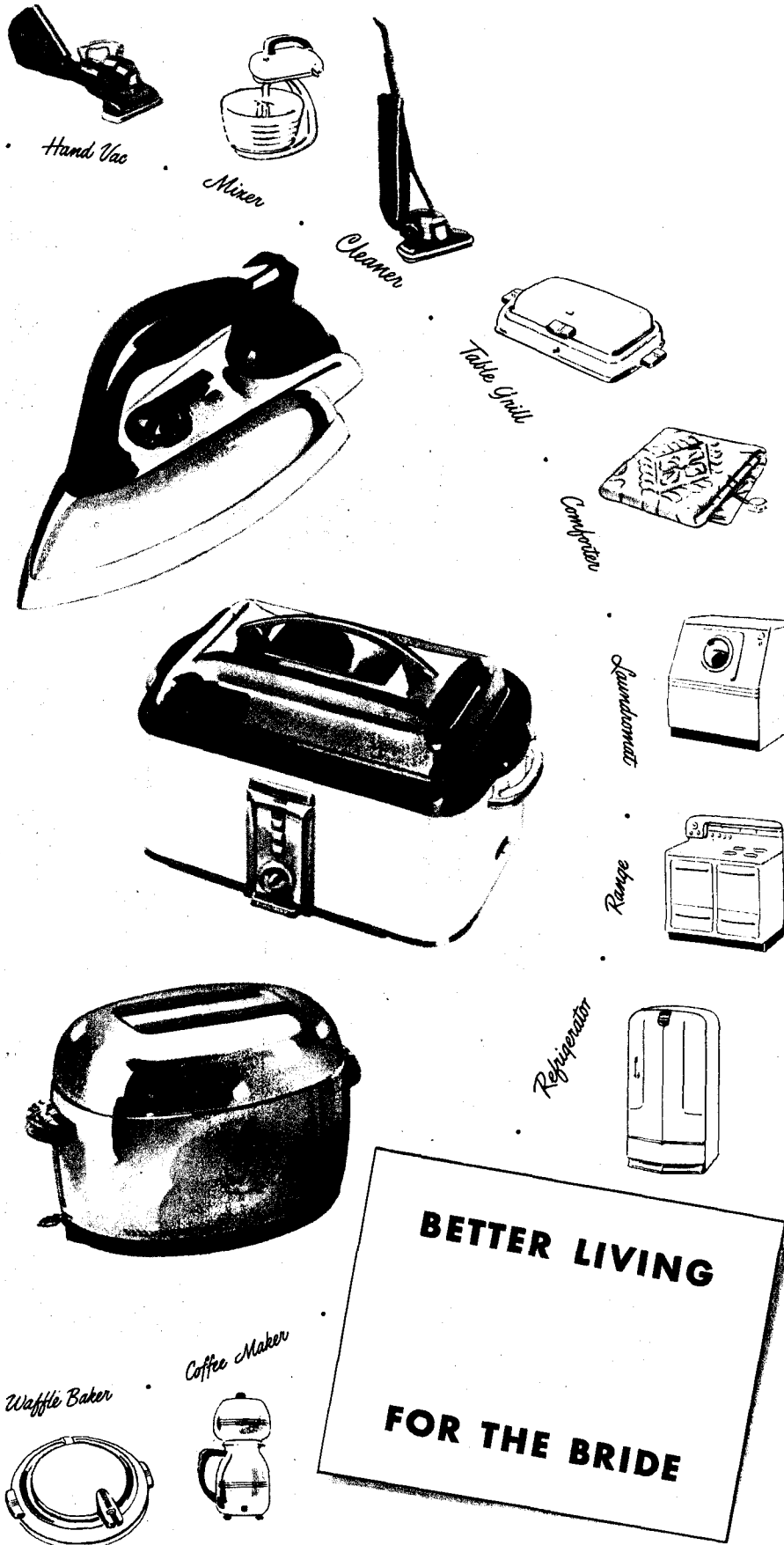
"No, sir. Don't trust my affairs to strangers."

"Where are Craig's original plans?"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



A faint rustling sound on the stairs brought Craig to his feet. His light revealed Camille in a dressing gown



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Michael Frobisher glanced up uneasily. "In my city bank."

In this, Michael Frobisher was slightly misinformed. His wife, presenting an order typed on Huston Electric note paper and apparently signed by her husband, had withdrawn the plans two days before, on her way from an appointment with Professor Hoffmeyer.

"Complete blueprints—where?"

"Right here in the house."

"Were they in the safe that was opened the other night?"

"No, sir. They were not."

"Whoever inspected the plant in the laboratory would be a trained observer. Would it, in your opinion, be possible to reconstruct the equipment after such an examination?"

Michael Frobisher frowned darkly.

"I'm not a physicist," he answered. "I'm not even an engineer. I'm a man of business. But in my opinion, no—it wouldn't. He would have had to dismantle it. Craig and Shaw report it hadn't been touched. Besides, without the transmitter, that plant is dangerous to fool with."

Nayland Smith crossed and stared out at the woods beyond the window.

"I understand that this instrument, whatever it may be, is already under construction. Craig will probably complete his work today. Mr. Frobisher—he turned—"your property is lonely."

Frobisher's uneasiness grew. He stood up. "You think I shouldn't have had Craig out here with that work?"

"I think," said Smith, "that while it would be fairly easy to protect the Huston laboratory now that we know what we're up against, this house surrounded by sixty acres, largely woodland, is another thing. By tonight, there will be inflammable material here. Do you realize that if Fu Manchu—or the Kremlin—first sets up a full-scale Craig plant, Fu Manchu—or the Kremlin—will be master of the world?"

"You're sure, dead sure, that they're both out to get it?" Frobisher asked.

"I have said so. One of the two has a flying start. I want to see your radar alarm system and I want to inspect your armory. I'm returning to New York. Two inquiries should have given results. One, leading to the hide-out of Dr. Fu Manchu, the other to the Soviet agent."

CAMILLE and Stella Frobisher came in from the garden. "You know," Stella was saying, "I believe we have discovered something."

"All we seem to have discovered," Camille replied, "is that there are strange gaps in your memory, and strange gaps in mine. The trouble in your case seems

to have begun after you consulted Professor Hoffmeyer about your nerves."

"Yes, dear, it did. You see, I had been so worried about Mike. I thought he was working too hard. Dr. Pardoe, who is a neighbor of ours, suggested that I consult the professor."

"And your nerves improved?"

"Enormously. I began to sleep again. But these queer lapses came on. I told him. He reassured me. I'm not at all certain, dear, that we have discovered anything after all. Your lapses began before you had ever seen him."

"Yes." Camille was thinking hard. "The trouble doesn't seem to be with the professor's treatment, after all. Quite apart from which, I have no idea if I ever consulted him at all."

"No, dear—I quite understand." Stella squeezed her hand sympathetically.

Suddenly, a tremendous storm of barking swept in upon the peace of Falling Waters, a hurricane of sound.

"Whatever is it?" Camille whispered.

AS IF in answer to her question, Sam entered through open French windows. He had changed his topcoat, his cerise scarf and his slate-gray hat for a plaid suit. He grinned happily at Camille.

"Morning, lady."

"Good morning, Sam. I didn't expect to see you."

"Pleasant surprise, eh? Same with me." The barking continued; it became a tornado. "There's a guy outside says he's brought some dogs."

"Oh!" Stella's face lighted up. "Now we shall be safe! How splendid. Have they sent all the dogs?"

"Sounds to me like they sent all they had."

"And a kennelman?"

Stella hadn't the slightest idea who Sam was, but she accepted his striking presence without hesitation.

"Sure. He's a busy guy, too."

"I must go and see them at once!" She put her arm around Camille. "Do come with me, dear!"

Camille smiled at Sam. "I'd love to."

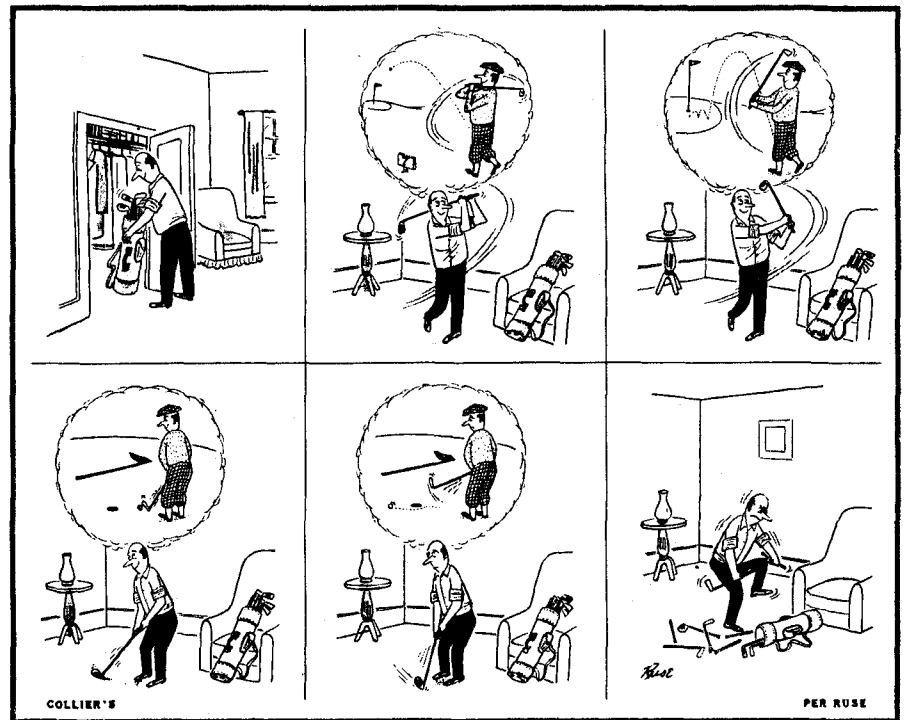
"The guy is down there by the barbed-wire entanglements." Sam stood in the window, pointing. "You can't miss him. He's right beside a truckload of dogs."

Camille and Stella hurried out, Stella almost dancing with excitement.

Their voices were still audible even above the barrage of barking, when Nayland Smith and Michael Frobisher came into the library.

"You have a fair assortment of sporting guns and an automatic or two," Smith was saying. "But you're low on ammunition."

"Do you expect a siege?"





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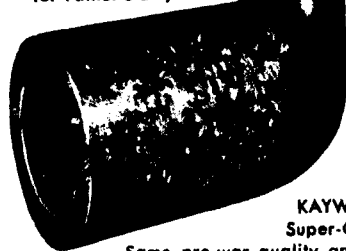
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"Not exactly. Just developments." Nayland Smith crossed to the glazed cabinet and stood before it, pulling at the lobe of his ear. Then he tilted his head sideways, listening.

"Dogs," he said. "Why all the dogs?" Frobisher looked almost apologetic. "It's Mrs. F.'s idea. I try to keep all this business from her, but she seems to have found out about it. She ordered a pack of these German police dogs from someplace. She's had men at work for a week fixing barbed wire. Falling Waters is a prison camp!"

"Not a bad idea. I have known dogs to succeed where men and machines failed. But, tell me"—he pointed to the cabinet—"how does this thing work?"

"Well—it's simple enough in principle. How it works I don't know. Ground plan of the property. Anyone moving around, when it's connected up, marks his trail on the scoreboard."

"I see." "I'm having Craig overhaul it, when he has time. If you'll step into my study again for just a minute, I'll get the chart of the layout, which makes it clearer."

Nayland Smith glanced at his watch. "I can give you just ten minutes," he said, and returned to Frobisher's study.

FROBISHER sat down at the desk and unlocked a drawer. He took out a chart in a folder, a chart which indicated points of contact surrounding the house as well as free zones. He pressed a bell button and waited, glancing about him.

Stein came in and Frobisher turned. "Take this to Sir Denis in the study. Tell him I'll be along in two minutes."

Stein nodded and went out. Frobisher dialed a number, and presently:

"Yes—Frobisher," he said nervously. "Sir Denis Nayland Smith is here . . . They're onto us . . . Looks like all that money has been poured down the sewers . . . Huston Electric hasn't a chance . . ."

He became silent, listening intently to someone on the other end of the line. His eyes kept darting right and left.

"Got 'em all here, back of the drawer in this desk," he said evidently in reply to a question. . . . "That's not so easy. . . . Yes, I'll have it in my hands by tonight, but . . ." He drew an envelope from a rack and picked up a pencil. "It may not be possible," he said, writing rapidly. "Remember that. . . . Smith is only one danger—" He broke off. "Have to hang up. Call you later."

Stein, standing in the arched opening, was urgently pointing in the direction of the study. Frobisher nodded irritably and passed him to rejoin Smith.

And, as Stein in turn retired, Sam stepped out from behind that Spanish screen which formed so artistic a background for the big walnut desk.

Without waste of time, he opened the drawer which Frobisher had just closed.

Chewing industriously, he studied the scribbled lines. Apparently they conveyed little or nothing to him, for he was about to replace the envelope, and no doubt to explore further, when a dull, heavy voice spoke right behind him.

"Put up your hands. I have been watching you."

Stein had re-entered quite silently, and now had Sam covered by an automatic.

Sam dropped the envelope and slowly raised his hands.

"Happen to have a postage stamp? That's what I was looking for."

Stein's reply was to step closer and run his hands expertly over Sam's person. Having relieved him of a heavy revolver and a flash lamp, he raised his voice to a shout: "Mr. Frobisher! Dr. Craig!"

"Listen. Wait a minute—"

Frobisher and Smith ran in. Frobisher's florid coloring seemed to vanish.

"What's this, Stein? What goes on?" "This man searches your desk, Mr. Frobisher. I catch him doing it."

As he spoke, he glanced down at the

envelope which Sam had dropped. A look of consternation crossed Frobisher's face. He stooped, snatched it up and slipped it into his pocket. There was thunder in his voice: "I thought so! I thought so right along!"

"Suppose," said Smith, "we get the facts."

"The facts are plain! This man"—he pointed a quivering finger at Sam—"was going through my private papers! You took this gun off him?"

"Yes, sir." "What's he doing armed in my house?" Frobisher roared. "Part of the mystery is solved, anyway—"

Morris Craig, in shirt sleeves, and carrying his reading glasses came in from the hall.

"Did I hear someone bawling my name?" He pulled up, considered the group, then stared from face to face. "What the devil's all this?"

Michael Frobisher turned angrily in his direction.

"It's what I suspected, Craig. I told you I didn't like the looks of him. There stands the man who broke into the Huston office last night! There stands the man who broke into this house last week. Caught red-handed!"

Sam had dropped his hands, and now, ignoring Stein, he faced his accuser.

"Listen! Wait a minute! I needed a postage stamp. Any harm needing a postage stamp? I just pull a drawer open, just kind of casual, and look into the first thing I see there—"

Craig brushed his forelock back and stared very hard. "But, I say, Sam—seriously—can you explain this?"

"Sure. I am explaining it!"

Michael Frobisher turned to Smith. "As I understand it you represent law and order in this house. Will you arrange for that man's arrest?"

His accusing finger pointed at Sam. Craig broke in, "I may have missed something. But this seems to me—"

"It's just plain silly," said Sam. "People getting so het up."

Just then, Camille and Mrs. Frobisher ran in. They halted, thunderstruck.

"Whatever is going on?" Stella demanded.

"Sam!" Camille whispered. Crossing to his side, she laid her hand on his shoulder. "What has happened?"

Sam stopped chewing, and patted the encouraging hand. His upraised spectacles were eloquent. "I'm in trouble."

"You are!" Frobisher assured him.

"Sir Denis! This is either a common thief or a foreign spy. In either case, I want him jailed."

Nayland Smith, glancing from Sam to Frobisher, snapped his fingers irritably.

"It is absurd," said Camille quietly.

"Listen!" Sam patted her hand again and turned to Smith. "I'm sorry. I took chances. The pot's on the boil, and I thought maybe Mr. Frobisher, even right now, might be thinking more about Huston Electric than about bigger things. I guess I was wrong. But I acted for the best."

Frobisher made a choking sound.

"You see, Mr. Frobisher," said Nayland Smith, "whatever their faults, your police department is very thorough. James Sampson, an operative of the F.B.I., whom you know as Sam, was placed in the Huston research laboratory by his chief, Raymond Harkness, a long time before I was called in. I regret that this has occurred. But he is working entirely in your interests. . . ."

PROMISE of the morning had not been fulfilled. Spring shrank before returning winter; clouds drew a dull curtain over the happy landscape, blotting out bright skies. And with the arrival of Professor Hoffmeyer, a spiritual chill touched two at least of the company.

Camille experienced a wave of something approaching terror when the stooped figure appeared. His old-fash-

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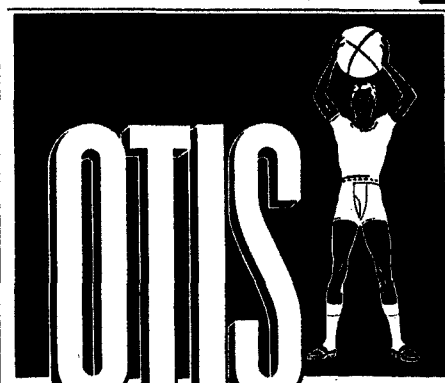


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Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

Collier's for June 5, 1948

ioned morning coat, his tinted glasses and black gloves, the ebony stick, rang a loud note of alarm within her mind. But the moment he spoke, her terror left her.

"So this," said the professor, in his guttural accent, "is the little patient who comes to see me not—ha?"

Camille felt helpless. She could think of nothing to say, for she didn't know if she had ever seen him before.

"Never mind. Some other time. I shall send you no account."

Michael Frobisher hated the man on sight. His nerves had remained badly on edge since the incident with Sam. He gave the professor a grip with his powerful fingers calculated to hurt.

"Ach! Not so hard! Not so hard! These"—Hoffmeyer raised gloved hands—"and these"—touching the dark glasses—"are proofs that in war men become beasts. I ask you to remember that nails were torn from fingers, and eyes exposed to white heat, in some of those Nazi concentration camps. These things, Mr. Frobisher, could be again. . . . While we may, let us be gentle."

The other guests, Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe, joined the group for luncheon. But the meal was not an unqualified success. A shadow overhung the feast.

Professor Hoffmeyer addressed much of his conversation to Craig; and Mrs. Pardoe hung on his every word.

"You are that Morris Craig," he said, during luncheon, "who reads a paper on neutrons, at Oxford, two years ago—ha?"

"The same, Professor. Amazing memory. Rather stupid paper. Learned better since."

"Modesty is a poor cloak for a man of genius to wear. Discard it, Dr. Craig. It would make me very happy to believe that your work will be for the good of humanity. This world of ours is spinning to disaster. We are a ship which nears the rocks, with fools at the prow and fanatics at the helm."

"But is there no way to prevent such a disaster?" Mrs. Pardoe asked, in a voice which seemed to come from a condemned cell.

"Certainly. There could be a committee of men of high intelligence. To serve this committee would be a group of the first scientific brains in the world—such as that of Dr. Craig." For some reason, Camille shuddered at those words. "These would have power to enforce their decisions. If some political maniac threatens to use violence, he will be warned. If he neglects this warning—"

Professor Hoffmeyer helped himself to more fried oysters offered by Stein.

"You believe, then, there'll be another war?" grumbled Frobisher.

"How, otherwise, shall enslavement to Communism be avoided—ha?"

"Unless I misunderstood you," Dr. Pardoe interjected, "your concept of good government approaches very closely to that of an intelligent Communist."

"An intelligent Communist is an impossibility. We have only to separate the rogues from the fools. Yes, Mr. Fro-



CARL ROSE

There's a Trick to It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

In a restaurant, the magician takes a paper-wrapped cube of sugar from the bowl and asks someone else at the table also to take one lump. The magician puts his sugar on the table in front of him and asks the other person to do the same. The magician states that he believes he can unwrap his sugar in less than an eighth of the time it will take the other person. He then asks the other fellow to say, "Go," when he is ready. The instant the signal is given, the magician slams his fist on the sugar and raises his hand. There, on the table, are the flattened paper and the unwrapped sugar. This usually happens before the other contestant even has time to pick up his sugar.

This is another one of those feats which require the magician to do something in advance. Secretly, either beforehand, or under the table, he unwraps a lump of sugar. This is done very carefully in order not to tear the paper. Once the sugar is out, the paper is folded back as it was before. Press with the thumbnail at the fold at the bottom of each end to make the paper look as if it had not been tampered with. This empty paper is put back into the bowl in a place where the magician easily can remember. The unwrapped sugar is put on his lap. At the point in the contest where the "lump" of sugar is placed in front of the magician, he drops his hand into his lap and picks up the sugar and holds it as he closes his fingers into a fist. When he strikes the paper on the table it, of course, is flattened. The instant his hand hits the table, he opens his fist enough to drop the lump of sugar. The effect to anyone watching is that the paper has been knocked off the sugar.

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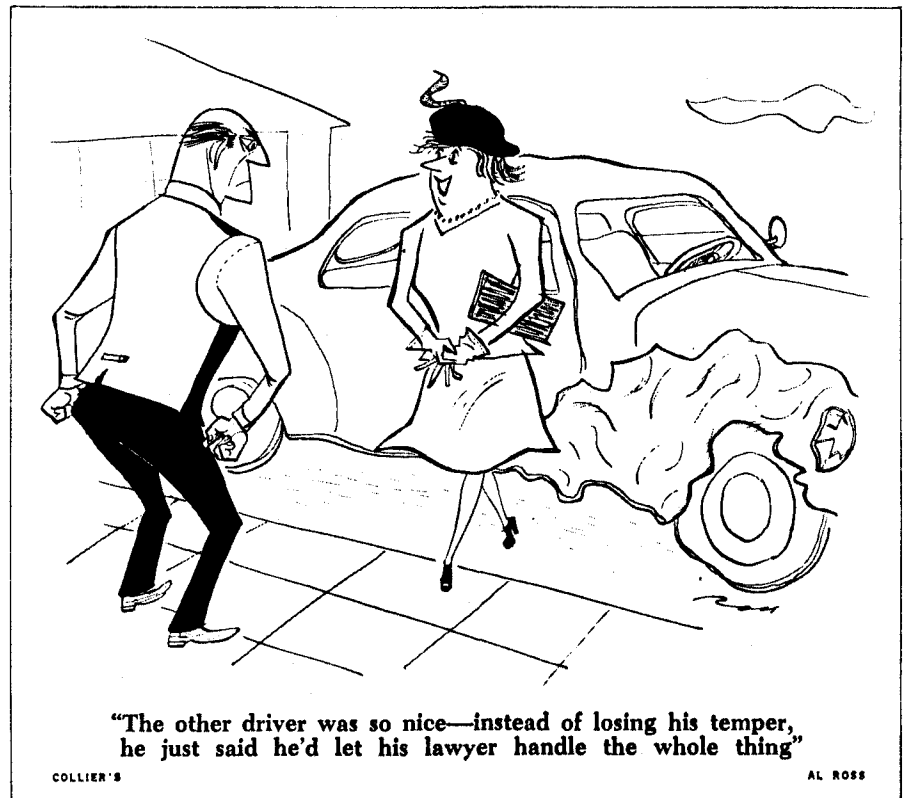
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"The other driver was so nice—instead of losing his temper, he just said he'd let his lawyer handle the whole thing"

bisher, there is danger of another war—from the same quarter as before. Those subhumans of the German general staff who escaped justice. Those fellows with the traditions of the stockyard and the mentalities of adding machines. Those ghouls in uniform smell blood again. The Kremlin is feeding them meat."

"You mean," Camille asked softly, "that the Soviet government is employing former German officers to prepare another war?"

"But, of course. You are of France, and France has a long memory. Very well. Let France remember. If it shall come, another war, those ignorant buffoons will destroy all, including themselves. This would not matter much if selected communities could be immunized. For almost complete destruction of human life on the planet is now a scientific possibility. It is also desirable. But indiscriminate slaughter—no. The new race must start better equipped than Noah."

When, luncheon over, the professor refused coffee and prepared to take his leave, there was no one present upon whom, in one way or another, he had failed to impress his singular personality. Stella Frobisher flutteringly begged a brief consultation before he left, and was granted one. Mrs. Pardoe made an appointment for the following Friday.

"There is nothing the matter with you," Professor Hoffmeyer told her, "which your husband cannot cure. But come if you so want."

A car, in charge of a saturnine chauffeur who had declined to lunch in the kitchen, declined a drink and spent his leisure wandering about the property, awaited him. As the professor was driven away, drops of rain began to patter on the terrace.

NIGHT crept unnoticed upon Falling Waters. Rain descended steadily; a slight, easterly wind stole eerily through the trees. Stella asked Dr. and Mrs. Pardoe to remain for dinner. But Mrs. Pardoe, already enveloped in a cloak like a velvet pall, reminded her husband that a patient was expected at eight thirty. Stella saw them off.

"Oh, I'm so nervous. It's getting so dark. I shan't feel really safe until everything is bolted and barred. . . ."

Coming out of her room later, having changed to a simple dinner frock, Camille almost ran into Sam in the corridor.

"Gee, Miss Navarre! You look like something wonderful!"

"That's very sweet of you, Sam! I had a dreadful shock when you were discovered today."

"Sure. Shock to me! Ham performance. Must try to make up for it."

"Sam—you don't mind if I still call you Sam?"

"Love it. Sounds better your way."

"Now I know what you are really doing here, I can talk to you openly. Dr. Craig thinks, and so does Sir Denis, that we haven't only to deal with this dreadful Fu Manchu." She paused for a moment after speaking the name. "That there is a Soviet agent watching us, too. Have you any ideas about him?"

Sam nodded. He had given up chewing and abandoned his spectacles.

"Working on it right now—and I think we're getting someplace."

"Oh! I'm so glad."

"Sure. I got a nose for foreign agents. Smell 'em a mile off."

"Really?"

"Sure." He grinned happily, and went off along the corridor.

WHEN Camille came down, she found Michael Frobisher busily bolting and barring the French windows.

"Mrs. F.'s got the jumps tonight," he explained. "I have to fix all the catches, myself, to reassure her." He gave Camille an admiring smile. "Hope all today's hokum and the alarm back at the office haven't upset you."

"It's kind of you, Mr. Frobisher. Naturally I am disturbed about it but all the same I am most happy to be here."

"Good girl. Craig has finished his job, and the new diagram and notes are in my safe. That's where they stay. They are the property of Huston Electric, and the property of nobody else!"

As Frobisher went out, Morris Craig came downstairs, slim and boyish in his tuxedo. Without a word, he took Camille in his arms.

"Darling! I thought we were never going to be alone again!" He kissed her, gently but passionately.

"Are you sure, Morris?" she whispered.

"Sure? Sure of what?"

"Sure that you really meant all you said last night?"

His lips answered her with a kiss.

"Camille! I only wish—"

"Yes?"

"Camille—" He lingered over her name. "I wish you weren't going to stay here tonight—"

"What? Whatever do you mean?"

She leaned back from him. Her eyes

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suddenly seemed to become a darker shade of blue.

"I mean that at last it has dawned on me that I have done something which may upset the world again—that other people know about it—that almost anything may happen."

"But, Morris—surely nothing can happen here?"

"Can't it? Why is old Frobisher in such a panic? Why all the dogs and the burglar alarms? The devil of it is, we don't know our enemies. There might be a Russian spy hiding out there in the shrubbery. There might be a British agent—not that that would bother me—somewhere in this very house."

"Yes," said Camille quietly. "I suppose there might be."

"Above all," Craig went on, presently, "there's this really frightful menace—Dr. Fu Manchu. Smith is more scared of him than of all the others rolled into a bundle."

"So am I. . . . Listen for a moment, Morris. Sometimes, I think I have seen him in a dream. Oh, it sounds ridiculous, and I can't quite explain what I mean! But I have a vague impression of a tall, gaunt figure in a yellow robe, with wonderful hands, long fingernails, and"—she paused—"most dreadful eyes. Something today brought the impression back to my mind—just as Professor Hoffmeyer came in."

Craig gently stroked her hair. "Don't get jumpy again, darling. I gather that in one of your fey moods you wandered the highways and byways of Manhattan last night instead of keeping your date with the professor. Certainly the old lad is a rather alarming personality—although he bears no resemblance to your yellow-robed mandarin."

"I didn't mean that the professor reminded me of the man I had dreamed about. It was—something different."

"Whatever it was, forget it." He held her very close; he whispered in her ear, "Camille! The moment we get back to New York, will you marry me?"

But Camille shrank away. The dark eyes looked startled.

"You—know so little about me."

"I know enough to know I love you."

"I should be very, very happy for us to go on—as we are. But, marriage—"

"What's wrong with marriage?"

Camille turned aside. Craig put his hands, hesitantly, on her shoulders, and turned her about. He looked steadily into her eyes.

"Camille—you're not trying to tell me that you're married already?"

A door banged upstairs. Stella's voice was heard.

"And do make quite sure, Stein—quite sure—that there isn't a window open." She appeared on the stairs. "Even with everything locked, and the dogs loose, I know I shall never sleep a wink." She saw Camille, below. "Shall you, dear?"

"I'm not at all sure that I shall," Camille smiled. "Except that I can see no reason why anything should happen to-night more than any other."

"I must really get Stein to draw those curtains," Stella declared. "I keep on imagining eyes looking in out of the darkness. And now, for goodness' sake, let's all have a drink."

STEIN had wheeled in trays of refreshments some time earlier, but he had been called away by Mrs. Frobisher to bolt a trap leading to a loft over the house.

Michael Frobisher joined them.

"If you take my advice, my dear," he said to Stella, "you and Miss Navarre will have a good stiff one each after dinner, and turn in early. Think no more about it. Agree with me, Craig?"

Morris Craig stopped looking at Camille long enough to reply:

"Quite. But, if I may say so, somebody should more or less hang about to keep an eye on this thing." He indicated the cabinet above the bookcase. "I have looked over the works and pass same as okay. By the way, Mrs. Frobisher, will the wolf pack be at large, tonight?"

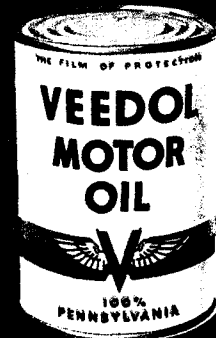
"Of course!" Stella assured him. "I have given explicit instructions to the man. Such a gentle character."

"I was wondering," Craig went on, "if the dogs mightn't set the gadget going?"

"Oh, I don't think so. They have a track of their own around the place."

"Yes. I have observed that."

"If you remember the layout I showed you," said Frobisher, "and showed Nayland Smith, too—there are three gates which would register here"—he crossed and rested a finger on the plan—"if they were opened. Whoever opened one



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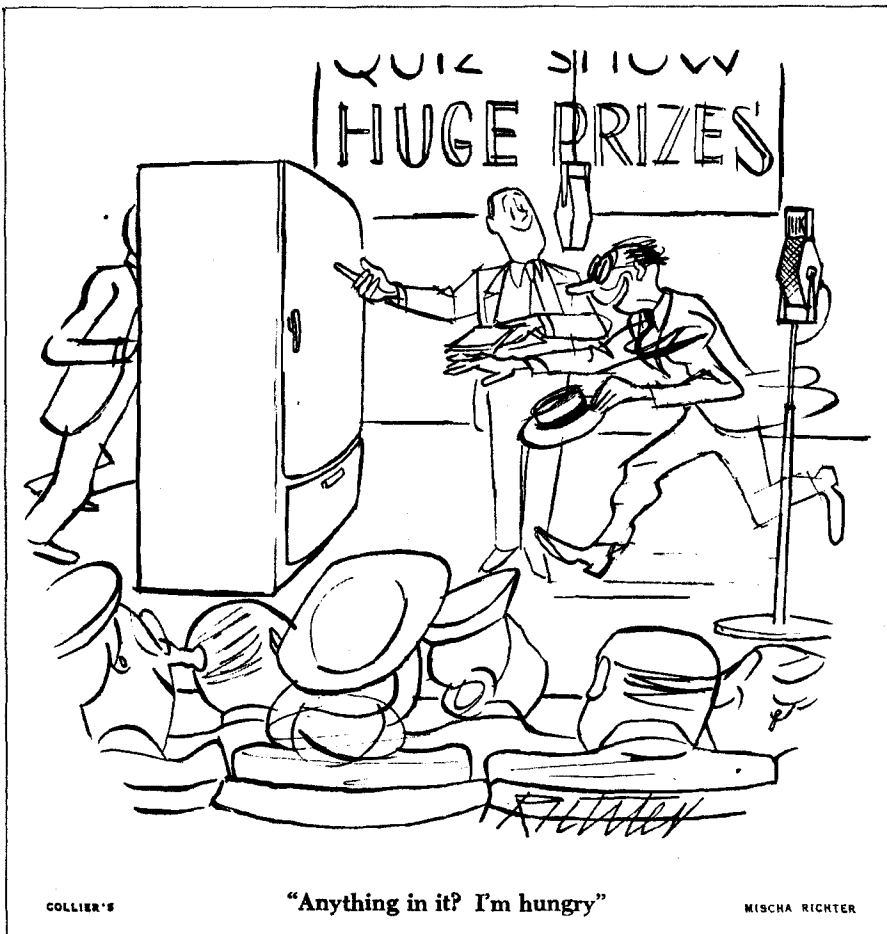
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MIX 3 tbsp. cooking fat Stir in 3 tbsp. flour. Add salt and pepper. Add 1 small minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 2 cups milk Stir smooth and cook till thickened

thin four large boiled potatoes to layer in casserole; top with SPAM slices Pour on sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs at 375°—30 minutes. Serves 6.



BAKE 4 SPAM Score, stud with cloves. Rub with sauce: ½ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Bake 20 min. at 400°; baste.



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would have Mrs. F's dogs on him, I guess. But the dogs can't reach the house."

"Most blessed dispensation," Craig murmured to him. "Although I confess the brutes are rather a comfort, with Dr. Fu Manchu and a set of thugs plus the Soviet agent assisted by sundry comrades lined up outside."

Frobisher took Craig's arm, and growled in his ear:

"We'll split up into watches when the women turn in. As you say, somebody ought to be on the lookout right along tonight. Stein can stand watch until twelve. Then I'll take over—"

"No," said Craig firmly, and caught Camille's glance. "I am a party to this disorder, and I'm going to do my bit. After all, I'm accustomed to late hours . . ."

TWO bored police officers smoked and played rummy in Morris Craig's office on top of the Huston Building. And behind the steel door, in an atmosphere vibrant with repressed energy, Martin Shaw worked calmly and skillfully to complete the transmuter. But the two policemen went on playing rummy.

In Chinatown, Mai Cha had just ceased to sing in an apartment near the shop of Huan Tsung. Lao Tai had put his last message in the little cupboard. Upstairs, Huan Tsung reclined against cushions, his eyes closed. The head of Dr. Fu Manchu looked out from the crystal.

"To destroy the plant alone is useless, Huan Tsung," came in coldly sibilant words. "I have dealt with this. Otherwise, I should not have ventured a personal visit to the laboratory. I sprayed the essential elements with FSO5. The action is deferred. No—it is necessary also to destroy the inventor—or else to transfer him to some different kind of employment."

"This may be difficult," murmured Huan Tsung. "Time is the enemy of human perfection, Excellency."

"We shall see. Craig's original drawings were obtained for me by Mrs. Frobisher. Only two blueprints of the transmuter exist. One is in the hands of the chief technician, who is working from it. The other is with a complete set in possession of Michael Frobisher. Drawings of the valves alone remain to be accounted for."

"But Excellency informs me that they, too, are finished."

"They are finished. Give me the latest reports. I will, then, give you final instructions."

"I shall summarize. Excellency's personal possessions have been removed from the Woolton Building as ordered. They are already shipped. Raymond Harkness has posted federal agents at all points covering Falling Waters except one: The path through the woods from the highway remains open. Lao Tai will proceed to this point at the time selected. But the dogs—"

"I have provided for the dogs. Continue."

"Provision noted. It is believed but not confirmed that the Kremlin, recognizing the actual plant no longer to be available, hopes to obtain the set of blueprints and the final drawings from Falling Waters before it is too late."

"Upon what does this 'belief' rest?"

"Upon the fact, Excellency, that Sokolov has ordered his car for ten o'clock tonight—and is taking a bodyguard."

So long a silence followed that Huan Tsung raised his wrinkled lids and looked at the crystal.

The eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu were filmed over. The brilliant brain encased in that high, massive skull was concentrated on a problem. When the film cleared, a decision would have been

made. And, as Huan Tsung watched, in a flash the long, narrow eyes became emerald bright.

"Use the Russian party as a diversion. No contact must be made. Koenig has acquainted himself with the zones controlled by the alarm system, and M'goyna is already placed and fully instructed. Mrs. Frobisher has her instructions, also. Use all your resources. This is an emergency. At any moment, now, Nayland Smith will have the evidence he is seeking. Win or lose, I must leave New York before daybreak. Proceed . . ."

MORRIS CRAIG sat in a deep, leather armchair. The darkened library seemed almost uncannily silent. Rain had ceased, but dimly he could hear water dripping on the terrace outside.

It was at about this moment that the two card players in his office were jerked violently out of their complacent boredom.

Three muffled crashes in the laboratory brought them swiftly to their feet. There came a loud cry—a cry of terror. Another crash. The steel door burst open, and Martin Shaw, white as a dead man, tottered down the steps!

They ran to him. He collapsed on the sofa, feebly waving them away. A series of rending, tearing sounds was followed by a cloud of dust which came pouring out of the laboratory in gray waves.

"Close the door!"

One of the men raced up and managed to close the door. He came down again,

AHEM LINES

I wear my skirts short and I wear my hair long,
And according to fashion, I'm hopelessly wrong.
"You're dated!" my friends say, while frowning on me.
They're right. I am dated—and quite frequently!

—Dorothy B. Griswold

suffocating, fighting for breath. A crash louder than any before shook the office.

"What is it?" gasped the choking man. "Is there going to be an explosion? For God's sake!"—he clutched his throat—"what's happening?"

"Disintegration," muttered Shaw, wildly. "Disintegration. The plant is crumbling to powder."

Pandemonium reigned in the Huston Building. But not a sound disturbed the silence of Falling Waters; a silence in which many mysteries lay hidden. Yet it was at least conducive to thought.

And Morris Craig had many things to think about. And he would have more before the night ended.

IN THE first place, he couldn't understand why Michael Frobisher had insisted on standing the twelve to four watch. At four, Sam was taking over. Sam had backed him up in this arrangement. Craig had had one or two things to say, privately, to Sam, concerning the deception practiced on him; and would have others to mention to Nayland Smith, when he saw Smith again. But Sam, personally, was a good egg.

So Morris Craig mused, in the silent library.

What was that?

He stood up, and remained standing, motionless, intent.

He had heard, or thought he had heard, the sound of a hollow cough.

He experienced that impression, common to all or most of us, that an identical incident had happened to him before. But when—where?

There was no repetition of the cough—no sound; yet, a sense of furtive movement. Guiding himself by sparing use of a flash lamp, he crossed to the foot of the stair. He shone a beam upward.

"Is that you, Camille?" he called.

There was no reply. Craig returned to his chair.

What was old Frobisher up to, exactly? Why had he so completely lost his balance about the envelope business? Of course, Stein had dramatized it absurdly. Queer fish, Stein. Not a fellow he, personally, could ever take to. Clearly, it had forced Nayland Smith's hand. But what had Smith's idea been? Was there someone in the household he didn't trust? Probably Stein.

No doubt the true explanation lay in the fact that Frobisher, having sunk well over half a million dollars in his invention, now saw it slipping through his fingers. It might not be the sort of thing to trust to development by a commercial corporation, but still—rough luck for Frobisher . . .

Then Craig was up again.

This time, that hollow cough seemed to come from the front of the house.

He dropped his cigarette and went over to the arched opening which gave access to Frobisher's study, and, beyond, to the cedarwood dining room. He directed a light along a dark passage. It was empty. He crossed the library again and opened a door on the other side. There was no one there.

Was he imagining things?

This frame of mind was entirely due to the existence of a shadowy horror, Dr. Fu Manchu. He didn't give a hoot for the Soviet agent. Nobody took those fellows seriously. The British agent he discounted entirely. If there had been one, Smith would have known him.

The idea of watching in the dark had been Sam's. As an F.B.I. operative, he had carried the point. Naturally enough, he wanted to get his man. It was a ghostly game, nevertheless. That drip-drip-drip of water outside was getting on Craig's nerves.

Incidentally, where was Sam? Unlikely that he had turned in.

Frobisher had retired shortly after the women. "I'm going to sleep and the hell with it all!"

A faint rustling sound on the stairs—and Craig was up as if on springs.

The ray of his lamp shone on Camille, a dressing gown worn over her night robe. Her slim bare ankles gleamed like ivory.

"Camille! Darling!"

He trembled as he took her in his arms. He kissed her and led her to the deep, leather settee, forcing a light note, as he extinguished the lamp.

"Forgive the blackout. Orders."

"I know," she whispered.

He found her hand in his, and kissed her fingers silently. Then, as a mask for his excited emotions:

"I have a bone to pick with you," he said, in his most flippant manner. "What did you mean by turning down my offer to make an honest woman of you?"

Camille crept closer to him in the dark. "I meant to explain." Her soft voice was unsteady. "I came to explain to you—now."

"I'm waiting, darling."

"You may not know—I don't believe you do, even yet—that for a long time, ever so long, your work has been watched. At least you know now, when it is finished, that they will stop at nothing."

"Who are 'they'? You mean the Kremlin and Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"Yes. These are the only two you have to be afraid of . . . But, there is also a British agent."

"Doubtful about that, myself. How d'you know there's a British agent?"

"Because I am the British agent."

THERE was a tense moment during which neither spoke. It might almost have seemed that neither breathed. They sat there, side by side, in darkness, each wondering what the other was thinking. Then, Craig directed the light of his lamp onto Camille's face. She turned swiftly away, raised her hands:

"Don't! Don't!"

"Camille!" Craig switched the light off.

"Don't look at me!" Camille went on. "I had made up my mind to tell you tonight, and I am going to be quite honest about it. I didn't think, and I don't think now that the work I undertook was wrong. Although, of course, when I started, I hadn't met you."

Craig said nothing.

"If I have been disloyal to anyone, it is to Mr. Frobisher. For you must realize, Morris, the dreadful use which could be made of such a thing; it might wreck the world. No government could be blind to that."

Subtly, in the darkness, Morris Craig had drawn nearer. Now suddenly, he had his arm around her shoulders.

"No, Morris! Don't! Don't! Not till I've told you everything." He felt her grow suddenly rigid. "What was that?"



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It was the sound of a hollow cough, in the distance.

Craig sprang up. "I don't know. But I have heard it before. Is it inside the house or out?" Switching on the lamp, he ran in turn to each of the doors, and stood listening. But Falling Waters remained still. Then, he directed the light onto Camille—and away again, quickly. In a moment he was beside her.

"Morris!"
"Let me say something—"
"But, Morris, do you really understand that I have been reporting your work, step by step, to the best of my ability? Because I never quite understood it. I have been spying on you all through . . . I couldn't bear it any longer. When Sir Denis came, I thought I was justified in asking for my release . . ."
Morris' kiss silenced her. She clung to him, trembling. Her heart fluttered like a captive bird released.

"You see now, Morris, why I felt it was well enough for us to be—lovers. But how could I marry you, when—"
"You were picking my brains?" he whispered in her ear. But it was a gay whisper. "You little redheaded devil! This gives me another bone to pick with Smith. Why didn't he tell me?"
"I was afraid he would! Then I remembered he couldn't . . . Morris! I shall be all bruises!"

AT THIS moment, accompanied by a subdued buzzing sound like that of a fly trapped in a glass, the cabinet over the bookcase came to life!

Camille grasped Craig's hand and clung to it obstinately as he leaped upright. In the darkness the glowing rectangle showed every detail of the grounds surrounding Falling Waters as if they were touched with phosphorescence.

"We're off!" Craig muttered. "Look!" A shadowy spot moved slowly across the chart.

"That's the back porch!" Camille whispered. "Someone's right outside!"
"Don't panic, darling. Wait."

The faint shadow moved on to where a door was marked. It stopped. The buzzing ceased. The chart faded.

"Someone came into the kitchen!"

"Run back and hide on the stair."

"But—"

"Please do as I say, Camille."

Camille released his hand, and he stood, automatic ready, facing the doorway which led to the back of the house.

He saw nothing. But he was aware that the door had been opened.

"Don't shoot me, Craig," said a familiar voice, "and don't make a sound."

A flash lamp momentarily lighted the library. Nayland Smith stood there watching him—hatless, the collar of his old trench coat turned up about his ears. There came a faint rustling from the direction of the stairs—and silence.

Sam appeared just behind Smith. The lamp was switched off.

"Smith!—How did you get in!" Craig asked.

"Not so loud. I have been standing by outside for some time."

"I let him in, Doc," Sam explained.

"There's some kind of thing slinking around out there," Nayland Smith went on, an odd note in his voice, "which isn't human—"

"What on earth do you mean?" Craig asked.

"Just that. It isn't a baboon, and it isn't a man. Normally, I should form a party and hunt it down. I have a strong suspicion it is some specimen out of Fu Manchu's museum of horrors. But"—Craig could hear Smith moving in the dark—"just shine a light on this."

Craig snapped his lamp up. Nayland Smith stood right beside him, holding



out an enlargement of a snapshot. Sam stood at Smith's elbow. Upstairs, a door closed softly.

The picture was that of a stout, bearded man crowned with a mane of white hair; he had small, bright, inquisitive eyes.

"Lights out," Smith directed. "I waited at police headquarters for that to arrive. Recognize him?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"Correct. Following his release from a Nazi prison camp, he disappeared. I think I know where he went. But it's of no immediate importance. That is the once celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, Doctor Carl Hoffmeyer!"

"What?"

"Smart, ain't it?" Sam murmured. "The man New York knew as Professor Hoffmeyer was Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Good God! But he was here today!"

"I know. A great commander must be prepared to take all the risks he imposes on others."

"But he speaks English with a heavy German accent! And—"

"Dr. Fu Manchu speaks every civilized language with perfect fluency—with or without an accent! But I made one big mistake—"

"We all made it," said Sam. "You're no more to blame than the rest."

"Thanks," said Smith. "But the blame

is mine. I had the Hoffmeyer clinic covered, and I thought he was trapped."

"Well?" Craig asked eagerly.

"He didn't go back there."

"Listen!" Sam broke in again. "We had three good men on his tail, but he tricked 'em!"

There was something increasingly eerie about this conversation in the dark.

"The clinic remains untouched," Nayland Smith continued. "But Fu Manchu's private quarters, which patients never saw, have been stripped. Police raided hours ago."

"Then where has he gone?"

NAYLAND SMITH'S voice had a groan in it. "I don't know. But all that he needs in order to complete his work is here, in this house!"

"Shouldn't we rouse Frobisher?" Craig asked, excitedly.

"No. There are certain things I don't want Mr. Frobisher to know yet."

"Such as, for instance?"

"Such as—this is going to hit you where it hurts—that your entire plant in the Huston laboratory was destroyed tonight—"

"What!"

"Quiet, man!" Nayland Smith grasped Craig's arm in the darkness. "The fire department has the job in hand. It isn't their proper province. The thing is just crumbling away, breaking like dry plaster. Last report to reach the radio car, that huge telescope affair—I don't know its name—has crashed onto the floor."

"But, Smith!"

"I know. It's bad."

"Thank Heaven! My original plans are safe in a New York City bank vault!"

Silence fell again, broken only by a dry cough from Sam.

"They are not," Nayland Smith said evenly. "They were taken out two days ago."

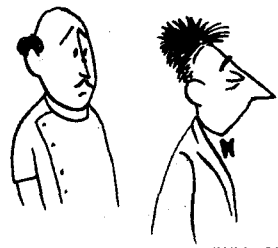
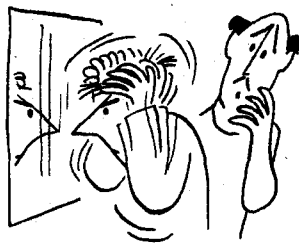
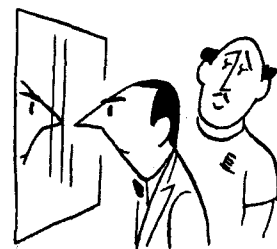
"Taken out? By whom?"

"In person, by Mrs. Frobisher. In fact, by Dr. Fu Manchu. Frobisher doesn't know this, but the only records of your invention which remain, Craig, are the blueprints hidden somewhere in this house!"

"They were in back of the desk there," Sam mumbled. "But they've vanished."

"You're not suggesting"—Craig heard the note of horrified incredulity in his own voice—"that Mrs. Frobisher—"

"Mrs. Frobisher," said Nayland Smith, "is as innocent in this matter as Miss



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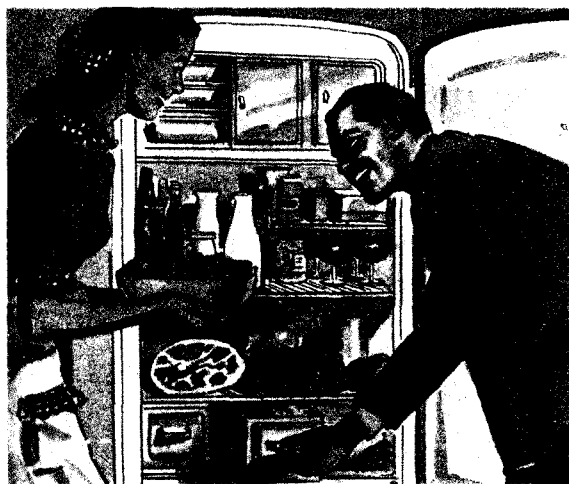
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Navarre. But we are dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"Why are we staying in the dark? What happens next?"

"What happens next I don't know. We are staying in the dark because a man called Dimitri Sokolov, a Soviet agent in whom Ray Harkness is interested, has a crew of armed thugs down by the lower gate. Sokolov seems to be expecting someone."

IN THE stillness which followed, Morris Craig tried desperately to get used to the idea that the product of weary months of unremitting labor had been wiped out. How? By whom?

"Is poor old Shaw—" he said. "Shaw is safe," Smith interrupted. "But badly shaken. He has no idea what occurred. Quite unable to account for it—as I am unable to account for what's going on here. I'm not referring to the presence of someone, or some thing stalking just outside the area controlled by the alarms, but to a thing that isn't stalking."

"What?" Sam asked. "The pack of dogs! Listen. Not a sound but the drip of water. What has become of the dogs?"

"Gee!" Sam muttered. "I keep thinking how dead quiet everything is outside, and kind of wondering why I expect it to be different. No dogs!"

They all stood motionless for a few moments. That ceaseless drip-drip-drip alone broke the silence of Falling Waters.

"Where is this kennelman quartered?" Nayland Smith asked. He was unable to hide the fact that his nerves were strung to concert-violin pitch.

"Middle gatehouse," came promptly from Sam. "I'll go call him. Name of Kelly. I can get the extension from out here."

"Speak quietly," Smith warned. "Order him to loose the dogs."

Sam's flash lamp operated for a moment. It cast fantastic shadows on the library walls, showed Nayland Smith gaunt, tense; painted Craig's pale face as a mask of tragedy. Then Sam was gone.

Craig could hear Nayland Smith moving restlessly in the darkness. Obscurely Sam's mumbling reached them. He had left the communicating doors open... Then the alarm cabinet glowed into greenish-blue life; the muted buzzing began.

"What's this?"

A shadow moved across the plan. It was followed by a second shadow.

"Someone crossing the tennis court!" Craig's voice sounded hushed—unfamiliar. "Running!"

"Someone hot on his heels!" "Into the rose garden, now!" "Second shadow gaining! First shadow doubling back!"

"That's the path through the apple orchard. Leads to a stile on the lane—"

"But," said Nayland Smith, "if my memory serves me, the dog track crosses before the stile?"

"Yes. One of the gates in the wire is there."

And, as Craig spoke, came a remote baying.

The dogs were out. "Listen," Sam had joined them...

"Say! What's this?" "Action!" snapped Smith. "Was Kelly awake?"

"Sure. But listen. Mrs. Frobisher called him some time tonight, and ordered him to see the dogs weren't loosed! Can you beat it? But Mr. Frobisher gives him the same order half an hour earlier!... Oh, hell! Did you hear that?"

"He's through the gate," said Nayland Smith...

The first shadow showed on the chart at a point where a gate in the wire was marked. The second shadow moved swiftly back. A dim blur swept along the track. Baying increased in volume...

A shot—a second. And then came a frenzied scream, all the more appalling because muted by distance.

"Merciful God!" Craig whispered. "The dogs have got him!"

"Lights!" Smith cried. "Where's the man, Stein?"

As Sam switched the lights up, Stein was revealed standing in the arched opening which led to Michael Frobisher's study. He was fully dressed, and chalky white.

"Here I am, sir."

A sound of faraway shouting became audible. Stella Frobisher ran out onto the stairhead, a robe thrown over her nightdress.

"Please—oh, please tell me what has happened? That ghastly screaming! And where is Mike?"

She had begun to come down when Camille appeared behind her. Camille had changed and wore a tweed suit.

"Mrs. Frobisher!" Craig looked up. "Isn't the chief in his room?"

"No, he isn't!"

Camille's arm was around Stella's shoulders, now.

"Don't go down, Mrs. Frobisher. Let's go back. I think it would be better if you dressed."

She spoke calmly. Camille had lived through other crises.

"Miss Navarre!" Nayland Smith called, sharply.

"Yes, Sir Denis?"

"Go with Mrs. Frobisher to her room, and both of you stay there with the door locked. Understand?"

Camille hesitated for a moment, then: "Yes, Sir Denis," she answered. "Please come along, Mrs. Frobisher."

"But I want to know where Mike is—"

Her voice faded away, as Camille, very gently, steered her back to her room.

Nayland Smith faced Stein. "Mr. Frobisher is not in his study?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I do not retire tonight. I am anxious. Just now, I am in there to look."

"Was the window open?"

Stein's crushed features became blank.

"Was the window open?" Nayland Smith repeated harshly.

"Yes. I close it."

"Come on, Craig! Sampson—follow!" "Okay, chief."

Craig and Nayland Smith opened the French windows and ran out; Sam followed.

STEIN stood by the opening, and listened. Somewhere out in the misty night, an automatic spat angrily. There was a dim background composed of barking dogs and shouting men. He turned, in swift decision, and hurried into the kitchen quarters.

He took up the phone there, dialed a number, waited and then began to speak rapidly—but not in English. He spoke in a language which evidently enlarged his vocabulary. His pallid features twitched as he poured out a torrent of passionate words...

Something hard was jammed into the ribs of his stocky body.

"Drop that phone, Feodor Stenovicz. I have a gun in your back and your family history in my pocket. You're too late to tip off Sokolov. He's in the bag. Put your hands right behind you. No, not up—behind!"

Stein dropped the receiver and put his hands back. There was sweat on his low forehead. Steel cuffs were snapped over his wrists.

"Now that's settled, we can get together."

Stein turned—and looked into the barrel of a heavy-caliber revolver. Sam's grinning face was somewhere behind it.

"Suppose," Sam suggested, "we step into your room and sample some more of the boss' bourbon? What you gave me this morning tasted good."

They had gone when Camille came running along the corridor to the stairhead. And there was no one in the library.

"Please stay where you are!" she called back. "I will find out."

A muffled cry came from Stella Frobisher: "Open the door! I can't stay here!"

Camille raced downstairs, willfully deaf to a wild beating on wood panels. She ran on to the open windows.

"Morris! Morris! Where are you?"

She stood there clutching the wet frame, peering into chilly darkness. Cries reached her—the vicious splat of a revolver—the barking of dogs.

"Morris!"

She ran out onto the terrace. A long way off she could see moving lights.

Camille had already disappeared when Sam entered the library, having locked Stein in the wine cellar. Switching on his flash, he began hurrying in the direction of that distant melee.

(To be concluded next week)



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PERSON-TO-PERSON

Continued from page 17



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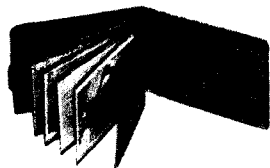
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bitter clarity: He was considered an outlander here. They resented him, his suit and strong shoes, the pictures of his house, and even his food. Sandy had got sick on the chocolate bars, moaned and clutched at his stomach until his mother had spoken to him sharply in Gaelic and led him outside.

Now Sandy had fallen asleep, his head down upon his scarred knees. Hugh, two years his elder, lifted him and carried him to the chaff bed in the corner. When Hugh came back his glance went to Harry.

"We have but the one picture here," he said, "and not many things." He stepped past his mother and took down from the shadows of the fireplace a small photograph and a flintlock pistol. "Our brother, Sam." He put the photograph in Harry's hand. "Killed with the First Scottish at Alamein. The pistol"—he held it out—"was used by Dougald MacBain in the Rising. We fought with Phrionssa Tearlach."

"He means Bonnie Prince Charlie," Alison said, color dark in her face.

"I understand," Harry Pacek said, "I've read about it."

HUGH had gone to stand by his mother, his hand on her arm, and the silence was very heavy through the room. Harry Pacek could hear his own breathing, feel the trickle of nervous sweat down his back. The boy has shown you, he thought. You're a stranger, and they want no part of you.

It was full night outside. The vast silver beam from Rudha Reidh reached to the door. "Would you like to walk to the light, Harry?" Alison said. "The men there would be glad to see you."

"Sure," Harry Pacek said. He turned and in his haste tripped clumsily going out the door.

He walked apart from her as they crossed the moor. In the pale blue darkness small, shaggy ponies came up to Alison, but they shied away from him. It would all be like this, he told himself. The dream was no good. He saw the rough headland, the rush of surf against the rocks. There it was, the place where the ship had broken and the men had died. He stopped and called Alison's name.

"Let's go back," he said. "There's no sense in keeping on."

She moved quite close to him, then rested motionless. The light beam lifted, fell, lifted, fell, and he was grateful for the periods of darkness. During them he didn't have to watch her eyes. "You're disappointed in us?" she said.

"No, only in myself," he said. "I don't get along with you folks at all. But I'm a simple kind of a guy. My people are farmers, and a lot like yours. Back in Minnesota we're called Hunkies, because we're Hungarian and Czech by blood. I didn't think that would make any difference here."

"It doesn't," she said. "It's not that."

"Then what's the matter?" The words were rough with a sudden rage and he was bent forward toward her. "You treated me fine before. You came down there through the deep snow and found me. You"—his hands made an unconsciously tender motion—"lifted me up and wrapped me in your blankets. All covered with oil and blood, and you put the soft, white blankets around me, ruined them forever. You made a fire and you brought tea and whisky. Then you took me to the cottage. If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be alive."

He was silent. He was about to weep. But the urge of memory here within sound of the surf, made him go on and tell her: "I can't forget that when I was over in Loch Ewe in the hospital you

came to see me every day. You walked miles through the snow to do it. You pegged over there on days when the nurses were afraid you'd freeze when you started home."

"But what troubles you," she said, "is not so much that, Harry. It's the difference between Mother and the bairns and you. I got to know you at the hospital. But they only saw you the one night. For them, everybody's a stranger except our own folks here around."

Her voice eased the anger and the pain in him. She had talked like this on the telephone when he had called from Florida. It had made the dream very real, and afterward he had been able to go back refreshed to his work on the house. He had worked all night sometimes, the quiet gentleness still in his ears, and his thought was that she was in the room with him. This was for her, his bonnie lassie. There'd be no more snow, no more cruel, cold wind for her. The bright little house would be hers, and the sunlight, the lime trees golden at the windows, the Gulf a great jewel beyond.

"Maybe I've been away from you too long," he said. "When I was building the house I used to think of you all the time. I figured how it would be with you there. I can't—I can't do enough for you."

"It might be," she said, "that you've tried to do too much."

"No," he said fiercely, "that's not true. How could I? The tea you made for me down on the beach was from your own rations. So were the jam and the eggs you brought me in the hospital. When you gave me those, you went without anything yourself. You starved to feed me. And the day they sent us from Loch Ewe Hospital over to Inverness the snow was so deep the trucks could hardly get through. But you came to the hospital. You had bluebells for me, bluebells you'd dug from under the snow."

"But it was the war, Harry. You were the ones fighting it for us. If we helped you, we helped ourselves."

He stared at her in understanding. "Is that why the folks were sore when I brought all the stuff from the States, why your mother didn't even thank me for the dress, and Hughie got down the picture of your brother, and then the pistol?"

"Aye, it is," she said. She linked her arm through his. "We've been poor here around a long time. My father died of the consumption, trying to make a living off this land, and since Sam was killed Mother has been a wee bit fey and lost to herself. It was a lot you gave us all at once, and the pictures of the house—"

"But those were for you," he said, "not for them."

"So I know," she said, and tugged him by the arm. "Let's get along now and to the light."

ANRA JAMIESON and the other men of the lighthouse crew shook him hard by the hand and clapped him on the back. "The engineer lad from the Russia-bound Liberty ship," little, stooped Jamieson said. "Man, that was a night. But the lass here made good care of you. Are you to be taking her off to the States?"

"If she'll let me," Harry said. But Alison was blushing, drawing back into the corner of the whitewashed room where Mrs. Jamieson sat. Harry took out his cigarettes and passed them around. "The first job is to get the harvest in."

"Then if she's to make a farmer out of you," Jamieson said, laughing, "you'll be needing a small suck from the jug."

Jamieson brought the black whisky jug and they sent it from hand to hand. "Engineers," he said, "are harder to come

Collier's for June 5, 1948

by in this part of Scotland than farmers. Will you take a look at a generator for me?"

Alison stood by and held the flashlight while Harry adjusted the generator brushes. "I'm proud that you could fix it," she whispered. "We must start home, though. There's plenty to be done tomorrow."

The peat-reeking whisky was hot in his blood and Alison walked close. He put his arm out and took her to him. The light beam had veered away; they were in darkness and alone except for the flapping, squawking gulls. He lifted her chin, feeling the smoothness of her flesh. Then he kissed her, every muscle tensed.

"I love you, Alison," he said.

"Aye," she said, "and I you, Harry. Patience is what we need. Patience enough for both of us. . . ."

THE morning sun was across his back where he worked cutting peat turfs. Alison stood on the edge of the pit, took them from him and stacked them to dry. She was aware of his grace and strength. A good man, a real worker, she thought with pride. He's cut as many turfs as Sam ever did. "Come up," she told him. "It's time we ate."

"Will we be back here later?" he said.

"No," she said. "The tide is out, and when we've eaten we'll take Hugh and Sandy and the cart and gather seaweed from the beach for fertilizer. You'll have a chance for a swim maybe."

He smiled over at her. "Good. I could use that."

The meal her mother put before them was a brose of oatmeal mixed with mutton broth and a couple of cold bannock cakes. Alison felt the doubt which had come to her last night. She felt no shame for the poverty here, but Harry's dream still possessed him, and there was a great difference between An Cuaidh and the places called Minnesota and Florida.

Her uncertainty left her as they went down onto the beach. Harry and the barelegged boys helped the ponies pull the cart, Saighear barking alongside. The sunlight made the sea, the sky, the air sparkle. Small clouds out over the Minch shone like shields of bronze, and the Skye hills were a clear and marvelous blue.

Harry and the boys splashed through the shallows, rolling the seaweed creels before them as they stripped the stuff from the rocks. Once she caught Harry gazing off toward Rudha Reidh headland where the ship had sunk. But the boys had started to play, spattering sprays up over each other, and one hit him. He

turned with a whoop and slapped a shower back at them with both hands. Then they were all tangled together, toppled over into the water.

She stood laughing and jeering at them until suddenly they rose and sprinted for her. She was too late, even though she gathered her skirt up on her thighs and raced away. They caught her and lifted her and hurled her into a deep pool, laughing at her as she rose gulping.

Harry swam offshore after that and came back in spouting like a whale. Hugh and Sandy took turns riding on his shoulders. The boys clung to his neck and gave wild shouts in Gaelic. His voice joined theirs and when at last they emerged at her call she saw that there was smiling understanding between them. Harry had won that much; he had made them his friends. You love him, she thought, and you have good reason for it. But this is just one day he's spent here. He's not certain of you, nor you of him. It will take time. You're no way near a decision.

He cut the barley with the broad-bladed scythe they called a *heuk*, and Alison, following behind, bound up the sheaves. The smooth-worn wood of the handles felt pleasant in his grasp. He took delight in the way the blade swung and the grain flicked down.

His mother would be happy to see him at such work, he thought. She had always said he'd make a real farmer, and when he visited home after the war she had asked him to settle down on the place, not let his restlessness take him off to Florida. He increased his pace, the recollection of his mother's words oddly sharp in his thoughts, and Alison was forced to call out to him, "Och, Harry, go slower. You're a fine man in a field, yet just a wee bit too fast for me."

He lowered the *heuk* to the ground and went back and kissed her; he laughed at the look of open admiration in her eyes. But as he began work again he found that in the moment of inaction his shirt had stuck to his skin and even through the sweat of his effort he felt chill.

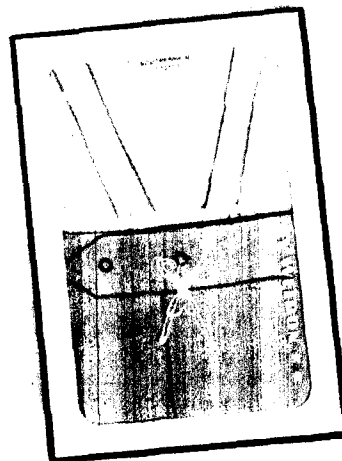
There was no longer any sunlight. Fog came in from the Minch upon the moors. He looked up and measured the distance to the end of the field. It was the last, and he was very glad. The sooner the harvest was in, the sooner he and Alison could start for the States. Winter was behind the fog. The wind he hated and could never forget would sweep the land, and he wasn't staying for that.

They had loaded the sheaves on the cart, were on their way to the cottage



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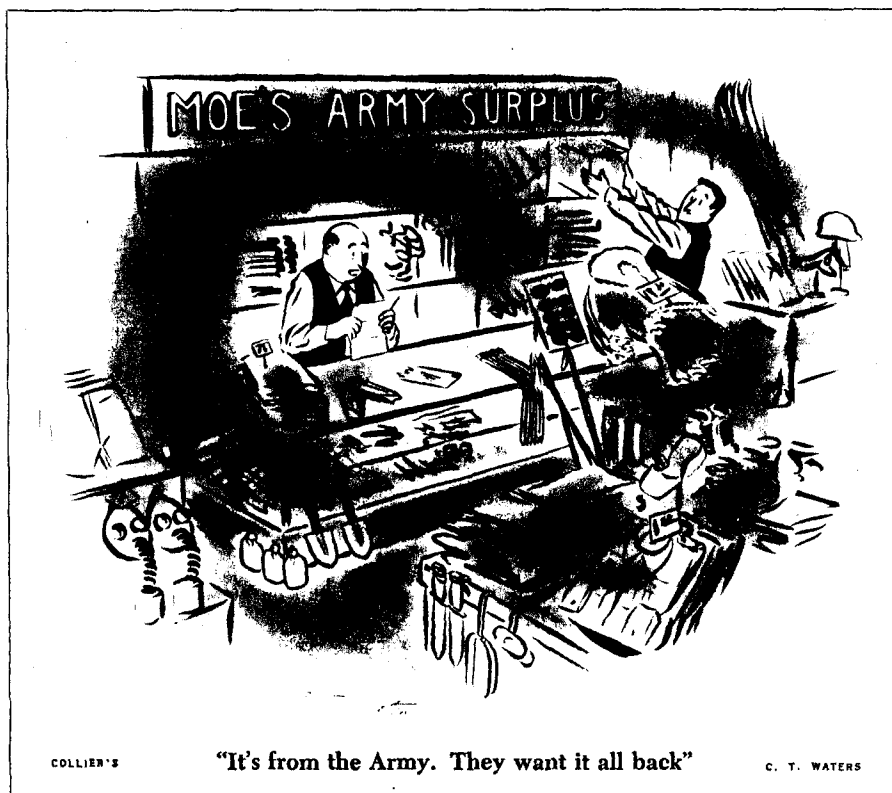
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Collier's for June 5, 1948

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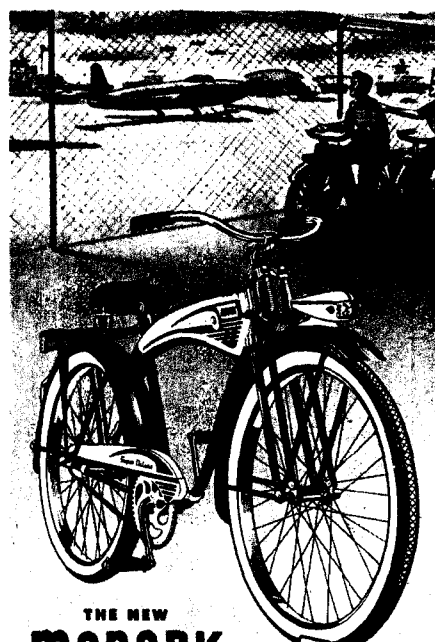


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when Anra Jamieson strode along the path. He wore a collar and tie and his visored cap. "My cousin Tom has lent me his motorcar," he said. "I'll be driving to Gairloch inside the hour. Would you and the bairns like the ride? There's to be a harvest *kirst* at John Grashan's farm. That means a sma' amount of whisky drinking and dancing, Harry. It would do no harm to stop on the way home."

"I have some things to buy in the town," Alison said, glancing aside at Harry. "Now the cold's about to set in, the bairns have need of brogans."

"Let's go to the *kirst*, too," Harry said. "I've never yet had a dance with you."

IN THE town there were tourists—people up from England, well dressed and jaunty. The women gazed squarely at Alison and the bairns, and she heard one murmur, "Look at the crofter folk. They go barefoot out on their bogs."

The embarrassment was not for herself, but for Harry. She made as if to go ahead of him with the boys, but he held her arm, forced her to walk at a slow pace. He was grinning. "We have the same kind of knuckleheads in the States. They judge everybody by themselves."

"You get along to the pub with Anra and have a glass," she said. "The boys and I will meet you there."

He touched the bundle she carried. "Are those the shoes I brought you?"

"Aye, so they are, Harry. I've been thinking perhaps I could change them in this shop."

"Be sure you find a good pair." His fingers were on the wallet in his pocket, but the look she gave him kept him from drawing it out. "Think about yourself for once, and not the bairns."

"I'll do my best," she said, color high across her cheeks. "There's little choice in such a place."

Hugh and Sandy were very proud of their new brogans and clumped hard over the pub floor when they came to call him and Anra. "How about your sister?" Harry said.

"Nothing for her," Hugh said in a flat, strained voice. "She could no' come upon the sort she wanted."

Harry checked back the anger until the battered old Morris car was jerking over the moorland ruts again. Hugh and Sandy rode in front with Anra, giving him excited directions for every yard of the way. But Alison sat in silence in the rear seat, her head down, her hands clasped in her lap. "You could have asked me," Harry said. "You could have told me you didn't have enough money. We love each other. We're going to be married, and if you—"

"Be still, Harry!" Tears were at the corners of her eyes. Her body was taut. She began to tremble. "Let's talk no more about shoes, money or marriage."

Anra swung around and gave him an understanding wink. "It's not far to Grashan's place now," he said. "Take care, Harry. There'll be plenty of lasses eager to learn the Yankee jitterboog."

The dancing was on the stretch of sward before the Grashan cottage. Music for it was a fiddle and a concertina, later John Grashan's bagpipe. The tunes as they were shouted out were Reel of Stumpie, I Am a Man Unmarried, and Strip the Willow.

Harry stood at the back of the crowd among the older men. They greeted him with respect and several told him in their quiet way that they had heard he was a good hand with a *heuk* and had done well with the harvest at An Cuaidh. That was Anra Jamieson's doing, Le knew, and he gave a self-conscious nod in answer. Still it was good to have them accept him so; he was no tourist like these people in the town. When he took Alison away with him, he was leaving a full harvest and things in a lot better shape than he had found them.

It eased some secret inner doubt to realize that, and he looked around at the crowd, eager for enjoyment. The dancers were the young fisher lads from near-by Melvaig, dressed in their kilts for the occasion, but there were many more women than men, and Alison had disappeared into the cottage at once. Anra pushed his black jug into Harry's hand. "Mind her, Kaithe Odell," he said. He nodded toward a broadly built girl in a long, blue dress. "She worked on the Clyde in the shipyards during the war. She knows your jitterboog from dancing it in Glasgow. Go give her a dance."

"No," Harry said; "I'm really not much good at it."

But the men around him and Anra had heard and were shoving him forward and the Odell girl had disengaged herself from her partner and stood nervously waiting. The fisher lads stared at him with thoughtful eyes and there was a constraint of jealousy in the expressions of the other girls. "Can you cut a rug?" he said to the Odell girl. She flounced her hair away from her shoulders with both hands. "I've cut a few," she said. "Play your best, John."

"Och, all I know is one tune a Yankee flier taught me," John Grashan said. "It's Pistol Packin' Mama, and that on the pipes. But you must make it do."

They danced it through twice before the crowd would let them stop. The fisher lads came to him with mugs full of ale, and a group of girls pressed about Kaithe Odell, asking her the steps. But the bagpipe was taking up a wild, swift tune, and Harry found Alison at his side. "It's a strathspey," she said. "Would you do it with me?"

The crowd laughed and called the measures for him as he stepped cautiously through it, and at the end there were more mugs of ale. But he drew her away. They walked in the dusk out along the path that led to An Cuaidh. "I don't want to go back," he said. "Anra will bring the boys, and your mother's home alone."

"The dancing's good fun, Harry," she said. "Mother will be asleep by now."

"I'd like to be alone with you," he said. She looked up into his face, noticing the set of the jaw, the pallor that had touched his cheekbones. The wind was from the west. It took the fog from the moor, swept it swirling in high, thin ribbons.

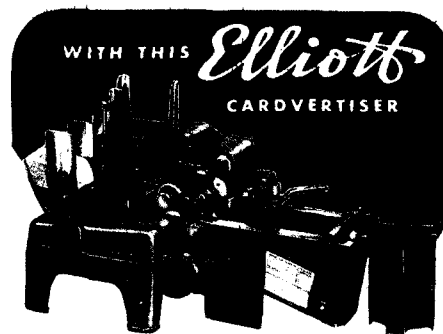
He bent before it, his hands up over his chest, all but unaware of her and with a constant quivering through his body. It's the wind of winter, she thought, the one he can't forget. She wanted to speak to him, caress him, tell him of her love, but a black, deep despair kept her silent.

THE wind had opened her own memory. She saw the moor in snow. Birds who could no longer fly froze and died there. To cross it with the wind blowing was to risk your life. But the night of the great storm she had done that.

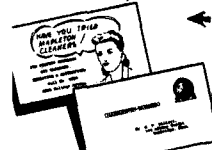
Her bones made her remember it still. The surf had a sound in which nothing else could be heard. The poor lads who had been tossed living up among the rocks lay with their clothes torn from them, burrowed up behind the rocks to be free of the wind. She had found Harry so, his body slimed with heavy oil, the blood from the rock gashes trickling down upon the snow as she tended him.

That was enough of horror. Memory of it lay always in the back of her brain. If she were to speak of her love now, it would be to ask him to go on living within sight of that place and the wind screaming, battering to keep the horror present for him.

She had put him to the test in the fields and in the town and at the dancing. He hadn't failed her. Each time he'd made good. He was her man, but only if he could conquer the wind, and in that she had no way to help him. No matter how strong her need and her love, it would be selfish to keep him as he was at An



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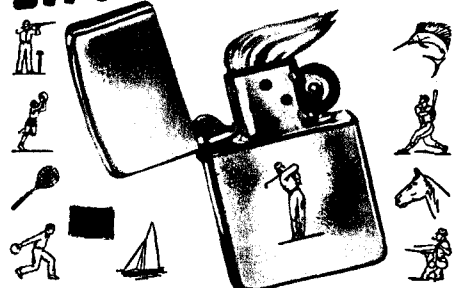


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Cuaidh. He should go—go at once. "Tomorrow, Harry," she said, "we'll walk to the town. You can send your message there about passage to the States."

He stared down at her, hardly making sense out of her words. Then the meaning was clear, and he laughed and caught her to him and kissed her. "You and I," he said.

She kissed him so that she didn't have to answer, the despair tight around her heart.

Going up the moor path to Gairloch, Harry tried hard not to think of Mrs. MacBain. She had said nothing when he and Alison had left the cottage, just given them a slight nod in farewell. But in her face was a sadness she couldn't conceal, and it bothered him now, kept him from phrasing the words of the telegram to the shipping company in Glasgow.

He looked aside at Alison. She walked with her head down, as though watching the path, and he wondered if the reason for that was to hide from him her own unhappiness.

They were almost at the stile and the high hedge there. A scuffling sound came from behind the hedge. A sharp, quick cry lifted and then Sandy jumped out and ran straight for Harry. Tears were on his face and blood was on the fingers of one hand. Harry picked him up and said, "Hey, what's the matter?"

Sandy pointed. Hugh was emerging from in back of the hedge. He carried a long-eared hare dangling from a stick and he gave his brother a look of contempt. "Yon's a sniveler," he muttered.

But with the younger boy still in his arms Harry walked over to Hugh. "Reach around in my back pocket," he said, "and get out my handkerchief. We want to put a bandage on his hand."

Alison helped make it, talking softly to Sandy in the Gaelic. Then she said, "Tell us what happened, lads."

Hugh told it, oddly sullen and slow-spoken. "We rigged a snare down yonder in the strath. With you goin'—his glance was for Alison—"we reckoned a bit of meat would no' be bad. But the brute hare wasn't full dead, and Sandy would get too close before I'd made sure. So he was bit. It serves him for being a fool."

"Let me down," Sandy said. "Let me have at him. He can't call me that."

Harry laughed. "No," he said. "We're going back to the cottage and see that your hand is fixed right." Sandy's damp cheek against his, the slim body quiet in

his arms, he experienced a sudden and disturbing emotion. "But, Harry," the boy asked, "you're not truly leavin'—you and Alison?"

"Don't worry," Harry said. It wasn't necessary to wonder any longer about Alison. He knew what her loss would mean to the boys and Mrs. MacBain. The impact of it had just struck him as he thought of parting from Sandy. "I'll be around for a while." He smoothed back the hair from Sandy's brow and brought him to a more comfortable position. "You and Hugh can haul some driftwood from the beach. Then tonight we'll have a big outdoor fire and roast the hare. Will that be a good deal?"

"Verra fine," Sandy said, and squeezed him tightly.

HARRY moved away from the others when they were back at the cottage. He leaned against the corner of the wall, feeling weak and spent, and yet somehow elated. The wind will blow, he thought. The snow will pile here as high as your head. But you'll learn to beat that; Alison and the others will show you.

Alison walked slowly toward him. She searched his face with a keen, open stare. "What did you mean, Harry, back there on the path?"

"I'm staying," he said, "if you'll marry me. I'll make a real farm of this place. Later, maybe, when the boys are grown, you and I can go out to the States. But the money from the sale of the Boca Linda house will help us a lot here."

"Och, Harry," she said, her eyes wide, "you can't sell that house. It's been your dream."

"Mine, not ours," he said.

She stood nearer to him and put her hands up on his shoulders. "You're certain?"

"Absolutely. Let's get to town and send the cable."

She stepped back, afraid that he would discover the trembling of her body. It had been difficult, she thought, and still he had done it himself. She hadn't been forced to tell him that he must go to Florida without her and that she had decided to stay here. He had been spared that. Harry had won his fight.

They walked in stride along the path, but at the stile Harry stopped her. "Carry you over," he said.

"The lad wants a forfeit," she said.

"Would one kiss do?"

"Not at all," she said. "Two, at least."

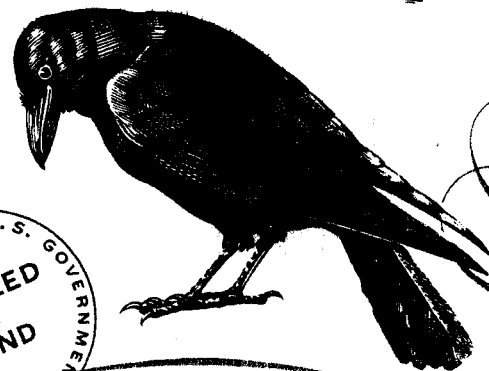
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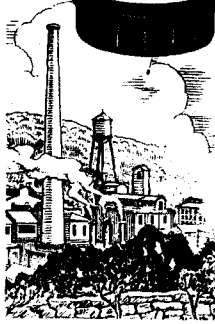


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COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

GIVE AND TAKE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



...a beaming, and ... his three young-
... who are sampling their ... gifts to him. Odds
... will inherit the ... and Joe will fall heir to
... the ... Tony will have to fill out some before he'll wear that
... belt. Dad isn't saying anything, but that bright-colored sport
... shirt will see plenty of heavy duty on the beach this summer

HERE comes June, and here comes the bride—as a matter of fact, a vast army of brides; and, it might be added (though it seldom is) exactly the same number of grooms! The weather is more or less divine and all is well.

A serious problem, however, confronts many of us in this loveliest of months—to wit: What are we going to give the newlyweds? And—with Father's Day and school and college-graduation days coming in June, to say nothing of the usual birthday and other anniversaries—what are we going to give Dad, the youthful graduates and the others?

Out of that problem, another—a much less bewildering by-product—arises. We will call it Problem Number Two, and by way of illustration let's say that early on the morning of Father's Day, young William X. Hicks, Jr., presents William X. Hicks, Sr., a gentleman of conservative taste, with a bright green necktie, featuring purple and pink polka dots. With the gift in his hands, Hicks, Sr., is confronted with Problem Number Two: How to appear to be pleased as he eyes the darned thing!

Innumerable persons, male and female, must solve somewhat similar problems. Should you be one of the victims—you *will* be, don't worry!—you are hereby advised to preserve your composure and be as sweet and gracious to the gift giver as you can possibly be.

But *receiving* gifts is comparatively simple. Infinitely more difficult is the problem one must face when he has to *pick* a gift for some friend, relative or acquaintance. Take graduation gifts, for example. Leading authorities report that the most acceptable of such gifts is a check—the larger it is, the better (from one viewpoint, that is). Tycoons have learned, by experiment, that the gift of a cruise trip to Europe or to other parts of the world is usually well received. So is a personal plane, for that matter.

Whether you are a tycoon or not, finding suitable gifts should be a cinch. If the graduate in whom you are interested—your son or your nephew, perhaps—contemplates going into journalism, he will undoubtedly welcome a typewriter with loud cheers.

If he's active in sports, he will be genuinely pleased if you give him some golf clubs or a tennis racket or a set of boxing gloves—anything he can use in his favorite muscular activity. If he enjoys photographing things, give him a camera—the perfect gift for almost anyone.

Before graduation day, you might put these items, also, on your list of possible gifts: a set of glasses, ornamented with the school or college crest; a pipe; a pipe rack; a tobacco jar; binoculars; a hat certificate, entitling the recipient to acquire a hat, for nothing, at some shop; a sweater; an electric shaver; a toiletry set; a shoe wardrobe certificate.

Weddings demand much gift giving. It is up to the groom to give some small item to his best man and the ushers, and he is expected to provide flowers for his bride to be and the bridesmaids. His problem is fairly simple, for any of these things will be appropriate as gifts for the members of his male retinue: tie clips or bars; cuff links; key chains; key cases; bill-folds and wallets; small hand luggage; cigarette cases and lighters. If he has his choices initialed, so much the better—no one will object!

(Note for husbands to be: If the

Collier's for June 5, 1948

wedding ceremony is held during the day, the groom *may* be expected to supply matching waistcoats, collars and ties for the ushers.)

The Father's Day gift problem has given, and will continue to give, sons, daughters and wives many a headache. What to give the Old Man? That is a problem—at least it is for many good people who can't, for the life of 'em, figure out what Dad would really like to get on the big day.

Dad's hobbies and pastimes should be considered first. If he spends his week ends at the golf course, a new set of clubs, slacks, some sport shirts, a belt or a golf jacket might warm the cockles of his heart. If, on the other hand, he enjoys fishing, he will very likely welcome any addition to his equipment—especially something he thinks he can't afford.

If he regards a Sunday-afternoon stroll as hard physical exercise, and is interested in no sport, get him such things as books, phonograph records,

a brief case or a framed picture. Don't be afraid to give him shirts; he can always use them—if they're his size. The same goes for ties; pay no attention to him if he says, with loud squawks, that they're too loud—you can bet your bottom dollar he will wear them.

Pajamas, robes and slippers are first-rate gifts, old stand-bys, for the fireside type. Should the recipient object to receiving a raincoat on the ground that his old one is as good as new (which it probably is *not!*), give it to him anyhow—at the mere suggestion of the next drizzle, he will wear it.

A hat certificate is also an excellent gift for Dad. And here are some more items that any man will be delighted to get on Father's Day: suspenders; a belt; cuff links; tie clips; sport shirts; gloves; a pipe; hand luggage; after-shaving lotions and colognes.

Make out your list. Decide what you'll buy. And stop worrying! ★★★



The smiling groom, contemplating his wedding cake, is perfectly dressed for a formal day wedding in his morning coat, striped trousers, double-breasted gray vest, turndown-collar shirt, gray small-figure tie and pearl stickpin

Our young graduate prepares for that trip abroad. He's making sure that his blazer and dinner jacket aren't left behind, and is traveling sensibly in a gabardine jacket, gray flannel slacks, button-down shirt, and a striped rep tie

FOR THE GRADUATE

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- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Radio | Hand luggage | Wallet |
| Pen-pencil set | Sweater | Lounging robe |
| Watch | Smoking jacket | Hat certificate |
| Camera | Pipe | Toiletries |
| Class ring | Tobacco jar | Record album |
| Cuff links | Cigarette lighter | Records |
| Tie clasp or bar | Cigarette case | Sport shirt |

IF YOUR BANK BALANCE IS LESS THAN \$500 GET HIM:

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Typewriter | Office accessories | Golf clubs |
| Rod and reel | Dress jewelry | A dozen neckties |
| Radio-record player | Shotgun | Humidor |

IF YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT YOUR BANK BALANCE RECENTLY:

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------|----------------|
| Car | Trip to a foreign country | Television set |
|-----|---------------------------|----------------|

FOR GROOMS TO GIVE

IF YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT TOO MUCH ON YOUR WEDDING:

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Tie clips or bars | Wallets | Stickpins |
| Handkerchiefs | Cuff links | Pen-pencil sets |
| Key chains | Cigarette cases | Fountain pens |
| Lighters | Game sets | Neckties |

IF YOU HAVE A LITTLE LEFT OVER:

- | | | |
|----------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Hand luggage | Fitted traveling cases | Traveling watches |
| Personal radio | Gold watch straps | Mufflers |

IF DAD IS PAYING FOR IT:

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Gold cigarette lighter | Bride-and-groom's ring | Champagne |
| Friendship ring to match | Traveling cocktail set | Scotch whisky |
| Gold cigarette case | Wrist watch | Cocktail shaker |

GIVE DAD

IF YOUR ALLOWANCE IS \$5 A WEEK:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|-------------------|
| Belt | Wallet | Toiletries |
| Handkerchiefs | Magazine subscription | Tobacco jar |
| Pipe | Bottle of Scotch | Fishing equipment |
| Golf balls | Key case | Neckties |
| Hose | Sport hat (fishing, golf) | Billfold |
| Shirt | Suspenders | Box of cigars |

IF YOUR ALLOWANCE IS \$25 A WEEK:

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Robe | Beachwear | Lighter |
| Slacks | Hat certificate | Sport shirt |
| Beer mugs | Waterproof jacket | Raincoat |
| Pajamas | Slippers | Cigarette case |
| Pipe | Sweater | Bar accessories |

IF DAD GIVES YOU BLANK CHECKS:

- | | | |
|--------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Sport jacket | Sport apparel | Gun |
| Brief case | Slacks | Golf clubs |
| Desk set | Radio-record player | Luggage |
| Gun case | Camera and accessories | Office accessories |





REEVECORD

Combines Cool Comfort with Smart Styling



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER to the problem of keeping all the family well-groomed through the hot, humid days of mid-summer. For now, after years of textile research, Reeves

Brothers presents Reevecord, a lightweight, mercerized, vat-dyed, corded cotton fabric so wrinkle-resistant that you feel perfectly groomed in the sultriest 90's. Sanforized* shrunk, it keeps its tailored shape and is surprisingly easy to care for, too! It washes just like other soft cottons.

Reevecord has already won "a top place in the sun"—a worthy addition to the famous Reeves Fabric Group.

See complete lines of Reevecord suits, slacks and sportswear for men, women and children at better stores everywhere. Comes in Blue, Tan and Gray.



THE REEVES FABRIC GROUP INCLUDES: Reeves Army Twill • Chesnee Gabardine • Reeveking Gabardine • Glengarrie Poplin • Pima King Broadcloth • Mountain Cloth • Marine Herringbone • Warrior Twill • Reevecord • Parklyn Pique

*Residual shrinkage less than 1%.



CIRCLES OF OUR DEFENSE

Continued from page 19

The victorious Russian offensives that rolled the Germans back in 1944 and 1945 took place only after Germany's home arsenal was brought under crippling strategic bombing attack by the United States and Great Britain. This bombardment hamstrung German mechanization. Russia could not have delivered this bombardment herself. Russia could probably not have beaten Germany without it. By that time the Russians were getting free, huge quantities of Lend-Lease weapons and supplies from us. In addition, from 1943 onward, Britain and America had second-front operations going in western Europe. Our Normandy landing in 1944 drained much German strength from the Russian front.

But in the Russian view today none of this counts. As Russia sees it, the Russian army beat the Germans. Russian willingness to face another war is based on faith that no one can beat their army.

Russia's conception of war revolves around use of this army. To capture territory, one rolls overland with the army. There is no other way. Once one holds a piece of land, one subdues all opposition, political or military, and that is that. The Russian sense of conquest is absolute.

But this "army point of view" means that Russia's military thinking stops when it comes to salt water. The Russians have never fought anyone overseas. Russia is completely and utterly lacking in equipment for moving an army across water that can't be bridged. There are no Russian landing ships, no amphibious tanks, no invasion transports. Nor has she the carriers, special weapons and supply craft for large-scale air invasion.

U-Boats Are of Doubtful Value

Weak in naval power, the Russians have tried to make good their deficiency by turning to the submarine. Aided by German technicians, they have built up their undersea fleet to a reported 250 boats, some of the latest type. But this is defensive armament. It could be used, at best, to hamper our overseas transport. And at the moment, the Russians lack adequate deep-water bases for effective use of the submarine weapon.

Even if Russia got the whole fancy arsenal of overseas invasion as a gift, the Russians are lacking in the know-how of overseas conquest. So there is no Russian thought, as an early possibility, of moving an army across the Atlantic to the United States—or even across the English Channel to the British Isles.

How, then, would the Russians fight us?

To begin with, they probably assume that we will oblige them by carrying the land war to them. If we landed an army in Europe to fight Hitler, wouldn't we do the same to fight Russia? They have very little idea of our three-dimensional conception of war, with its "temporary empire" strategy.

We used this strategy effectively in the Pacific in World War II by taking and using new bases as our land-sea-air drive progressed toward Japan. This temporary empire, which enabled us to defeat Japan's permanent empire, was abandoned after its purpose was achieved.

Of course the Russians have been working diligently to build up air power ever since they became aware of British and American success in strategic bombing. If you can't capture a thing, you may be able to smash it. For direct attack on overseas objectives, the Russians will certainly try to use air power.

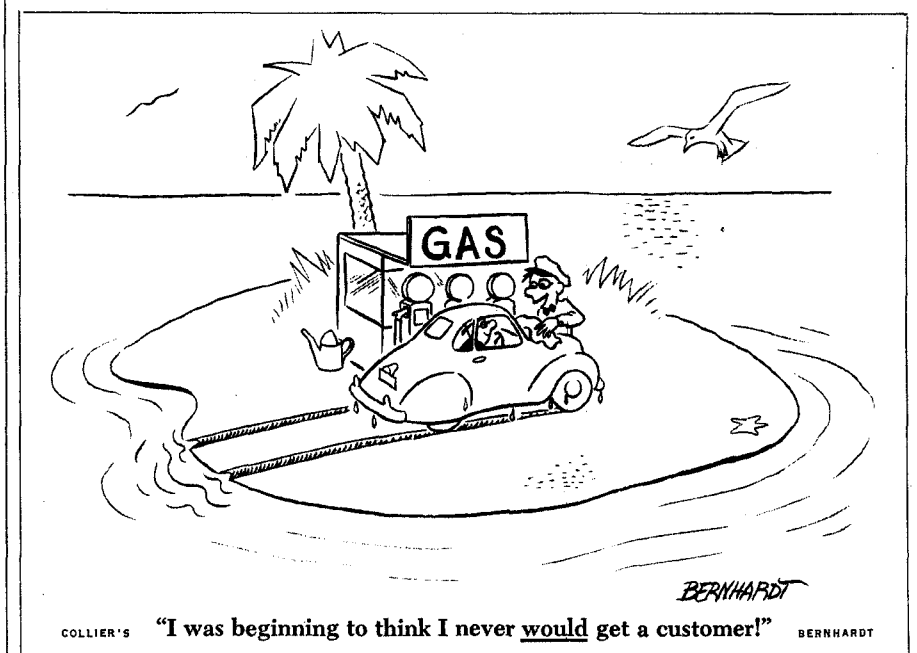
Then they have another international operation of which all the world has been only too aware for an uneasy quarter century—political infiltration through the fifth columnist, the agitator, the organizer, the Communist minority group ready for anything treasonable from sabotage to revolution. This "boring from within" is Russia's ace weapon for overseas attack, to be used, if possible, as freely on us as it has been used in Rumania or Bulgaria or Czechoslovakia.

Suppose the Russians do go to war against us. How would they strike their first blow?

In the first place, they can't strike at us without striking at others. Therefore, right from the beginning, their war must be Russia-plus-satellites versus the United States and allies. Thus it would not be a Russian-American war, but World War III. This is inescapable, since the map shows that Russia cannot possibly strike at us, by air, sea or land, without violating the domain of others.

This explains Russia's preliminary strategy, aimed at knocking the alliance out from under us. So far, this has been bloodless strategy, by political infiltration and local uprising. The Russian conquest of Czechoslovakia, early in 1948, is a perfect example. It is the cheapest known method of invasion. The conquered people themselves furnish the troops, in the form of Action Committees. After carrying out this role and grabbing control these Action Committees willingly accept the orders of the Kremlin.

As a variant, the Russians use the "treaty" method of conquest. This is put through against small nations by eco-



COLLIER'S "I was beginning to think I never would get a customer!" BERNHARDT

For
Smoothest
Fastest, Safest
Shaves—

**GIVE DAD A GIFT THAT'S SURE
TO "CLICK" FOR FATHER'S DAY!**

*Push, Pull...
Click, Click!
Change Blades
that Quick!*



**WORLD'S ONLY RAZOR WITH AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGER
ENDS 4 BIGGEST SHAVING NUISANCES!**

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So you can't cut fingers. Insert Automatic Blade Changer—Push, pull—click, click!—new blade is locked in correct position!

2 NOTHING TO TAKE APART!

And nothing to put together. No awkward twisting or turning. To clean—simply rinse under faucet, shake and put away.

3 NO TIME WASTED!

Nationwide tests prove that the Eversharp Schick out-speeds—out-modes—out-shaves any razor going. Try it—and see for yourself!

4 LESS IRRITATION!

Exclusive, patented guard bar insures smoother, cooler, cleaner shaves. With an Eversharp Schick shaving is easy even under nose and around lips.

Razor \$1.00
20 Blades.. .75
TOTAL \$1.75

SPECIAL
\$1.25 with
20 BLADES

New!

IMPROVED BLADES

Super-keen, super-smooth blades—made of super-steel—to give far more shaves.

10 for 50¢... 20 for 75¢

**EVERSHARP SCHICK
INJECTOR RAZOR**

...THE MOST IMPORTANT
...OF YOUR DRINK...

* Good hosts know that $\frac{4}{5}$ ths of the average highball is mixer. So don't risk spoiling your drinks with ordinary mixers. Be prepared with the finest—be prepared with Canada Dry Water and Ginger Ale. Here's why:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation*
—means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula*
—makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing*
—assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality*
—uniform the world over.

SIGN OF A BETTER DRINK

CANADA DRY
WORLD FAMOUS
BEVERAGES

- There's nothing like Spur for finer rum and cola drinks.
- For a mixer that gives drinks fresh zip, ask for Hi-Spot.

nomie and politico-military pressure. The idea is to keep them from joining any alliance of free people, under threat of military annihilation. The recent alliance-pact power-foisted by Russia upon Finland is an example. The Russians would like to do the same to Sweden and Norway, and ultimately to Denmark, Holland and Belgium.

To Prevent Allied Air Attack

All this, if accomplished, would be useful conquest indeed. Russia's goal? Look at the map. Russia would like physical control of all the west-European and Scandinavian countries which might serve as air bases for an allied campaign against the U.S.S.R. or as build-up bases for anti-Russian, three-dimensional strategy.

If Russia can't achieve this goal by revolution alone, then the opening military move, in a war ultimately aimed at us, might be a well-timed blitz out of Yugoslavia and Hungary into Italy and France, to support "oppressed Communist minorities" in the latter countries. First, Russia would probably try to localize this action, and keep the British and ourselves out of the picture. This would follow the Hitler pattern of striking at weakness in local wars, while keeping the great powers quiescent with double-talk about "peace" and the benevolence of motives behind the attack.

Suppose, however, the people of Italy and France fought back and were joined by an alliance of the other states of the west? Would the Russians let loose a major military steam roller across the Old World in a drive for the Atlantic?

Quite possibly they would not. If Russia undertook to occupy the Continent as far west as France, Moscow's armies would soon be far from home, and Russia would run into major difficulties of supply, and of air support. They would have to bring ammunition, fuel and weapons all the way from Russia, over supply lines vulnerable to air attack. The gasoline problem alone is one to daunt the ablest logistician.

Hence the Russians, who know this too, might stop their western movement

at the Rhine, and use their main strength for two other blows. First, they might overrun the Scandinavian peninsula into Sweden and Norway, on the main line of the sea-air route between the United States and Russia.

Second, the opening Russian offensive might strike in a radically different direction, into the Middle East in a campaign aimed at the conquest of Persia, Arabia, the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and ultimately, perhaps, at Egypt and North Africa.

To strategists, the Middle East is one of the most important areas on the globe, the crossroads of sea and air travel between Europe and the Orient. The Suez Canal alone makes it vital to ship movements; it is equally important to air transport.

Beyond this, the Middle East means oil. Persia and Arabia are so valuable as sources of petroleum, upon which all modern transport is utterly dependent, that there are no limits to their military significance. You can't fly planes, operate tanks or trucks, or send ships to sea ... you can't fight a war, nowadays, without stupendous oil production.

At the moment, the Middle Eastern oil fields are included in the Western structure of world oil economy. Russia has oil, too, lots of it—big fields down near the Caspian, lesser fields elsewhere. But the basic strategic plan of a new Russian war probably would include a major effort to grab off all the Middle East oil, both to get it away from us and to add it to the Russian stock pile.

So we see a possible Russian strategic plan of movement by cheap infiltration and revolution into western Europe, with power drives into Scandinavia and the Middle East. What else?

How could Russia hurt us? Shift to the United States map and see three ways of approach which, while they might not lead to a knockout, could prove very embarrassing to us.

First, let's think of Russia's objectives, short of a knockout. Russia's first task would be to keep us, if possible, from using our industrial strength to aid Europe. To do this, Russia has air power and submarines with which to try to stop

our ship movements in the Atlantic. The Russians might also try to strike at the source by long-range bombing of our factories and harbors.

But these would be big-league operations—operations in global strategy—and the Russians now lack the kind of overseas bases needed to wage such warfare. They might, however, plan to set up these bases by, say, a surprise parachute invasion of Iceland and Greenland. The present weak defenses of those spots would presumably offer the Russians no unsolvable difficulties. If Russia got the jump on us, and moved in on the northeastern approaches to North America, we might be in for a messy situation before we got the upper hand again.

Then there is the Alaskan approach. This would be of great value to the Russians for strategic bombing purposes—and also to check our strategic air operations in Alaska. As this is written, the United States has 9,000 aviation personnel in Alaska, serviced by 7,000 Army ground troops. We have no combat troops in Alaska—none. Russia might find this tempting. After all, Siberia is not far away, and once they got men landed across the narrow Bering Strait, the Russians are probably unexcelled in land operations under arctic conditions.

Our Menace from Latin America

There is still a third direction from which the Russians might approach us, and that is by way of South America. During the recent Pan-American conference, held in Colombia, the capital city of Bogotá was torn apart by an uprising that demonstrated the political uncertainties of some of our southern neighbors. Curiously enough, Bogotá is on the defense-zone circle for the eastern part of the United States, almost exactly 2,000 miles from Washington, D. C. Furthermore, Bogotá and the Panama Canal are practically side by side.

If on the outbreak of World War III, the Russians could put through a revolutionary coup in a country like Colombia, they might fly planes across to attempt a surprise bombardment of the Panama Canal. If they could consolidate a South American base, the results might be very unpleasant for us. If they could do the same thing in Mexico, they could be really troublesome. Once more, their main difficulty would be supply. They could get around this, in part, if they could build up bomb dumps before the war in the country in question.

But for all the Russians' potential ability to expand into Europe, Scandinavia and the Middle East, and perhaps to strike at us by way of Greenland, Alaska and South America ... what after that? Where would they go with their war?

Could they hand us a knockout? The chances are that they would not try for a military knockout. The Russians are Asiatics. Their approach is conspiratorial and revolutionary. They have never tried global warfare, but for 30 years they have been trying global conquest—"world revolution."

As the Russians are likely to see it, they win wars with men, and with conspiracy. We win them with dollars. They would try to make us spend our dollars ... and they would try to save their men. It might be that simple, in their book. If they could prolong the war long enough, they think we would go broke financing it in our "capitalist" way. That would upset our economy, and lead us to financial collapse. Then, they may believe, the revolutionaries would move in.

And what would we be doing? Back to the maps. Problem number one, for us, is American security. Global war, as we see it, is a matter of using a three-dimensional, co-operative military establishment—the Air Force, the Navy, the Army, supporting each other.

After nearly four years of global warfare we discovered that we could extend



ROADLITER

Self-contained bicycle headlight. Uses 2 standard flashlight cells. Baked white enamel finish. Chrome body band and lens ring. Price, less batteries, . . . \$1.69



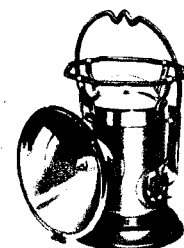
ROAD-ROWDY

Self-contained bicycle horn. Identical to ROADLITER in styling and finish. Uses 2 standard flashlight cells. Price, less batteries, . . . \$2.39

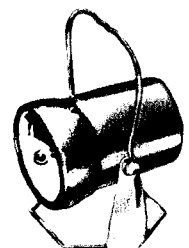
Ride with Delta and you ride in *safety*. ROADLITER spots a super-bright beam that really lights your way. ROAD-ROWDY sounds a horn blast that steps 'em aside quickly... Ride with Delta and you ride in *class*. This perfectly matched companion pair makes a stylish addition to any bike. See your Delta dealer today. He'll show you why bicyclists everywhere say, "Make mine Delta."

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Originators and World's Largest Producers
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Delta POWERlite
America's favorite electric lantern. Two reflectors—spot and flood light. Less battery, \$4.25



Delta REDDYlite
Electric lantern. It's handy. Revolves like a wheel. "Stays put," any angle. Less battery, \$2.98



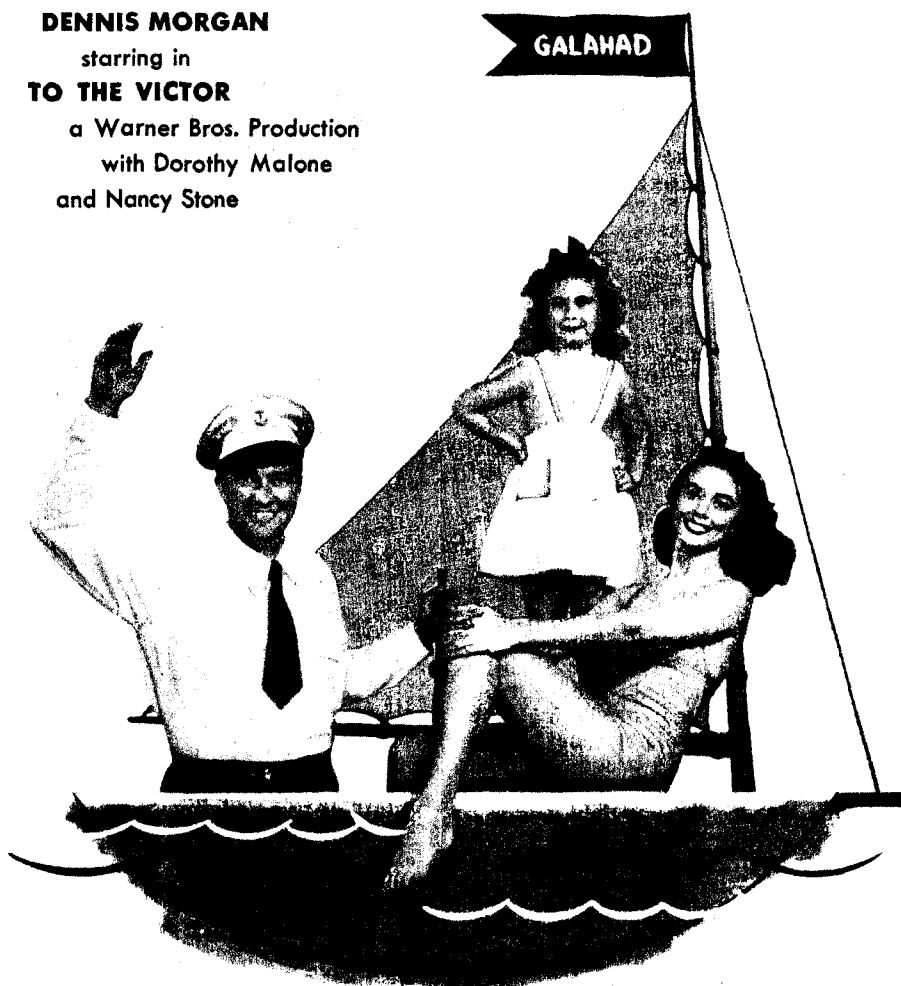
SPORTING ODDS

Last May, pitcher Rogerson of the Greenfield, Massachusetts, High School had a no-hitter in his grasp, only to lose it by a freak play. Pitching against Athol High, Rogerson had two out in the ninth, and a clean no-hit record. With a man on first (he had walked), the batter hit a bounding ball directly toward the Greenfield second baseman. It should have been an easy play to retire Athol hitless. But as the second baseman moved in to pick off the ball, the ball hit the base runner dashing from first to second. The game was over, for the runner was automatically out. But Rogerson's no-hitter was ruined, the batter being credited with a hit.

—Ed F. Galvin, Hastings on Hudson, N. Y.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of \$25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

DENNIS MORGAN
starring in
TO THE VICTOR
a Warner Bros. Production
with Dorothy Malone
and Nancy Stone

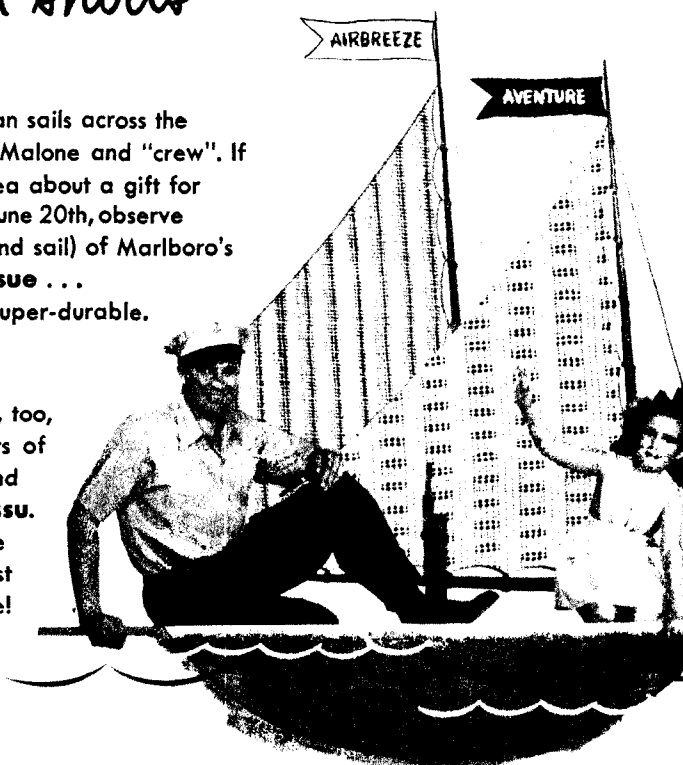


ON DECK FOR DAD!

*breezy Marlboro shirts
+ sport shirts*

Skipper Morgan sails across the set with Mate Malone and "crew". If you're all at sea about a gift for Father's Day, June 20th, observe Dennis' shirt (and sail) of Marlboro's **Galahad Tissue** . . . airy-light but super-durable.

Cooling as an ocean voyage, too, are sport shirts of **Airbreeze and Adventure Tissue**. Chart a course to your nearest Marlboro store!



Marlboro

shirts



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Marlboro Shirt Company, Inc., Baltimore 1, Md.

our power almost anywhere at will, by setting up a "temporary military empire." We put up naval bases on remote Pacific islands. We had air bases in the middle of Africa, in India, China, the Aleutian Islands . . . in England and Brazil and Algiers and Newfoundland. We landed the Army in the Philippines and in Normandy, on the shores of the Red Sea and up the Persian Gulf . . .

Our kind of warfare is a fantastic, interlocking structure of mechanized power. Out at the far end, where it meets the enemy, we deliver things that hurt, destroy and kill.

We wage a war of material. To us, men are precious. We use them, mostly, to operate machines. We spend the product and the power of those machines.

If we should go to war again, our first job would be to move outward, fast, to protect all the danger spots within our 2,000-mile defense circles. If Alaska, Greenland and Iceland are important to the Russians, they are obviously so to us. If the northern part of South America has possibilities as a hostile base, we need a strong defensive setup at Panama and in the Caribbean to meet the threat.

As this is written, we haven't the power to put through this vitally important, quick-opening movement. In the whole of the United States, we have but 54,000 combat troops ready for action. This unreadiness in combat man power is what has taken our military leaders to Congress to ask for the draft and for Universal Military Training.

As for the European theater, should World War III break out, our first and most important problem would be to keep our Western European allies alive. The old arsenal of democracy would have to start functioning once more. The burden on us would, of course, be enormously lightened if Western Europe could be strengthened enough now, in peacetime, to provide some of its own arsenal.

In any fight for survival, our Number One ally will as before be Great Britain. Britain, in the first place, is the only European country able to defy Russia, now. Britain still has a navy, an air force, an army. Britain is plenty tough. The Russians are not going to capture Britain with any parachute drops. If the Russian air force tries to tangle with the Royal Air Force, it will find things plenty hot. As for the Russian navy . . . we and the British have carriers. The Russians have none. That says it.

Britain Again a Bastion

So whoever else gets knocked over by the Russian opening attack, our first main build-up base, for counteraction, would be the British Isles. Once more we would send men, aircraft, ships and supplies to this stout bastion.

Our secondary build-up point would probably be in the Mediterranean area—perhaps North Africa, perhaps France and Italy, perhaps both.

Look at the map. Russia's defense circle runs down along the North African coast, and yet, because of Russia's weakness at sea, it is virtually impossible for Russia to get troops to North Africa and supply them in any strength, except by going the long way around—overland via Egypt.

After we set up the bases of our "temporary military empire," the air war would begin.

We have another card to play in this campaign—and the British can play it too. Both of us possess strong naval forces, including those mobile flying

fields called aircraft carriers, and we can send them anywhere that salt water will float large ships.

The planes operating from these carriers are a valuable auxiliary in any global air strategy.

Look at the map, and you will see that the eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea and the Persian Gulf all have important strategic bearing on any fighting done in the Middle East. The waters up around Scandinavia, too, have great strategic importance.

As to whether we would ever land large armies on the European continent, for major land warfare against the Russians, the chances are that we would do this only to the extent needed to liberate our allies and set up our own air bases in the west.

Invasion of Russia on the ground



ROUND NUMBERS

How aptly named is middle age,

As any man should know;

For when his years have reached this stage,

The middle's where they show.

—Richard Armour

would play into Russian strength. We wage another kind of war.

Of one thing we can all be certain. No matter what weapons we used, the Allies would not conquer Russia cheaply. Nor would Russia conquer the Allies—not cheaply or any other way.

Maps back up the verdict of common sense and of history. The Allies can hurt Russia much more than Russia can hurt the Allies.

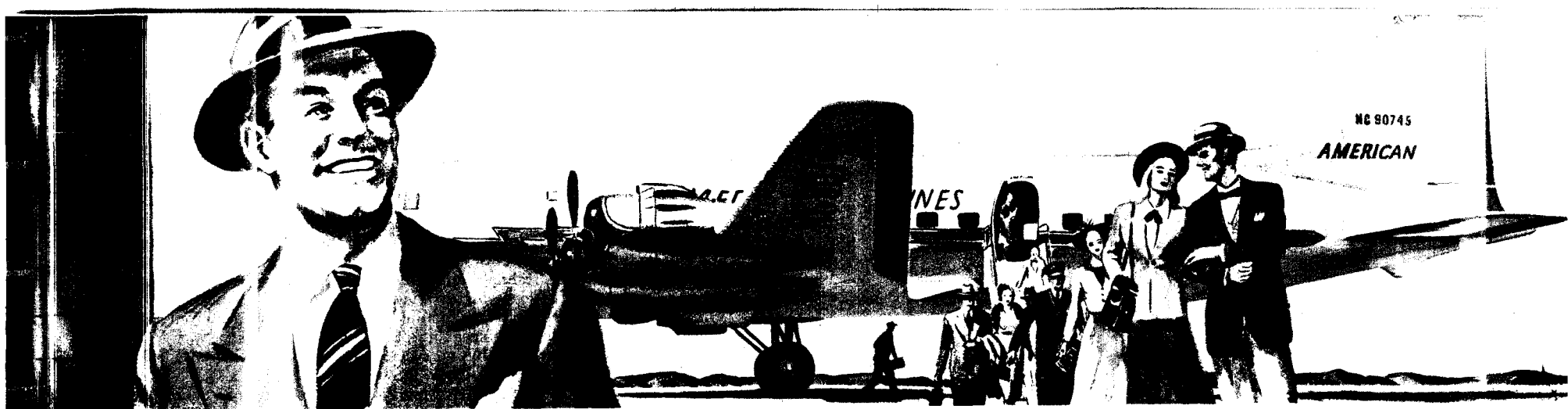
You will notice this article has offered no promise, either for the United States or for Russia, of war-winning strategy based on the atom bomb, or on any fancy push-button attack. Conceivably, if the world indulges in the madness of another war, it may go mad in a big atom-bomb way. Fear of reprisal, however, is the most effective possible deterrent to such a venture. The simple fact, perhaps difficult to accept, is that if we have another war it will probably be without use of the A-bomb.

As Americans, only one thing concerns us at the moment. The Russians today are strong on the ground and in the air. They can strike on very short notice.

We, on the other hand, are not ready for anything. We are not only demobilized, but way below even our authorized peacetime strength. Unless we rearm, quickly, and adequately, the story will be a very different one from that forecast in these pages.

This is the second of a series on national defense. Another will appear in an early issue of Collier's.

Collier's for June 5, 1948



Bob Watson gains more than time traveling American's new DC-6 Flagship. He gains the opportunity to *use* extra time for the most precious things in life . . .



He enjoys more time at home with his family—a reward of air travel appreciated by wife and children! Yet he travels more than ever before, getting more work done at his desk and out of town . . .



And he's respected—because the man who travels by air stamps himself as forward-looking, sure of himself. Friends and neighbors admire his ability to make the most of living. Bob has made a *habit* of going places by air—a habit of happiness for himself and his family, a habit of usefulness to his community, a habit of success in business. Traveling is **Better by Air . . . Best by American!**



AMERICAN AIRLINES

AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

• AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES, INC.



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4



* In the Pinehurst North and South, the Orlando Open, the Miami Open, the Bing Crosby, the Richmond Open and the Los Angeles Open, more contestants and more money winners played Acushnet Titleists than any other ball. Acushnet Process Company, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Acushnet
GOLF BALLS

man's. The average woman is emotionally more immature than the average man and this is reflected in less psychological wear and tear on the organism as a whole. That's what makes women interesting—you never know in a given situation whether they will react like a girl of ten or like an adult woman. Of course, I'm only speaking of the average female, but, actually, no such person exists. BURTON L. SINCLAIR, M.D., Fall River, Mass.

HYDROPONICS

GENTLEMEN: In re your article on soilless gardening, Magic in the Garden (Apr. 17th), Mr. Molitor gives the impression that hydroponics requires a minimum of equipment, practically no care, and results in better vegetables, grown in a third less time. Nothing could be further from the actual experience of those of us who have tried it—on a modest scale. . . .

As a practicing gardener, I sincerely hope none of your readers will be misled to the extent of thinking that hydroponic gardening is the panacea and cure-all of the troubles which beset the average dirt gardener. I have observed that many gardeners who grow flowers and vegetables for a hobby get more real honest enjoyment from digging in the dirt than from any other phase of gardening.

DON MIDDLETON, Wichita, Kans.

GROSS INJUSTICE

COLLIER'S: I just read Who Will Run the Red Sox? (Apr. 24th). I have followed baseball for many years and this is the first unkind thing I ever read about Joe McCarthy. I always thought him a gentleman and it makes me sad to learn from Gross that he is just another bum. Who is this Milton Gross person anyway? It is possible that he is "a first cousin" of Larry McPhail. They sound a lot alike. I'll wager that McCarthy is known and respected by more people than ever heard of Mr. Gross.

D. S. HALLAHAN,

A "B.B." Fan, Knoxville, Ia.

CATCHING THE FISHERMAN

DEAR SIR: While the prof in Fisherman's Prof (Apr. 17th) was taking the temperature and studying the general situation in my old fishing haunts, I would have my creel filled with the limit and be on my way home. And believe it or not I could take him to some places where he could tie the thermometer on the end of a line attached to his pole, dangle it in the water, and the rainbow would strike at it, and leave their teeth marks on it. Lures? You don't need them. Just take two blades of grass, tie them to a hook, make your cast and you'll have a rainbow. And I mean rainbow, measurable with a yardstick.

W. M. KARTZMARK, Tucson, Ariz.

THE UNALONE GRANGER

GENTLEMEN: I really enjoyed reading the article The Farmer's Best Friend (Apr. 24th) by Wade Nichols and Ike Vern.

However, one might get the impression from this article that the Grange is only for "hay kickers." Although it was originally and primarily established for the promotion of agriculture, we now find that many city people, too, are participating.

BYARD W. ESLEY, Member of New York State Grange, Keene, N. H.

FALL OF THE PRAT FALL

DEAR SIR: Reference to Collier's in today's Hollywood Reporter may be of interest to you in re Apr. 17th editorial That Slapstick Is Good for What Ails You: "We wish the gentleman who wrote the editorial for your magazine would read a few of the supercilious comments of various critics around the country, the moment the prat fall and the custard pies appear on a motion-picture screen. . . . Most of the big-city critics are wise enough to realize

that slapstick is timeless and corn everlasting. But there are a few vociferous commentators who start beating their breasts and wailing about the 'infantilism' of Hollywood whenever entertainment gets down to the slapstick level. They are the same thumpers who yell for messages in our screen plays."

ARTHUR A. ENGEL, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . How come you missed mentioning the dean of them all, Marie Dressler? Or Ben Turpin, or Noah Beery, or Polly Moran?

In these times of tense nerves, crisis after crisis, a good old slapstick would do us all good.

CHAS. R. SHORT, Lemoyne, Pa.

OUT OF PLACE

GENTLEMEN: I enjoyed your article on Oregon, Out Where the West Ends (Apr. 24th).

Also I want to compliment on the well-drawn map and I am very happy to find out that they have finally moved Oregon City from near Portland to where Albany now is supposed to stand.

DELBERT E. FREDRICKS, Dallas, Ore.

. . . Your Jim Marshall did a fine job on Oregon. Many tourists are a source of resentment to homeowners and realtors because as Mr. Marshall says, "They want to look—at anything," and the new mode seems to be having a real-estate broker conduct them through every interesting and beautiful home available. It is fun to see how others live and they get an inside look at Oregon atmosphere but it seems too inconsiderate that they have no regard for others' time, privacy, or the realtor's gasoline. Can't you say a word to tourists about this window shopping?

AGNES DRISKELL, Grants Pass, Ore.

OLD SUBSCRIBER

TO THE EDITOR: Let me congratulate you on the Apr. 3d issue. It is always good, but this one is especial—when did you begin printing Collier's? I began taking it early in the eighties (1880) and have never ceased; since I am ninety years old, my dates may not be correct.

It would do us all good to read a story like A Cross for Urdia every week. If we could only feel condemned for every evil thought we have of our fellow men!

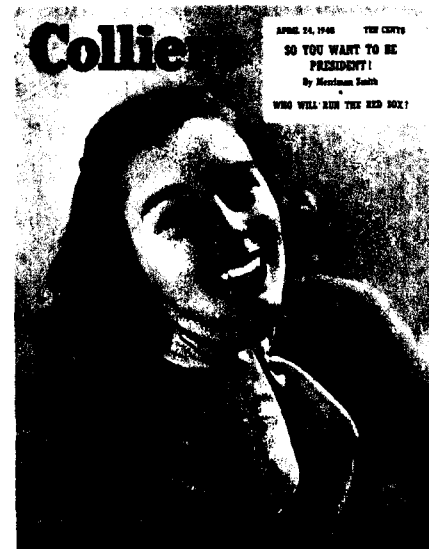
JOSEPHINE K. RHODES, Delaware Co., Pa.

Collier's appeared as Once A Week on Apr. 28, 1888, changed to Collier's Weekly, Sept. 19, 1895. We salute a faithful veteran.

MARY ANN ATKINS

DEAR SIR: Cover for Apr. 24th shows a pretty girl: Mary Ann Atkins. Why let Ted Shane call her Mary Anne Sawyer in The Week's Work? Or did she get married after the picture? Not complaining, just curious.

E. L. TAYLOR, Sikes, La.



Mary Ann Atkins, unmarried.

Collier's for June 5, 1948

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 15

every available British armed ship would be violently engaged in the defense of the British Isles, and therefore, the very fact of successful German invasion would presuppose the total destruction of the home fleet.

That was precisely what Roosevelt wanted to hear. He knew now that the Former Naval Person was determined that if Britain were to go down, she would go with colors flying and guns blazing, and with no servile requests for terms. Being a naval person himself, he now began to feel confident that with such determined spirit and with such a fleet she would not go down.

The Question That Was Evaded

It was at this time that he also asked what were the intentions as to the transfer of the seat of government from London to Canada or some other point in the Commonwealth in the event of successful invasion. He wanted to be assured that the British would do what the Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, Czechs and Poles had done and set up a government in exile—which Pétain had failed to do. He received only an equivocal reply on this point. (But when Harry Hopkins went to London, seven months later, he learned the truth: *The British government did not have even a skeleton plan for evacuation to Canada or anywhere else overseas.* Churchill believed that if the United Kingdom fell, the Empire would be ended—at least temporarily—and the leadership of the remaining units of the British Commonwealth would pass to Washington.)

The Dominion governments were sending messages to London after the fall of France urging that the Royal Family, or at least the two young princesses, be sent to a place of safety at once so that the institution of the crown would be continued regardless of the fate of the home islands. This request was not accepted. Queen Elizabeth said, "The princesses could not leave without me—and I could not leave without the king—and, of course, the king will never leave."

Although there was a plan for evacuating the government to the west of

England in the event of invasion, members of Churchill's staff at that time have expressed the conviction that he never had any intention of quitting London under any circumstances whatsoever. If the Nazis succeeded in taking London—which he was pleased to call "this Imperial City"—they would take him with it, or anything that might be left of him.

The cables that passed between Downing Street and the White House at this time made the following further points:

The only British hope of defeating Germany was in the retention of the United Kingdom itself as a base, and to that end every resource and every life would be directed. If the United Kingdom were conquered, and the fleet destroyed, then North and West Africa as well as Europe would inevitably fall under German dominion. All that the British could do in the Mediterranean would be to deny the Germans use of the Suez Canal, not by defending it but by destroying it. Germany would have a formidable naval striking force with the Italian fleet and substantial units of the French navy joined to her own. Furthermore, with all the shipyards of western Europe at her disposal, she would have enormous naval productive power.

Hitler's triumphs in Europe would undoubtedly stimulate the Japanese to acts of aggression against French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies, thereby gaining for themselves bases for attacks on other points, including British and American territory. Churchill expressed the belief that the whole world situation could be greatly helped if the United States government would proclaim that any violent attempt to alter the *status quo* in the Far East would "produce a state of belligerence" or (toning it down a little) would "not be tolerated."

Roosevelt repeated (not once but several times) that, for constitutional reasons, he could not give any assurance that the United States would declare war. But he made it quite clear that if Britain fell, his own purpose would be to do all that he possibly could "more than mere words but short of war."

In the notes that he made for a speech



Collier's for June 5, 1948

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Yes, here's good news about wood! Destruction of wood by decay and termites can now be prevented with a *clean* treatment. This modern treatment is made with oil solutions of a Dow chemical called Pentachlorophenol. By selection of solvents, treating plants can now give positive, lasting protection not only to wood destined for actual contact with the ground, but even to wood that is to be painted.

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at a secret session of the House of Commons on June 20, 1940, Churchill stated that if Britain could get through the next three months she could get through the next three years. He expressed the opinion that nothing would so stir the people of the United States as fighting in or over England. He felt that the best provocation to the American people to enter the war would be furnished by the heroic struggle of the British people.

Roosevelt, meantime, scraped the bottom of the barrel in American arsenals for 500,000 rifles, 80,000 machine guns, 130,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 900 75-mm. guns and 1,000,000 shells, as well as some bombs, TNT and smokeless powder, all to be shipped to Britain. This was done at a moment when many men close to the White House were shouting almost hysterically that this represented suicide for Roosevelt and quite possibly for the nation—that Britain was finished and that all this material would merely fall into the hands of Hitler who would turn it against us in our own relatively defenseless state.

Defenders Discard Pitchforks

But the British home guardsman, who had been preparing to meet German invasion with a pitchfork or a flail, now had a rifle in his hands and ammunition in his belt. He felt much better. He felt, in fact, unbeatable.

It is perhaps a bit of unnecessarily grim speculation, but I believe there were some in England—and I should not be surprised if Churchill were one of them—who later regretted rather wistfully that Hitler never tried that invasion. As a member of his staff remarked later to Hopkins, "It would have been a hell of a fight."

This, then, was Roosevelt's first tremendous wartime decision: to back the seemingly hopeless cause of Britain with everything that he could possibly offer in the way of matériel and moral encouragement. This decision was entirely on his own. There was no time in his Presidential career when he met with so much opposition in his Cabinet or when his position in the country was less secure.

But he made his decision and proclaimed it—let it be remembered—on the brink of a Presidential political campaign. Roosevelt was influenced undoubtedly by strategic considerations; but there were considerations of morality which were even more important to him. His inability to offer any kind of satisfactory reply to the desperate calls for help from France had given him, I believe, the bitterest sense of defeat that he had ever experienced. He was deter-

mined not to repeat that national humiliation.

The decisions Roosevelt made in 1940, on his own authority and without clarion calls, involved commitment of the United States to the assumption of responsibility for nothing less than the leadership of the world.

It is often erroneously believed that propaganda is nothing but a maze of words dreamed up by fiendish minds. But the only propaganda that really matters is that which proclaims action or which threatens it, and in the latter case the action must always follow or the propaganda boomerangs. If the strategy of terror were enough in itself to conquer the world, Hitler after the fall of France needed to fear no future battles. But there are some peoples whom it is dangerous to alarm, and the first of these were the British, and the second the Russians and the third the Americans.

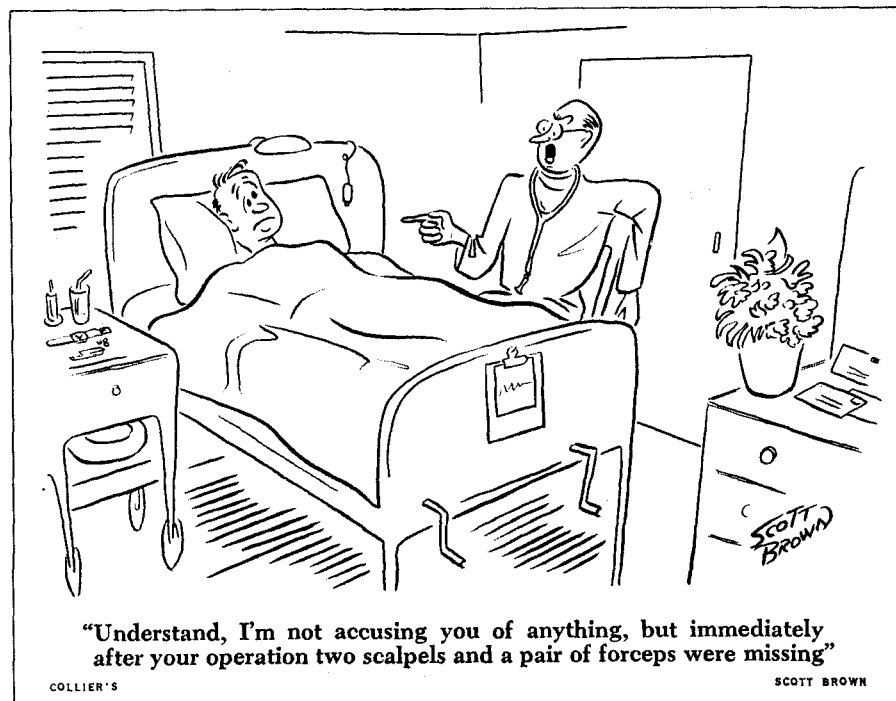
Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh had seen the flabby weakness of the England of Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, and the chaotic disunity of France, and the apparent deficiency of Russian industry, as contrasted with the superb organization and regimentation of Hitler's and Goering's Germany which presented a model of efficiency to his technological mind. He came to the seemingly logical conclusion that Nazi Germany was invincible and that Britain, France, the United States and everybody else should wake up and, facing the facts of modern life, yield to "the wave of the future."

Lindbergh became an eloquent crusader for the cause of isolationism. He was undoubtedly Roosevelt's most formidable competitor on the radio.

When the 1940 blitzkrieg in the west was at its height, Roosevelt asked the Congress for a program which would involve, among other things, the production of 50,000 warplanes for the Army and Navy.

Lindbergh denounced this as "hysterical chatter." He did not say much publicly at this time of what he had seen of German might and of British, French and Russian weakness. But when he recited facts and figures at private meetings he could generally scare the living day-lights out of his listeners and some of them were impelled to write to Roosevelt urging him to command Churchill to surrender at once. But one of Lindbergh's listeners had a somewhat different reaction. This was Dr. Vannevar Bush, formerly dean of Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now president of the Carnegie Institute in Washington.

Dr. Bush was impelled to action by the very threat which Lindbergh so force-



"Understand, I'm not accusing you of anything, but immediately after your operation two scalpels and a pair of forceps were missing"

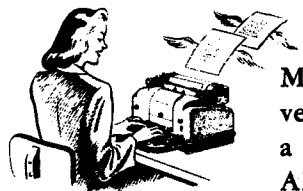
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fully presented. Bush was in consultation with various like-minded men of science, among them Presidents James B. Conant of Harvard, Karl T. Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Frank B. Jewett of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. They had discussed a plan for the mobilization of American scientists to work on new weapons. Bush had been named spokesman for this group principally because he was the one who happened to be in Washington, but he proved to be (in the words of Conant) "an ideal leader of American scientists in time of war."

Bush had no quick access to anyone on the higher levels of government, but he knew that the man to see en route to Roosevelt was Harry Hopkins and he accordingly went to him with his plan for a National Defense Research Council.

Two Quick-Thinking Men

Always receptive to new ideas that were both daring and big, Hopkins was immediately impressed by Bush's proposal. There were certain points of resemblance between the two men. Bush was also thin, quick, sharp and untrammelled in his thinking. He knew what he was talking about and he stated it with brevity and, like Hopkins, with a good sprinkling of salt. Bush had prepared a memorandum outlining his proposals. Hopkins arranged for Bush to talk with the President.

When Bush went to the White House he was prepared to answer all kinds of questions and meet probable objections, but he found that Roosevelt had already studied the memorandum and, after uttering a pleasantry or two, wrote on it, "O.K.—F.D.R."—and Bush was out of the President's office a few moments after he had entered it.

Subsequently Bush, in consultation with Hopkins, drafted a letter to himself for the President's signature. That letter, with a few additions which provided for close co-operation between N.D.R.C. and the military authorities, was signed by Roosevelt on June 15, 1940, the day after the fall of Paris, when it seemed that Christian civilization was coming to an end. Included in that letter to Dr. Bush were these momentous words:

Recently I appointed a special committee with Dr. Briggs of the Bureau of Standards as chairman to study into the possible relationship to national defense of recent discoveries in the field of atomistics notably the fission of uranium. I will now request that this committee report directly to you. . . .

This country is singularly fitted, by reason of the ingenuity of its people, the knowledge and skill of its scientists, the flexibility of its industrial structure, to excel in the arts of peace, and to excel in the arts of war if that be necessary. The scientists and engineers of the country, under the guidance of your committee, and in close collaboration with the armed services, can be of substantial aid in the task which lies before us.

Such was the authorization to Vannavar Bush to go ahead with his plans. And such is the story of how Hitler's Strategy of Terror influenced the establishment of the organization which was responsible for the invention of the atomic bomb.

Lindbergh, who had helped to impel Bush to action, eventually proved himself highly useful in experimental work for the Air Force; his precise recording mind retained all the intelligence material that had been so hospitably offered to him in Germany and he applied it effectively in testing some of the hundreds of thousands of war planes produced in the U.S. during the next five years.

The question has often been asked: Just when did Roosevelt finally and definitely decide to seek a third term? So far as I know, that question will never be answered authoritatively.

On January 22, 1940, Hopkins told me

he was virtually certain that Roosevelt would decide to run for a third term, but three months later, April 23d, he expressed grave doubts about it. He said then that the President seemed disinclined to do anything about the nomination or to permit any of his friends to do anything, which would have meant that it would go to the James A. Farley faction by default. Farley, of course, was opposing a third term.

The Democratic convention opened in Chicago on July 15th. Previous to it, there were meetings at the White House of pro-Roosevelt (which meant anti-Farley) Cabinet officers and Congressional and party leaders to discuss ways and means. At one of the meetings Roosevelt was asked: "Suppose at some point we want to know your directions on strategy—whom do we ask?"

Roosevelt thought for a moment and then replied, "In that event, if I were you, I'd consult Jimmy Byrnes." However, when Secretaries Frances Perkins, Ickes, Wallace and the rest arrived in Chicago they found, to the dismay of some of them, that Roosevelt headquarters had already been firmly established in a Blackstone Hotel suite by Harry Hopkins. Here was the Chicago end of a private line to the White House.

Hopkins carried in his pocket three penciled paragraphs in Roosevelt's handwriting on a sheet of yellow, ruled paper (it is reproduced on page 15). It was addressed to "Dear Will"—Speaker William B. Bankhead, who was temporary chairman of the convention. This was the President's well-known message to the convention and was delivered by Senator Alben W. Barkley, the permanent chairman, on the evening of the second day. It provided the signal for the fifty-three-minute Roosevelt "demonstration" led by Mayor Kelly's notorious "voice from the sewers." The machine Democrats obediently if reluctantly climbed aboard the band wagon. They were, however, given a bitter pill to swallow when Hopkins announced that the President's choice for his Vice-Presidential running mate was Henry Wallace.

Drafting a Speech of Refusal

Even some of the President's most loyal adherents were shocked at this selection; Ickes threatened to bolt the party. In the White House, on the evening of the fourth and last day, Roosevelt had become so angered by the sordid shambles in Chicago that he was actually preparing a draft of a speech refusing the nomination. (He had not yet publicly stated that he would run if nominated.)

However, the insurrection was not quite strong enough to stop Wallace's nomination on the first ballot, and Roosevelt relaxed and started to dictate his acceptance speech.

Hopkins knew that his dilemma in Chicago was only a minor projection of Roosevelt's. In ordinary times, Roosevelt would probably have enjoyed a knock-down, drag-out political Donnybrook against such opponents as Farley and Garner and legions of ward heelers and he would have handled it without much perceptible difficulty. But this convention was staged against a background of world catastrophe, of which the delegates had scant conception, and Roosevelt, in his distaste for the whole vulgar proceeding, displayed none of his customary adroitness.

After Chicago, it became all too clear to Hopkins that he must resign as Secretary of Commerce, and if he had not had the idea himself, there were plenty of Roosevelt's friends ready to convey it to him. He was more of a political liability than ever. On August 22d he submitted his resignation in a letter which stated his physical inability to perform his duties under the rigorous demands of war—which seems an odd excuse in the light of his subsequent activities.

Collier's for June 5, 1948

Hopkins was planning to take the job at the Hyde Park Library and, vaguely, "to do some writing on the side." But by October he was back in the fray, helping prepare Roosevelt's speeches. Willkie was conducting a vigorous campaign but the Republican professionals begged him to abandon his nonsense about a bipartisan foreign policy—to attack Roosevelt as a warmonger—to scare the American people with warnings that votes for Roosevelt meant wooden crosses for their sons and brothers and sweethearts. With the campaign in its final, frantic stages and the public-opinion polls showing Roosevelt well in the lead, Willkie succumbed to these heated urgings and started to warn that the boys were already being loaded on the transports. The advice of the Republican professionals that the only way to get votes was to terrify people proved unhappily sound.

War Phobia Reaches Its Peak

It seemed as though the fear-of-war hysteria, as expressed in the messages to Washington, reached its peak near the end of October. The Democratic leaders were becoming more and more jittery. They demanded that Roosevelt provide absolute guarantee to the mothers of America that their sons would not fight.

On October 30th, we were on the Presidential train going up into New England for an important speech at the Boston Arena. Every time the train stopped, telegrams were delivered, stating almost tearfully that, if the President did not give that solemn promise to the mothers, he might as well start packing his belongings at the White House.

Roosevelt, as always, worked hard on the speech between stops. He sat in a low-backed armchair in his private car, the latest draft of the speech on his lap, with Missy LeHand, Grace Tully, Hopkins, Rosenman and me all working with carbon copies. Hopkins handed the President a telegram from Ed Flynn containing the usual urgent request.

"But how often do they expect me to say that?" Roosevelt asked. "It's in the Democratic platform and I've repeated it a hundred times."

Whereupon I remarked, "I know it,

Mr. President, but they don't seem to have heard you the first time. Evidently you've got to say it again—and again—and again."

So it was put in, as follows:

And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance.

I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again:

Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars.

That passage has been given almost as much quotation (in the isolationist press) as Roosevelt's somewhat complementary observation that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

Rosenman, whose duty it was to remember everything, mentioned the fact that the Democratic platform had added the words, "except in case of attack." Roosevelt said he could see no need to tuck that on now. "Of course we'll fight if we're attacked. If somebody attacks us, then it isn't a foreign war, is it? Or do they want me to guarantee that our troops will be sent into battle only in the event of another Civil War?" He was plainly sick and tired of these jugglings of euphemisms, as well he might be.

After the election had been won, it seemed to me the President made a mistake in yielding to the hysterical demands for sweeping reassurance, but, unfortunately for my own conscience, I happened at the time to be one of those who urged him to go the limit on this, feeling as I did that any risk of future embarrassment was negligible as compared with the risk of losing the election. I burn inwardly whenever I think of those words "again—and again—and again."

Roosevelt probably meant it when, in his Philadelphia speech, he said, "I am an old campaigner and I love a good fight." But he certainly was not enjoying himself when he was impelled to make lame, equivocal speeches in Boston and New York. By then, this was a fight that he despised. It left a blot on his record which only the accomplishments of the next five years could remove.

(Next week: How President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill arranged a "common-law marriage.")



Collier's for June 5, 1948

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the moment
you see it!



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rare elegance
for Father's Day

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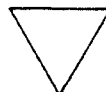
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Natural View

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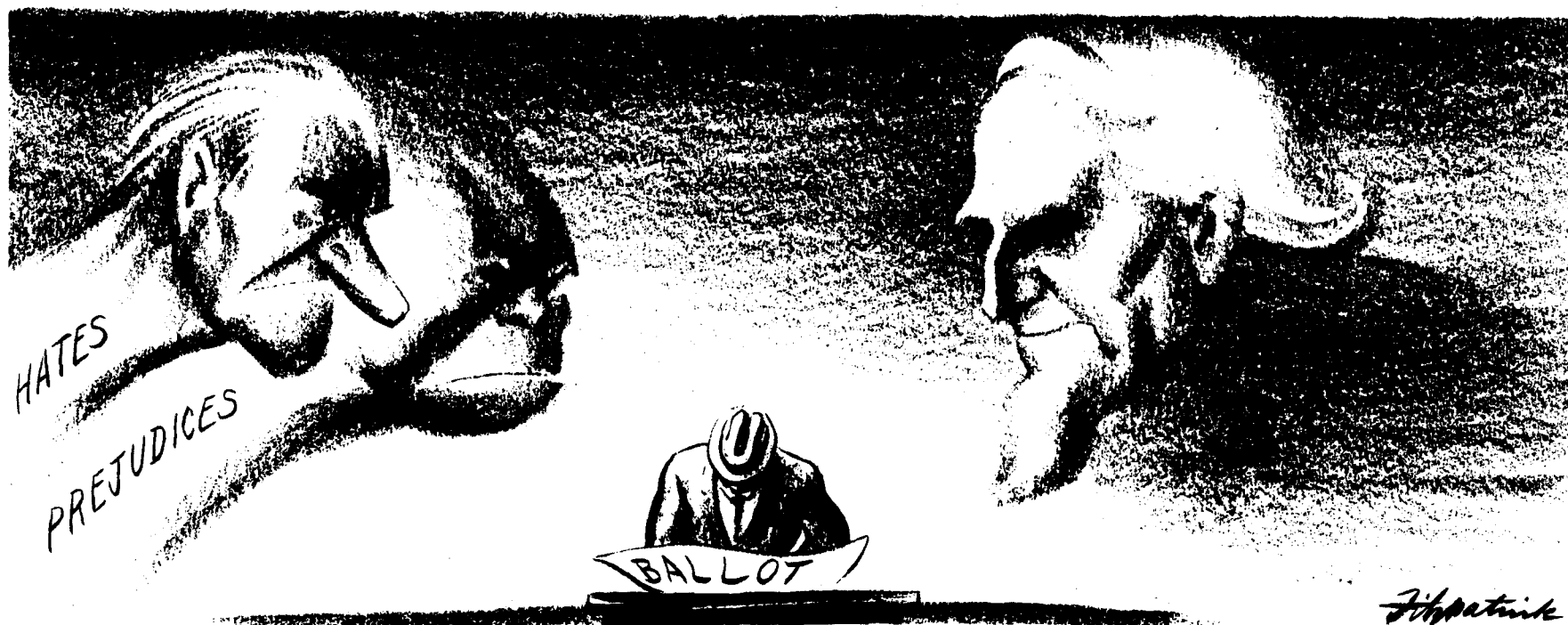
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Collier's believes...



...1948 IS THE YEAR TO VOTE AMERICAN

THE big national political conventions are almost here; and, as always at such a time, excitement and speculation are growing hotter by the hour. How about Mr. Truman's chances? What will the Southern revolt achieve, if anything? Will the 1948 Republican convention run into a stalemate as in 1924; and if so, how will it be settled? And several dozen other questions like these.

Collier's doesn't endorse candidates for public office. We would, however, like to offer a thought for all voters to ponder as the Presidential election approaches.

This thought is that 1948 is pre-eminently a year for all U.S. voters to vote for America—for its best interests as they see them, and for the candidates they think will most vigorously push those interests if elected.

Of course, no Presidential year is a year to vote against America. But in 1948 we are on an unusually hot spot. We came out on the winning side in the late war. Also, we came out free of any bombing damage, and with our productive apparatus in better shape than ever before.

Accordingly, we are cordially detested, even by some of the people we are trying to help via the Marshall Plan; and the government of Communist Russia quite frankly hates our capitalistic innards and seems determined to do us in somehow sometime.

In such a position, we cannot afford to take chances on having a lightweight in the White House, for the term of 1949-53. So when you step into your polling place next Nov. 2d how about shoving aside all your personal hates and inherited prejudices, and voting for the candidate whom you consider the best qualified to lead the nation through the next four years? If we'll all vote American we'll most likely elect the best available man.

... MANY DOGS NEED HELP: We are speaking here of American men's feet, slangily called dogs. Your correspondent has been making a one-man survey of these appendages of late, in subway and other trains, busses, etc. While we haven't kept

book on our observations, we've worked out a rough estimate that some seven out of ten American men plod around in shoes that are either too decrepit and beat-up to be presentable or are not treated nearly often enough to the common courtesy of a shine.

American women, on the other foot, are almost invariably careful about their shoes. The designs may sometimes be funny-looking, but the shoes themselves are consistently well kept and chipper. And the gals don't hang onto one pair of shoes until the shoes are about to fall apart.

Our tip to every U.S. male who knows the value of good personal appearance would be to give his own dogs a dispassionate look and ask himself whether he is or isn't treating them right. Chances are he isn't.

We will now relax to await a shower of dear-sir-you-cur letters about women's demands for new clothes and shoes keeping men from buying enough of either for themselves. Okay, gents; but where's your old American independence? To repeat, those brogans that most of you guys are sporting around look like hell in a high wind.

... IN THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS: In this Presidential election year, we think at least one organization deserves unqualified and enthusiastic applause—the League of Women Voters, with headquarters at 726 Jackson Place, Washington 6, D. C.

One of the LWV's main preoccupations is with getting out the vote; but it doesn't stop there. It claims credit for having improved county and city governments in many places, and for having brought about adoption of new constitutions in Missouri and Georgia. It is now pushing similar constitutional reforms in New Jersey, Oklahoma, Florida, Connecticut, Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee and Louisiana.

The LWV has sponsored innumerable election-law improvements, child-labor restrictions, taxation and education reforms and so on. But possibly its most important achievement was summed up by an LWV lady who said, "One characteristic of a league member is the way she brings about the substitution

of 'What are *we* going to do about it?' for the usual 'What are *they* going to do about it?' of everyday conversation."

Here's a long life and more power to the League of Women Voters. We'd be much poorer without it.

... HERE'S A FINE PLAN: The new Middle South Area Development Program is rather clumsily named, but otherwise we think it looks better than good. In case you haven't heard about it, it's a plan for the integrated industrial, agricultural, social and economic improvement of the lower Mississippi Valley. The program is sponsored by four privately owned utility companies doing business in that region—Arkansas Power & Light, Louisiana Power & Light, Mississippi Power & Light and New Orleans Public Service, Inc.

Saying that "private industry is on trial these days, and we are going to deliver a job down here," these power concerns plan to help the whole region develop smoothly and evenly from here on.

We'd say that private industry isn't on trial and that Socialism is. But let that pass. What we chiefly admire about this scheme is the fact that here are four privately owned utility companies which are determined to show results of the kind achieved by the publicly owned Tennessee Valley Authority north of their area. They plan to compete like good-natured, energetic sports, rather than content themselves with putting out large salvos of propaganda against any extension of the TVA idea to the lower Mississippi.

"We don't want any state or federal funds," says a spokesman for one of the companies. "We don't want an empire within an empire, and we don't want a second Russia. This is to show that free enterprise can develop a region so that a young man with ambition can always find a job and prosper."

To show how sincerely they mean business, the four companies intend to spend a total of \$100,000,000 by the end of 1949 for turbines, generators, power lines, etc. We expect to watch the progress of the undertaking with much interest. It strikes us as a most enlightened and enlightening example of what free enterprise can and should do to meet any challenge Socialism offers it.

Collier's for June 5, 1948

the that grows in a cornfield

"About every sixty seconds, day and night, Paricutin volcano has been erupting since its birth five years ago," writes Gene Rossi, a friend of Canadian Club visiting in Mexico. "In a farmer's quiet cornfield, at three o'clock in the afternoon of February 20, 1943, the earth started to smoke. Then, with a thunderous roar and an earthquake, Paricutin announced its own birth.



7 "A river of lava engulfed the town of Paricutin, two miles away. The town's 5,000 inhabitants fled. Only one building survived the assault of earthquake, flaming lava and ashes. For miles around, all vegetation was killed, all roads disappeared.



"We went closer than anyone had ever been . . . much too close for comfort. There was a constant rumbling, for Paricutin, already 1,500 feet high, is still active . . . still growing. Hot boulders tumbled from the sky. When a big rock missed me by inches, I decided I'd seen enough.



"At San Jose Purua, a nearby spa, I asked the waiter to bring his best. He soon returned and said, 'Senor, in all Mexico there is no finer whisky than Canadian Club.'

5 "This wasn't the first time by any means that I've found Canadian Club in unexpected places. Like many Americans, I've seen a lot of the world the past six years. And I remember these friendly meetings with Canadian Club for two reasons. The first is that somebody, somewhere, has always produced a bottle of this memorable whisky at particularly memorable moments. And the second reason is: Canadian Club is my personal choice in whisky back home."

"In so many lands," write world travelers, "we find our favorite Canadian Club proudly served as 'the best in the house'." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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